WEEK
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JAN. 18, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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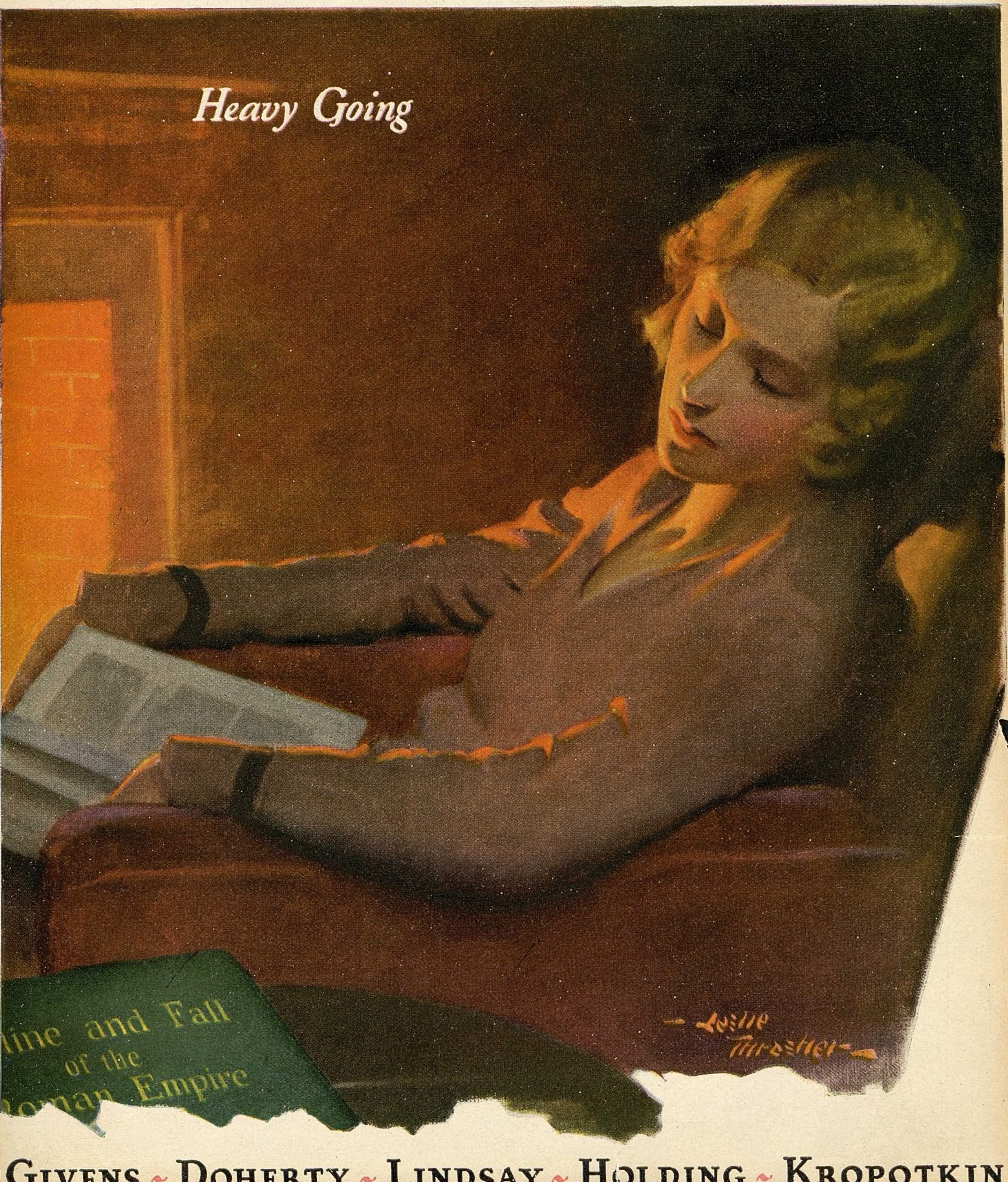
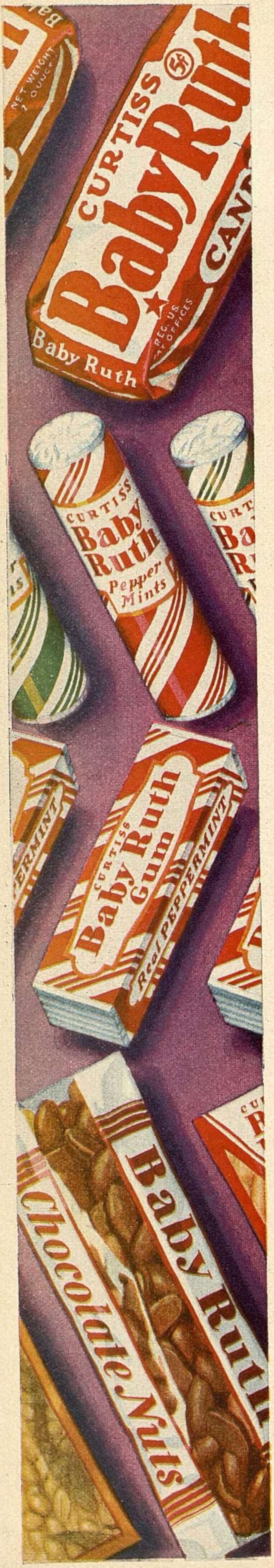


Heavy Going

line and Fall
of the
oman Empire
Leslie Thrasher

GIVENS ~ DOHERTY ~ LINDSAY ~ HOLDING ~ KROPOTKIN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CANDY
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Baby Ruth
CURTISS
Baby Ruth
Pepper Mints
CURTISS
Baby Ruth
Gum
Real PEPPERMINT
Baby Ruth
Chocolate Nuts

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So when we gave him the job of making Baby Ruth Gum, he told us of a region lying on both sides of the Indiana-Michigan line.

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* * *

THEOBROMA—"the food of the gods!" It's the botanist's quaint name for the trees whose berries yield *chocolate.*

* * *

But . . . chocolate, too, varies in flavor according to the part of the world where it grew.

Then what kind tastes just right with caramel, fudge and peanuts?

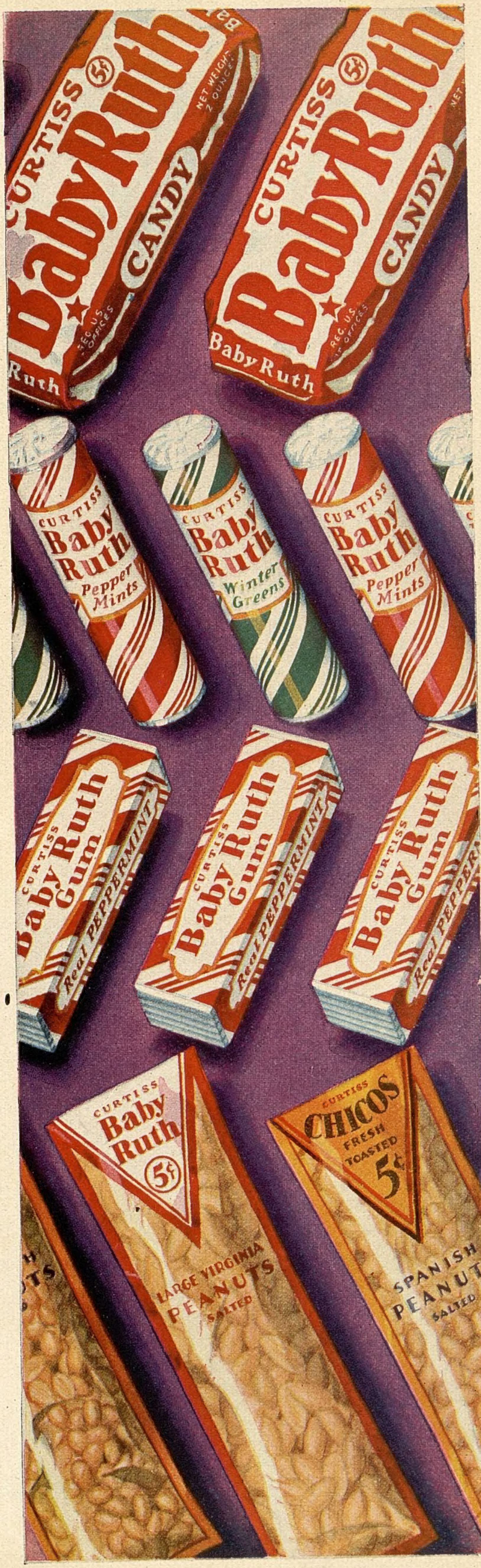
To find out, we took chocolate from Brazil, the East Indies, the Gold Coast of Africa. We blended and reblended the different flavors till we discovered . . .

The delicious chocolate coating of Baby Ruth!

It's rich and wholesome. And made for you with the exacting care which ensures the goodness of all Curtiss Candy Company products.

Otto Schnering

PRESIDENT
CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
Chicago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Winter Greens
CURTISS
Baby Ruth
Gum
Real PEPPERMINT
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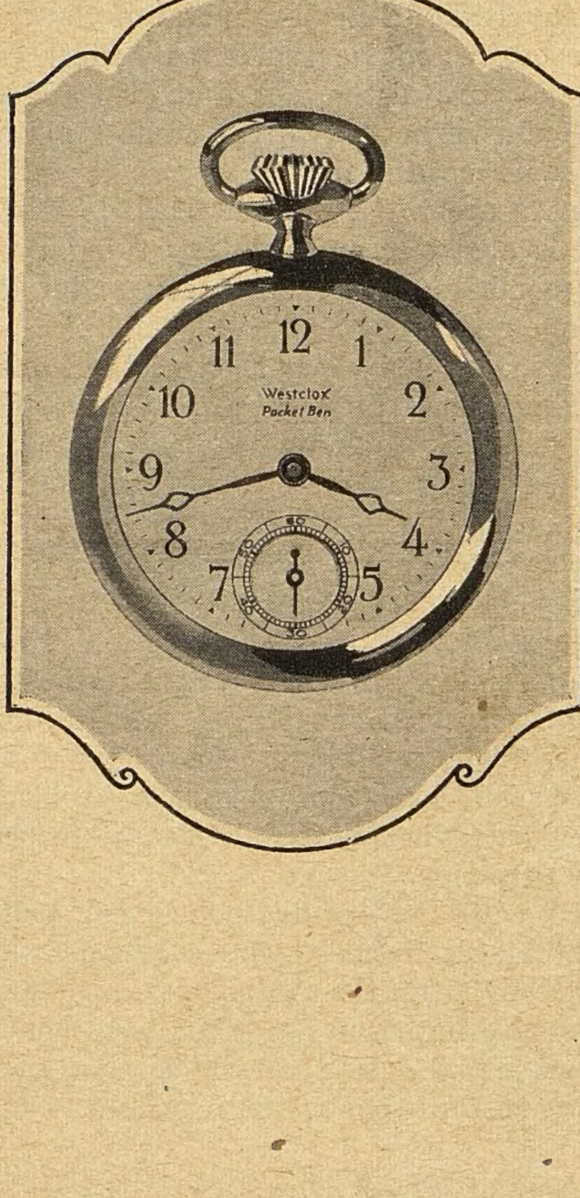

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JAN. 18, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 7
No. 3

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

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Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City**

> *"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.*

RE-FORMATION OR PUNISHMENT?

Prison problems are certainly much to the fore in these days.

Our jails and prisons are full to overflowing, and it is pretty well established that prisoners generally are underfed, poorly clad, overcrowded, and not given enough work.

The result is that they frequently come out of penal stitutions worse than when they went in.

There are two schools of thought about how to treat criminals. One holds that we should re-form them into good citizens, the other that we should punish them for being bad.

The two are not so far apart. The fear, or thought, of punishment is often necessary for such re-creation as may be possible.

And there are some incorrigibles, of course, for whom punishment must be a pretty steady diet, not only for their own sakes but for others who must otherwise contemplate mutiny, insubordination, rebellion, and resistance to authority generally.

Corporal punishment is now pretty well done away with, though Delaware still has the lash for wife-beaters, and believes in it. However, some extremely strenuous physical exercise might well be substituted for corporal punishment in the case of recalcitrants.

Even the treadmill might be used for those who refuse any sort of work.

Scanty fare—bread and water—is a well-known method, and a good one, provided it is in contrast with good fare for those who behave well. And the loss of good-conduct time—i.e., early release—is an accepted and established penalty.

So much for punishment. Next we come to reformation.

We have read recently with much interest a report of the National Society of Penal Information, in which its secretary, William B. Cox, records the society's findings in surveys of the prison systems of six states.

This deals with various specific ways of trying to turn convicts back to the course of normal life.

Wisconsin is especially praised for a system whereby its state prison is self-supporting and even shows some profit for the state. The prisoners work in industries and on farms, some as much as 200 miles away from the prisons.

Minnesota and Nebraska are commended for keeping prisoners employed and paying them liberally.

Indiana is credited with an "intelligent prison administration," which might, it is submitted, do better in some respects than it does. Michigan and Ohio prisons, says the report, are handicapped by "backward policies."

In one respect the report seems to us to contain an interesting survival of a medieval point of view. In the case of Wisconsin and Nebraska the society contemplates with disapproval the idea that men and women prisoners should be housed in the same buildings, or even in the same institutions.

If prisoners are to be brought back to normality, certainly it is a proper and salutary thing that they should see members of the other sex and talk with them occasionally.

A long period exclusively in the society of one's own sex certainly does make for peculiar and perverted ways of thought.

This is not being taken into account in the new science of penology, though it is recognized nearly everywhere else.

Just as it is now pretty generally admitted that college boys and girls lead more normal lives if they are permitted to mingle with, see, and talk to members of the opposite sex instead of being segregated, and just as office forces in almost all industries are now "mixed," so must some such theory apply in prison problems.

At present our whole system of dealing with crime is extremely defective.

Compared with Continental police, our police are clumsy at catching criminals. Our courts are slow and uncertain at convicting the guilty ones, and those few who finally arrive in prison are given treatment which is very expensive to the state and which seems especially designed to turn them out worse men than when they enter.

This is true of almost all states of the Union and of our federal prisons—though it may be said, and we take pleasure in saying before we stop, that it is generally admitted by all sorts of investigators that Wisconsin stands first in its methods of dealing with crime and criminals.

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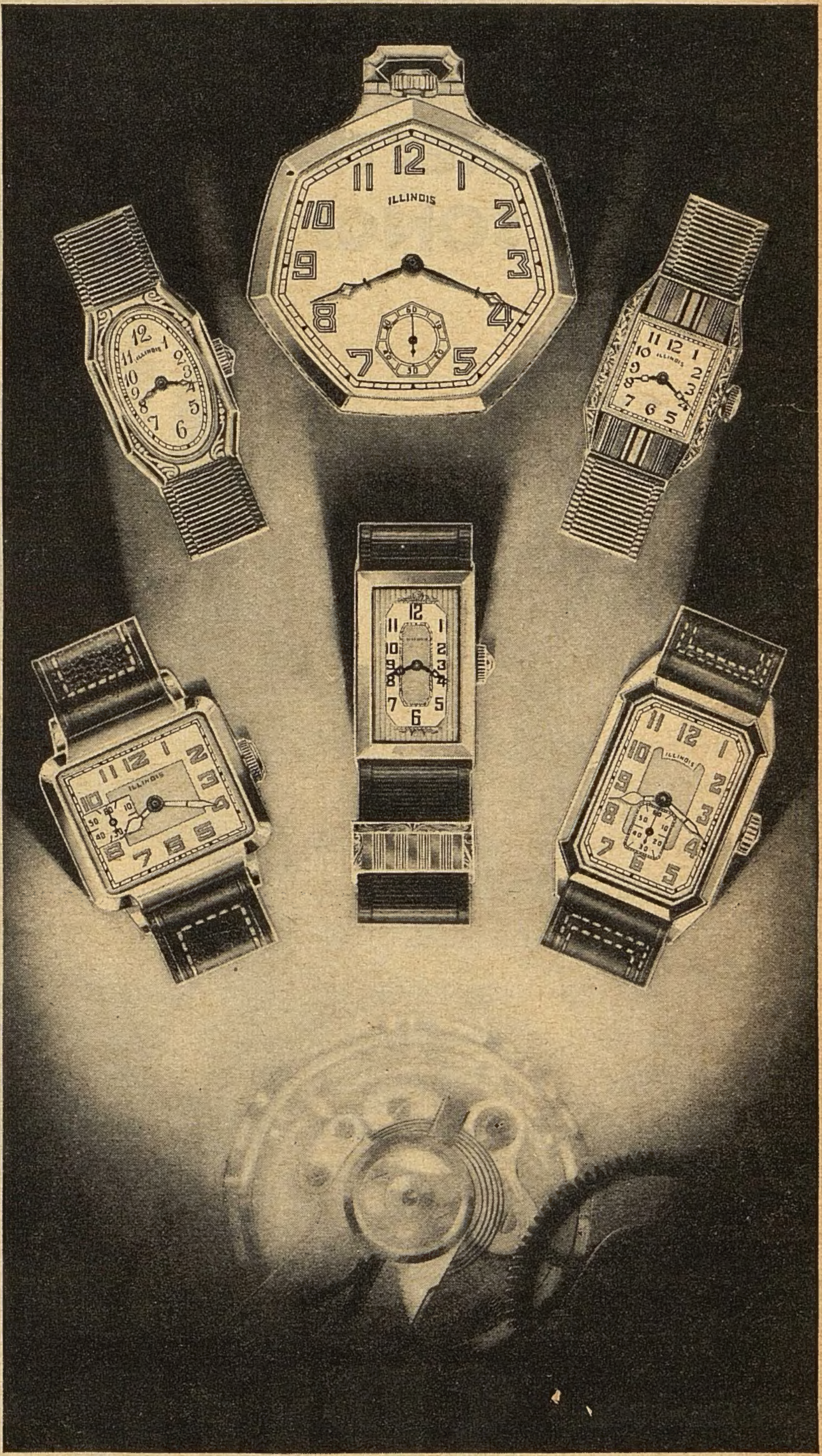
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Now—the watch you should have had for Christmas

An ILLINOIS—that Gift of Gifts. Maybe there was a check in your Christmas stocking that will make it easy for you to give yourself the watch you hoped for—the watch somehow unthought of or forgotten by those who did their loving best to make you happy. . . . Don't wait, then, these eleven long months 'til next Christmas comes around. Satisfy your desire to own one of these smart, beautiful watches to regulate your time through 1930 and the years to come, and give you constant joy in its possession . . . Among the attractive showing of the latest Illinois designs at any good jeweler's, you can find just the watch you'd be proud to wear. Each one an example of fine watchmaking—eloquent of that inner beauty which makes every Illinois so accurate and dependable a timepiece . . . Men's strap and pocket and ladies' ribbon watches, priced so modestly you need no longer deny yourself the pleasure and the profit of owning this fine watch—Illinois—a Great American Watch. Send for interesting, illustrated booklet, "The Thrilling Beauty that Lies Within." It tells why Illinois Watches are as good as they are beautiful . . . Address The Illinois Watch, 1231 North Ninth St., Springfield, Illinois.



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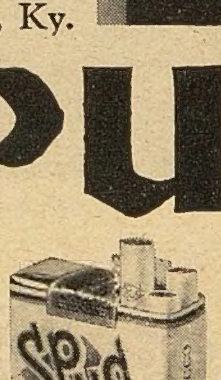

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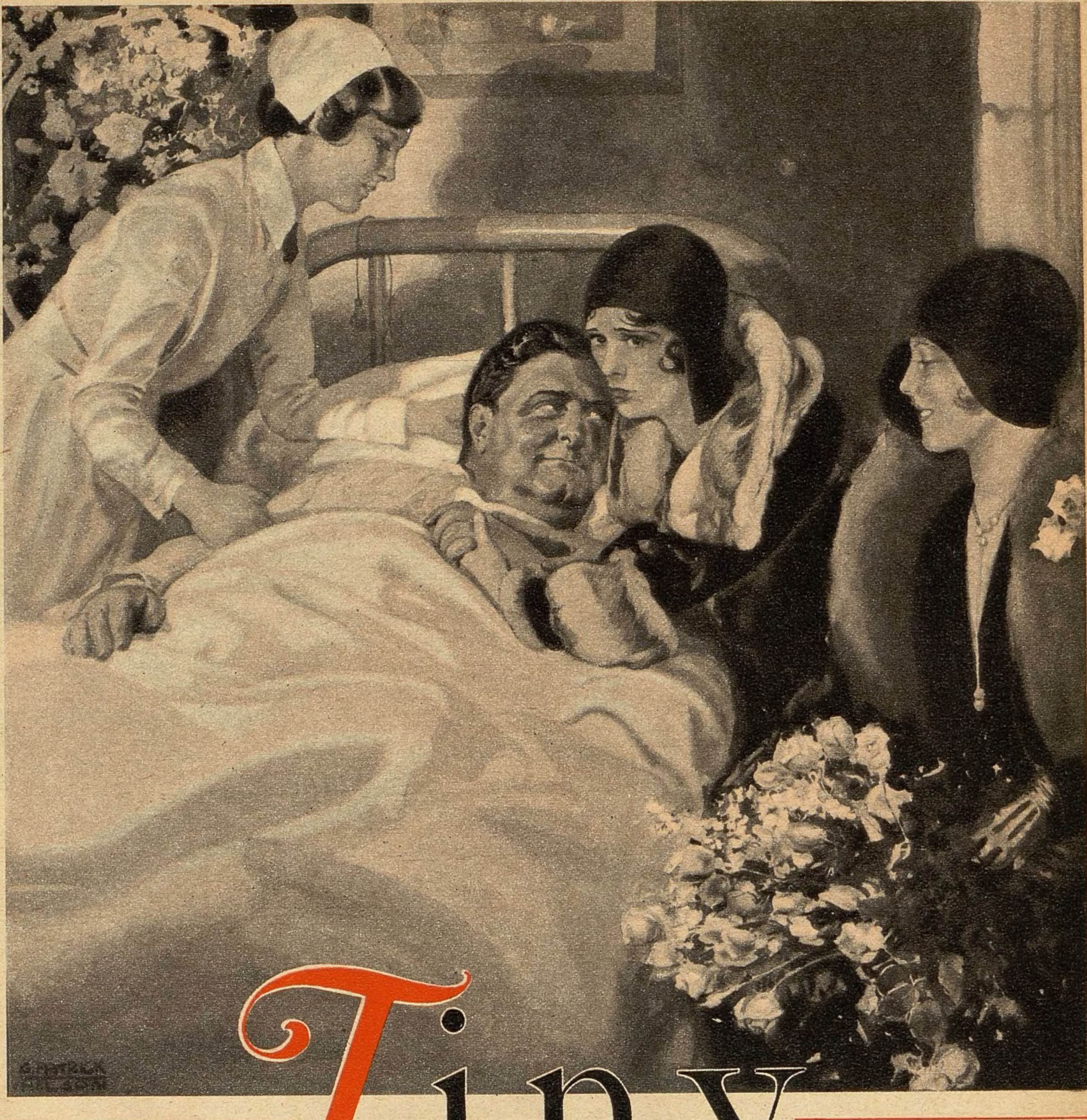


There'd be girls. A hundred or more would rush to the hospital to see him.

Tiny

The Story of a Gangster's Joke

By

COLONEL GIVENS

whose "Colonel" is not an army title but a boyhood nickname which he liked well enough to keep as a sort of writing pseudonym. He is from Tennessee, was a machine gunner during the war, has worked on newspapers in eight cities, and now lives and writes in Detroit. He is 32; his real name is Charles G. Givens.

Pictures by G. PATRICK NELSON

IF it had been some other guy that got his, Tiny Solo would have enjoyed it all immensely. A guy that loved his drama, Tiny Solo was. He loved his drama mixed with comedy—the kind that brought tears and laughter at the same time. And had it been somebody else—say some one of Tiny's enemies, or even one of his friends—nobody would have gotten more kick out of it than Tiny. Because his passing was red-hot drama.

Even as things stood, Tiny was enjoying it a little bit. He wasn't afraid to die, wasn't even sorry. His life had been full, full to overflowing, and he had no kick coming now that it had come his time. Of course, he wasn't glad. Nothing like that. But he wasn't whining.

Lying there on the nice, soft bed in the hospital with the big clock out in the corridor rapidly ticking away the little time the croakers told him he had to live, he was getting a kick out of it—getting a kick out of the way he was dying. Red-hot drama, it all was. And that's what Tiny Solo loved, what he'd always loved, what he'd always lived for. Now that the croaker had given him a little bang of morphine to ease the pain where the bullet had plowed its way through his big body, he could enjoy everything to the very last minute.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TINY
Continued from page seven

He'd have plenty of visitors. The reporters would come again. He chuckled when he thought about the reporters. He sure was a good friend of the reporters. It's a wonder they didn't camp right in his room. They would, too, if the hospital permitted it. And Freddy Bunch and Big Ike Friend, all the big racketeers, would drop in—at different times, of course. Likewise, every other figure of note in gangland would come to see him. That is, everybody who wasn't afraid to show.

He didn't expect many of the Big Boys, although a few might drop in. None of the judges he knew, nor the big politicians. They'd be fools to show. He knew they'd like to come in and wish Tiny Solo a pleasant journey. But it wouldn't be wise. On the contrary, very unwise, considering that the new administration promised to raise a big stink. Tiny understood and was happy in the thought that they'd like to come if they dared.

There'd be girls, lots of girls. In a hundred apartments a hundred or more pretty girls would read about Tiny's bad luck and rush to the hospital to see him, bringing lots of flowers and lots of tears. He wondered if Betty Jardon would come. He supposed not. He sure wished Betty would drop in. That would be great. But she wouldn't, he was sure.

Pretty soon now the word would get around. He guessed it had already gotten around even though the newspapers hadn't hit the streets yet. Long before the newspapers could be printed, somebody in a night club, or speakeasy, would whisper to somebody else, "Tiny Solo's slug found him." And like fire through dry grass the news would spread through the underworld. For the briefest of instances the boys would pause—like the minute the nation stands bareheaded on Armistice Day. For just a second the underworld would stop its dancing, its gambling, its laughing, its crying, its stealing, its killing. And then things would whirl along as before.

Tiny wasn't kidding himself. His passing would mean little. Others—and bigger men—had gone before him and their going had been felt little. For instance, just two months before there had been the matter of Em-el Maxey.

TINY grimaced the slightest as he thought of Em-el, so nicknamed because his initials were M. L. Had not somebody sent a slug through Em-el's stomach, then Tiny Solo would not have been in Roosevelt Hospital with a slug through his stomach. Because Tiny was paying—wrongly—for the murder of M. L. Maxey, race-horse bookie.

He speculated idly on the number of innocent men gangland, ever quick on the trigger, ever alert to avenge a death, had sent to their graves. There was the case of M. L. Maxey, race-horse bookie. Somebody had bumped him. Tiny knew who, all right, and why. Tiny had had nothing to do with it. But, in delirium, Maxey had mentioned Tiny's name. And here Tiny was, only four doors down from the room in which Maxey had died. And Tiny was dying too.

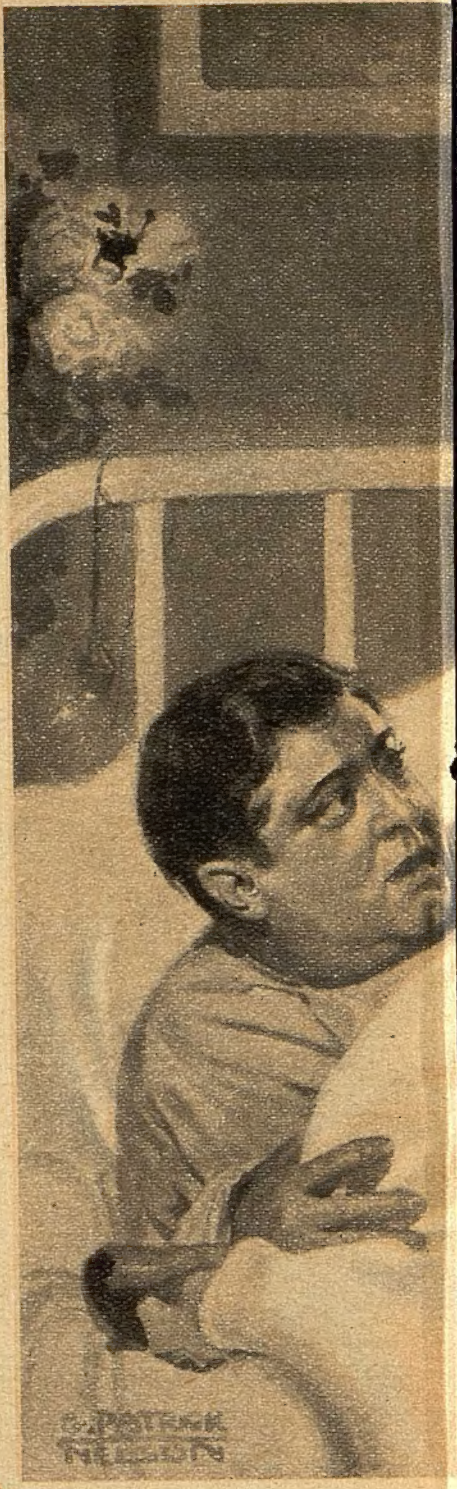
He wondered if the boys would miss him very much. He guessed not. In passing he would furnish them drama, all right—plenty of red-hot drama. He would be the big subject in dance halls and blind pigs and other places where the boys congregated. In wretched hideaways the news would provide food for thought to uncaught murderers and bandits. "Tiny Solo's slug found him." The town would talk about it. And—Tiny hoped—he'd leave a few things for the boys to remember.

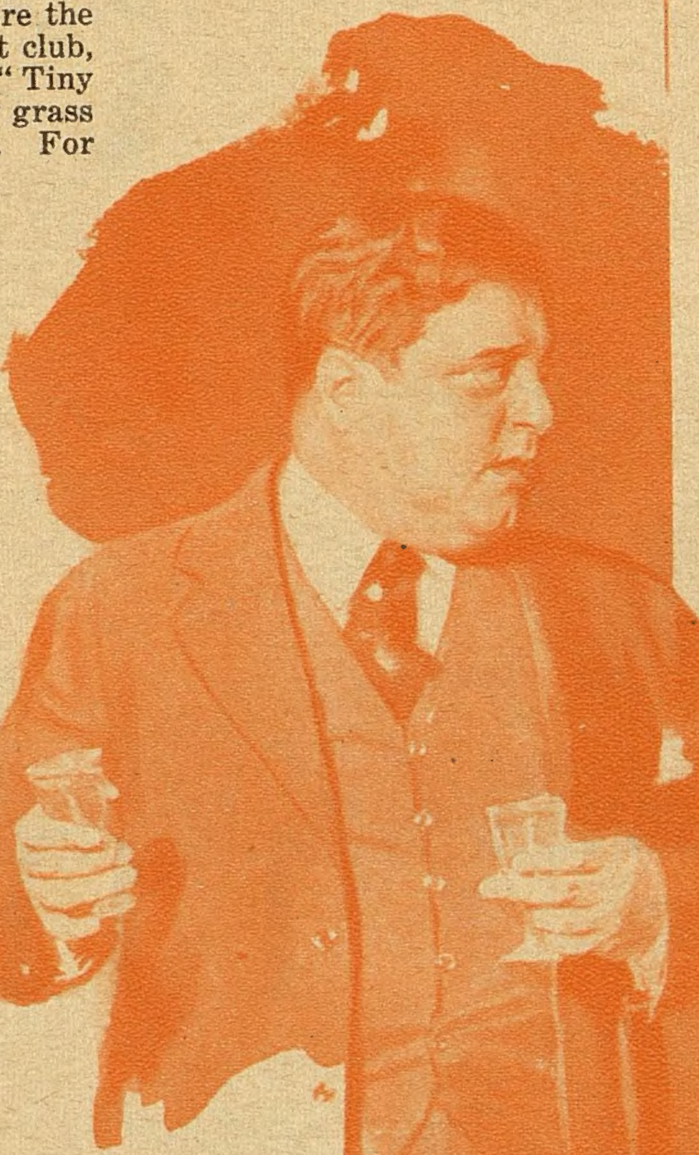
Of course, he knew his actual passing would be nothing. The funeral would be a show—and that is all. He could picture the big blanket of flowers the boys would stretch clean across his lawn. It would be fifty feet long and probably fifteen feet wide and it would cost many and many a penny. On it would be his name—Tiny Solo—with some fitting epitaph. But that would mean nothing. He knew that. Just show, that was all. But he hoped he wouldn't be forgotten as quickly as the others.

He wondered if he had done things up as nicely as he should, wondered if he couldn't have done better. The thought worried him. Had he missed anything, failed to do anything? Had he done something that would detract from the drama of his passing? No, he guessed not. He hadn't had much time to think things out.

It had come suddenly. Tiny's slug had found him before he knew it was anywhere around. It had got him when he was least expecting it.

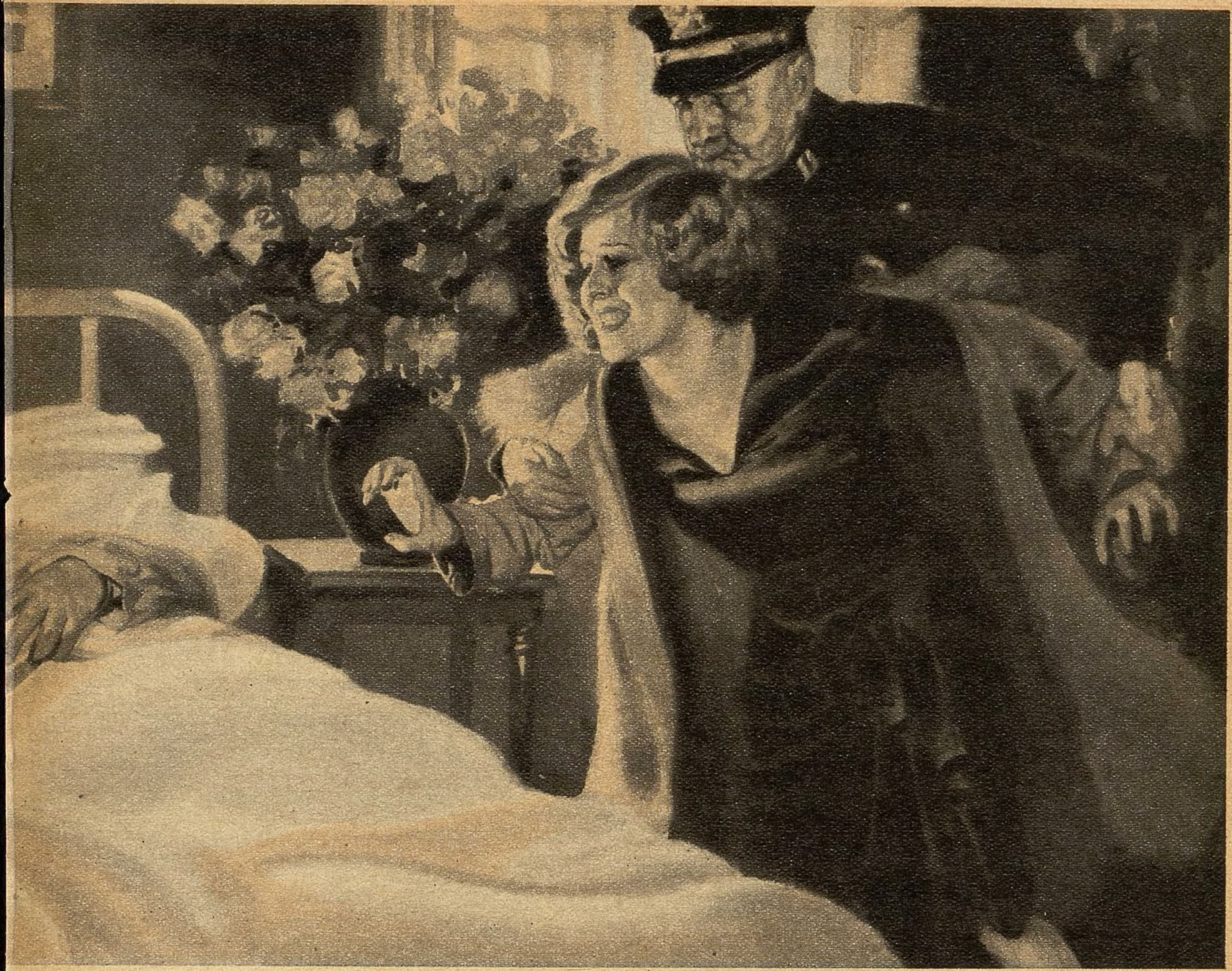
And the source from whence it came surprised him most of all. He knew any number of people who would have liked to send him that slug. But the party who did it– well, he could hardly believe it yet.





And the most terrible part of it all was that it was all wrong. He was paying for something he didn't do.

But what could he do? Nothing—absolutely nothing. There were dozens of men he knew he could call on for



uddenly she screamed and jerked away from Captain Biggs. With one bound she was digging at Tiny's face with sharp finger nails. Biggs grabbed her and dragged her from the room.

help. All he'd have to do would be to put the finger on the killer. But he couldn't do that. Not in this case. All he could do was lie there and die, keeping his mouth closed tight as he could, hoping that he wouldn't act like that fool Maxey, and, in delirium, put the finger on the wrong guy.

A guy with a slug through his stomach has got to act quickly if he wants to get anything done before he goes out. Tiny Solo had a lot of things he wanted to do. Not important things. Sentimental things. He kept no books. Police could search everything he had and they wouldn't find a scratch that would harm a soul or tell them a thing. But he had a lot of things he wanted to do that would enable him to go out differently. He had always dreaded gangland's death ride. Dreaded it and despised it. It was foolish, he knew, but for some reason he had always had a sort of contempt for the guy—friend or enemy—whose body had been found in the gully of some lonely road or huddled up in a cornfield. Foolish, of course. Nobody could pick their way of taking the final jump. Tiny had always hoped he'd go out differently; wanted to create a sensation; pass out in a way that would make the boys talk. Drama—red-hot drama. Tiny loved it, he admitted to himself.

Well, why shouldn't he love red-hot drama? From the time he was ten years old he had sold drama. Everything he had done had been done dramatically. Crooks, big and little, everywhere were the most sentimental folks on earth—sentimental fools who wallowed in cheap drama. A crook was a slave to the man who could furnish him drama, keep his childish mind agog, Tiny knew. Instinctively, Tiny Solo had always known that. He had cashed in on the knowledge—oh, ever so many pennies.

He hadn't known he was slated to die until about two seconds before his slug found him. He had been laughing and talking with a certain party, a very good friend of his, so Tiny thought. He had just mixed a couple of cocktails and was standing before the fireplace in his living room when that certain party had flashed the big torch. It sure had looked big, that gun. Big and black and dangerous. Tiny had seen death staring at him out of its muzzle, but he couldn't move. He just stood there, stupefied, for a few seconds. And then with an effort he'd come to life.

"What's the idea?" he had demanded. Even as he asked the question he knew it was a foolish one. The minute he saw the big torch he knew he was due.

"Never mind! Steady, fat boy!" the party with the big torch said in a low, deadly voice. Tiny noticed the party with the gun was glancing at a wrist watch and holding the big torch on Tiny at the same time. Tiny knew why the killer was looking at the watch. He knew that in just a few seconds an automobile outside would backfire a couple of times. And Tiny Solo would crumple up—dead—while the killer made an easy exit, and the cop on the beat—the dumb fool—would saunter along all

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TINY
Continued from page nine]

unconscious that murder was being committed in his territory.

It was an old trick—that backfire business. He wondered who was helping the killer, wondered who was outside arranging to have the automobile backfire just as the big torch went off.

Tiny crouched to spring at the killer, standing a few feet from him. But Tiny's muscles were slow. Before he could draw them together, he heard the expected backfire outside. Bang! Bang! Bang! And then he saw smoke coming from the big torch in the killer's hand and felt a gripping pain in his stomach. He doubled up, both hands grasping his stomach. Slowly he crumpled to his knees. He saw the killer backing away. The killer was smiling, a mocking, devilish sort of smile. With wondering eyes he watched the killer back to the door. He managed to gasp out one word.

"Why?" he asked weakly.

The killer paused at the door. "You know, fat boy," the killer said softly, and then the smile fled the killer's face. "Turn about's fair play. You remember—"

But Tiny Solo had heard no more. His head whirled; a spasm of pain shot through his body. He could see the killer's lips moving, but could hear no words. Mockingly, the killer bowed low, smiled, and was gone. Tiny Solo fainted.

He came to just as Paddle Meahan came through the door. Paddle rushed to him and started asking a lot of questions. Any fool could have seen that Tiny was shot. What he needed was a croaker. But did he? Once, while Paddle was telephoning for Doc Farmer, Tiny started to stop him. What was the use? But Doc Farmer had finally arrived.

Tiny smiled as he thought about Doc Farmer. Croakers were funny folks. Why, Tiny could tell by the very attitude that Doc Farmer took that he was going to croak. Cheerful. Terribly, horribly cheerful, Doc Farmer had been. And he never would admit that Tiny was going to die.

"You'll come out of it," he had lied cheerfully.

But Tiny knew. A guy doesn't come out of it with a bullet hole through him—not the kind of a hole made by the dumdum bullets in the killer's big torch. At the hospital he had questioned the nurse.

"What does Doctor Farmer say?" she had always answered him when he insisted she tell him how long he had to live. And that had burned him up. He wanted to slap her smiling face, because way down deep he knew he was going to die. Captain Biggs didn't beat about the bush though.

"Sure, you're croaking, Tiny," he said cheerfully. "And how's your soul, me lad?"

THE hospital doctor had been there and heard what Captain Biggs said. And he hadn't denied it. So, of course, that meant it was so. Tiny was going. Well, he'd known it all along—ever since he'd seen the killer drag the big torch. When he heard the bang! bang! bang! of the backfiring automobile and saw the smoking gun and the killer backing away, smiling mockingly, he had thought it was right away he was going.

He was glad he was to have a few hours to live. A few hours would be long enough for him to stage a little show for the boys. And that would be nice. Drama—red-hot drama. He would give them just that.

Doc Farmer had left Tiny's apartment after calling an ambulance. Which suited Tiny fine. He wanted to start things moving. And how better than to have an ambulance come and find him gone? The newspapers would eat that up. He knew enough about newspapers to know that a city news bureau man would ride the ambulance to his place after Doc Farmer had called up and announced that Tiny Solo, brains of the South Side crowd, had been shot. And he knew the afternoon papers would play it up stronger, him being gone. And, in the meantime, he would do things. Before he left his apartment, aided by Paddle Meahan, he called up the precinct police station.

"Cap'n Biggs—Tiny Solo speaking," he said tersely. "I'll be around in thirty minutes."

And in twenty minutes his big blue car was parked in front of the station and Paddle was looking for Captain Biggs.

Tiny was sitting in the front seat. Paddle had helped him in—and what a job for both of them! Sitting there, he looked just like any other 250-pound man would look sitting in a seat that was too small for him. A bit cramped and uncomfortable, but otherwise all right. Captain Biggs had come out, smiling cordially. He and Tiny had been friends for years. They shook hands. And then Tiny, the dying man, grinning broadly, pulled out a big roll of bills. He peeled off five twenties and handed them to the captain. Captain Biggs took them. It wasn't the first time he'd taken money from Tiny Solo.

"You and me made a little bet a couple months ago," Tiny said, "and I'm paying off."

CAPTAIN BIGGS just fingered the money, a question in his eyes.

"Two months ago, the day Em-el Maxey got his," Tiny went on, "you says to me, 'Tiny, if you don't jump this racket we'll be bringing *you* in on a slab.' Remember that, cap'n? Then you went on, arguing with me, 'You got dough, you got health, why don't you dive outa this burg? If you stick around your slug's gonna find you.'"

Tiny leaned back, apparently as if he believed he had fully explained those five twenties. He enjoyed the look of bewilderment on Captain Biggs' face.

"Well, what's the answer, Tiny?" Biggs demanded.

Tiny bent forward. His smile was gone.

"Just this, old pal," he said solemnly. "You won that bet." He stuck out a fat hand. "Good-by, cap'n. We been good friends."

Captain Biggs, before he knew what he was doing, had shaken hands with Tiny. And then, on a prearranged signal, Paddle Meahan started Tiny's big blue car and they sped away, leaving the captain on the curb holding those five twenties.

Tiny smiled as he thought of it all. That was a good piece of business, giving the captain those five twenties. Long ago he had learned that leadership was nothing more than good showmanship. If a guy could give the boys a good show, knew the value of ballyhoo, the pricelessness of cheap sentiment, he could lead them. A guy to handle the boys must be a lot of things, but his chief attribute must be showmanship.

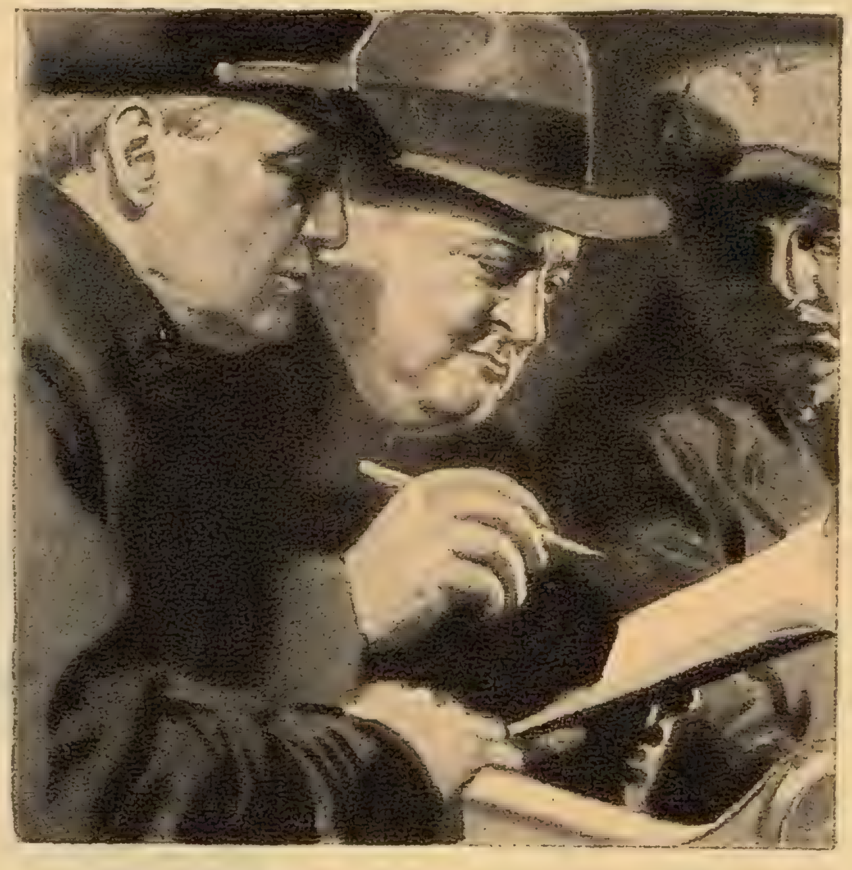
Tiny knew all the gang chieftains, had known them all for years. Some of them were wonderful organizers. Some were fearless, daring, picturesque. Some were financiers. Some led by the sheer power of their personality. But all of them were buffoons, all of them, at times, were clowns. All of them were jokesters; sometimes deadly jokesters, but jokesters just the same. Tiny knew that the power to fetch a laugh or a tear, each in its proper place and at the proper time, was a priceless quality.

Now, that little business of the five twenties. Captain Biggs knew a lot of the newspaper boys. Right away he'd tell the story, and, perhaps, before Tiny Solo died, the story of his good sportsmanship would get about. The boys years from now would tell the story about how Tiny Solo had held his guts in his hands, staved off death, while he drove around to pay a gambling debt—to a lousy police officer. The story would brand him as a good sport.

It was the kind of thing the boys liked to remember.

All his life Tiny Solo had studied effects that way. Like an artist dealing in colors and shades; like a criminologist delving into the ways and whys and wherefores of the criminal mind. Yes, that was it—like a criminologist. He had explored the brains of criminals. He knew more in one minute about criminals than a whole field full of expert criminologists. He chuckled as an idea struck him: Why had he not thrown his weight on the side of society?

Instead of heading what a law-enforcement official had termed the "peerage of gangland," why couldn't he have been an agent of the law? Instead of organizing the I Gotta Drag Club, and scattering game-warden badges and guns throughout the city, why couldn't he have been a judge or a prosecuting attorney?



With a flourish he wrote the word "dead" across the page on which was his record.

Oh, well! He probably would have made a poor judge. As it was, his life most certainly had not been wasted, he reflected. He had done a lot for the boys. The I Gotta Drag Club was a big thing. Who but Tiny Solo could have arranged for a thousand gunmen to get a thousand guns and a thousand permits to carry those guns and a thousand game-warden badges? A thousand game wardens, armed to the teeth, in the heart of a great city! Tiny laughed aloud.

And then there was the matter of make-up. Who but Tiny Solo would ever have thought of employing a master in the art of make-up to teach the boys how to fix their pans so that they wouldn't be recognized while they were working—or after?

Who but Tiny Solo could so conduct himself that he was loved, respected, and feared alike by Sicilian Camorrists and Irish alley gunmen? Tiny sighed happily and turned his big frame on his hospital bed to become more comfortable. His life had not been entirely wasted.

Idol of South Side hoodlums! That's what a newspaper had called him. The only single force that all the boys bowed to. In his territory, a court of last resort for criminals, great and small. Death he had held in his huge, fat hand—death, and life, and fame, and fortune. A court of last resort—the only court that gangland respected. That was Tiny Solo.

A THOUSAND connections he had had—big and little. Dignified judges had been his friends. Judges and police officials, hop-heads and purse snatchers, gang leaders and professional killers. And why? Because, he told himself now, he had been a good showman, had known how to drag tears or laughter from the boys as he willed. Knew their little weaknesses, knew the priceless value of cheap sentimentality.

Well, he had been a showman to the very last. Leaving Captain Biggs he had had Paddle drive him around to Hal Bierbon's office. Hal was a big shyster lip, a lawyer who also had cashed in on his showmanship. Hal was the kind of lawyer who seldom failed, the kind of lip that most guys in the Big House couldn't afford to hire. He and Tiny had been great pals. If all the jurymen who had been ribbed by the combined efforts of Tiny and Hal Bierbon had been laid end to end they would reach—but Tiny wasn't good at statistics. He smiled to himself as he thought of that endless row of prostrate jurymen.

With Hal in the car they had driven around to see Inspector Parrish. The inspector was in charge of the homicide squad. He came out to see Tiny. They also had been good pals.

"Jerry, I remember one time you told me if I ever wanted a favor, to drop around," Tiny said, smiling. Parrish glanced uneasily at the big criminal lawyer in Tiny's car, but nodded.

"Sure, Tiny, name it," he said cordially.

"Well, Jerry, I'd like to see—" Tiny had said easily, "—I'd like to see the S's in the Little Black Book."

The inspector had jumped at that—jumped as if a firecracker had exploded underneath him. His face went blank with amazement.

"You want to read your record in the Little Black Book?" he asked, unbelief in his voice. Because that really was going a little strong, even for a man as big as Tiny.

"Sure," said Tiny, a petulant note in his voice. "I want to make a last entry."

The inspector pondered a second. "Well—guess you know everything that's in it, anyway," he said finally. And five minutes later Tiny Solo was reading what the police really thought about Tiny Solo—reading his record in the Little Black Book.

IT was a little book—and black. On its back, ironically enough, was lettered in black, "Past Due Accounts." Ironically, because the Little Black Book contained the secret reports of police on unsolved crimes and uncaught criminals. Every police department, great and small, has its Little Black Book, so named by the underworld. Often the Little Black Book is not a book at all, but great bulky files. More often it is not black, or little. But to criminals it is the Little Black Book.

And there was Tiny Solo reading a book that the combined underworld would have given millions to see burned. In it was information that would hang many men, and send many, many others to prison for long, weary years. Tiny thumbed the pages, turned to the S's. Page after page he turned slowly, searchingly, while the inspector watched him uneasily until finally he found his own record. He read aloud, omitting the dozen or more aliases he had used in his lifetime:

"'—Russian Jew, born Petrograd; America about 1900; gangster from youth, professional bondsman; high-class fence; indirectly connected with murders of [twenty-five or thirty slain gangsters named here]; no evidence in any of these cases; known to have planned many jewel robberies and pay-roll jobs; connected with dope syndicate; owns two breweries; plenty money, much influence; financed Johnny Florian in running bawdy houses; owns race horses; two weaknesses—blonde women and newspaper publicity. Cagy with women; very sentimental.

"'Solo is idol of South Side. Very shrewd, calculating, cold-blooded in spite of seeming generosity and sentimentality. Never been arrested although has been connected with criminal activities for twenty years or more. Never been mugged although newspaper photograph in files. Dangerous criminal, instigator of murders, etc.'"

And in red ink a late entry had been made: "Believed connected with death of Em-el Maxey. Has taken up with Maxey's sweetheart, girl named Betty Jardon."

Tiny frowned as he read, and then a smile leaped to his lips, a mocking smile.

"You got me wrong, inspector," he said.

"Yeah," Parrish was noncommittal.

"Yeah—you got me connected with Johnny Florian and I never made a penny off women in my life." And then as an afterthought, "And I never had anything to do with Em-el's death, either."

For a long minute Tiny stared at the book. Then, a sudden pain shooting through his body, he made a decision. From his pocket he extracted a large fountain pen.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TINY
Continued from page eleven

He poised it above the Little Black Book for an instant and then with a flourish he wrote the word "DEAD" across the page on which was his record. The writing in the Little Black Book was in a thin, spidery hand. Over it, the heavy "DEAD" stood out blackly, somberly. Tiny underscored it twice. It looked final, that word "DEAD."

Tiny smiled as he thought about it. The inspector had looked so funny, so sort of foolish. He was still standing there, staring blankly at Tiny's entry, when Paddle again whirled them away in Tiny's blue car. That was story number two for the boys to talk about. They'd get a big kick out of Tiny writing his own death notice in the Little Black Book, that holy of holies of the police department, a book that no civilian is ever supposed to see.

And then Tiny had made his will. That was why he had gone after Hal Bierbon. Reaching under his pillow Tiny now pulled out a copy of that will. Warm stuff—red-hot drama! Tiny had sent a copy of the will to each of the newspapers. He chuckled as he read it over now. The first clause after the opening formalities was the meat of the will. It had set the newspaper boys agog.

"Feeling that my murderer has performed an act that will work for the public's weal," the will read, "and being kindly disposed toward said murderer, I hereby give and bequeath to the party who killed me the sum of fifty thousand dollars, this money to be paid to said murderer by the First National Bank on demand, after proper identity is established.

"However, as an act of good faith on my murderer's part, I require him, or her, to appear before the proper authorities and make oath of identity. Said murderer must establish beyond doubt that he, or she, is the person who, on the evening of the ninth of February, 1929, did enter my apartment and did there inflict upon me a gunshot wound from which I expired. He, or she, must sign a statement to this effect, under oath; must produce the weapon with which I was shot, and otherwise establish beyond doubt that he, or she, is actually the murderer. Furthermore, in order that later the validity of the sworn statement may not be questioned or ruled out of court because of coercion or promise of reward, said murderer must establish other facts that would prove his, or her, identity and the fact that he, or she, committed the act responsible for my death."

IT pained him to laugh, but Tiny couldn't help it as he read and reread that clause. What a joke! Hadn't the newspaper guys gobbled that up? And wouldn't the boys talk? And how would the killer feel, with fifty grand waiting for him, or her, and afraid to show? And what about Captain Biggs? Thinking about Captain Biggs and what he'd do pleased Tiny mightily. He could just see the ponderous, slow-thinking captain frowning over that "he, or she, him, or her" business in the will. He'd lose a lot of weight trying to figure if that meant anything.

Outside in the corridor Tiny could hear the big clock ticking away the minutes he had left to live. His legs were getting numb, his feet felt cold. He guessed that was the beginning of the end. He had heard that death often came that way: started at a guy's feet and slowly crawled up his body until it reached his heart; and then, bing!—the light went out. He heard a noise and turned his head. A uniformed man was standing in the door. He guessed it was Captain Biggs, but wasn't sure. His eyes were beginning to fail him. Another sign of the approaching end, he thought. Biggs came and sat down on the side of the bed.

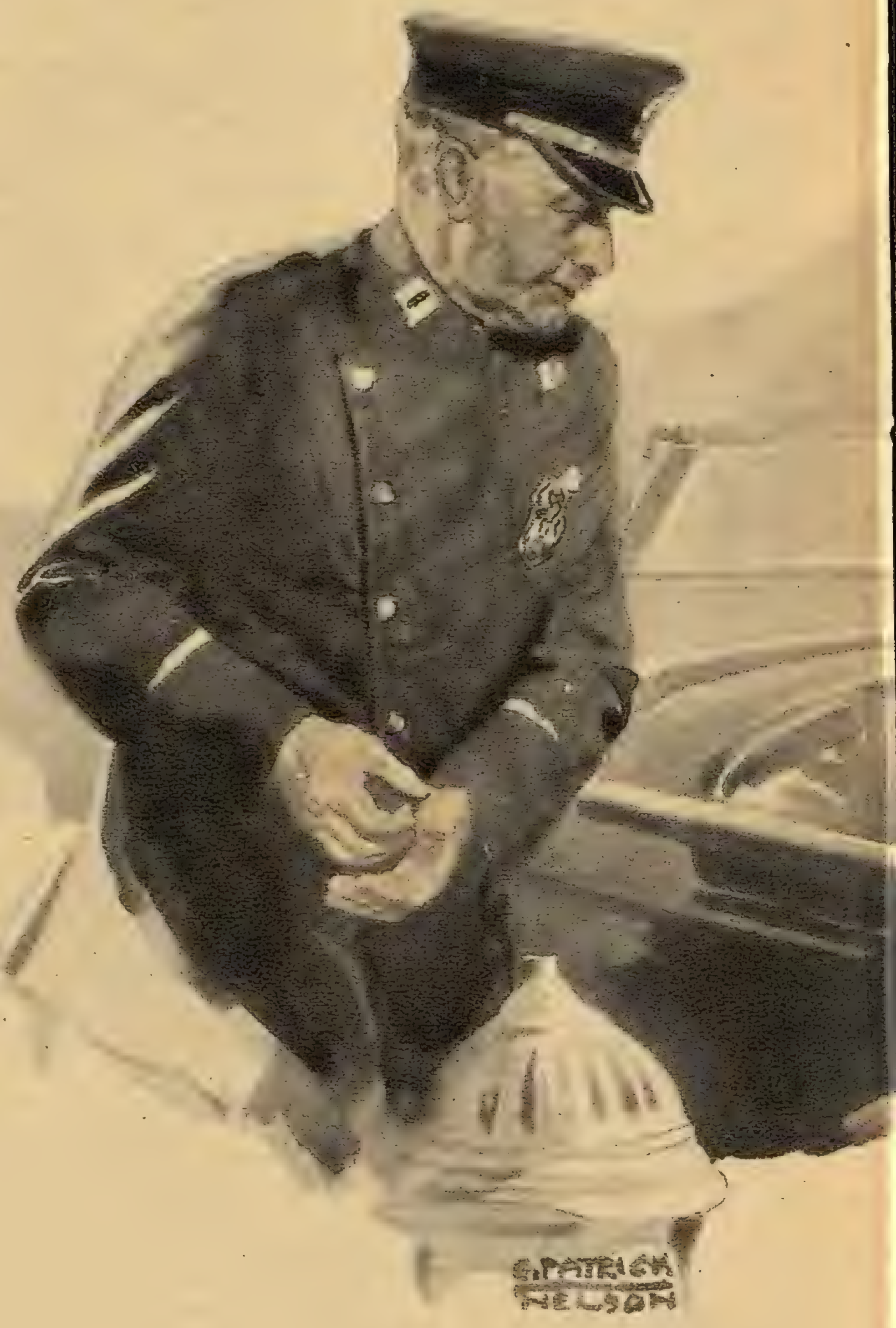
"Just talking to Doc Farmer," Biggs stated. "He says you ain't got so long, Tiny. He says you killed yourself, Tiny. Says if you had stayed quiet and not run around making all kinds of a fool of yourself you had a good chance to live. He says you still would have a good chance, Tiny, if you wasn't so hell-bent on dying."

Tiny smiled faintly. These croakers! Still trying to kid him. Well, he'd known from the very time he saw the big torch that he was due—and that was all there was to it. Tiny decided Biggs wanted something. He did.

"We been pretty good friends, Tiny," the captain went on. There was a pleading note in his voice. "Pretty good friends, even though we fought each other once in a while. I've done you a lot of favors in my time, Tiny."

He paused to let it sink in, and Tiny slowly nodded his massive head in agreement.

"It ain't going so good with me, Tiny, if you croak and I can't put my finger on your murderer." Biggs was openly begging now. "You know the new commissioner's got a yen on for me, anyway. And if a big man like you"—he was flattering Tiny—"goes out and I can't put the finger on anybody, then I'm in bad trouble."



Tiny was watching him with little beady eyes that were nearly buried in their fat sockets. He was enjoying this immensely. At the same time he felt sorry for Biggs.

And now Biggs leaned forward. He lowered his voice to a whisper.

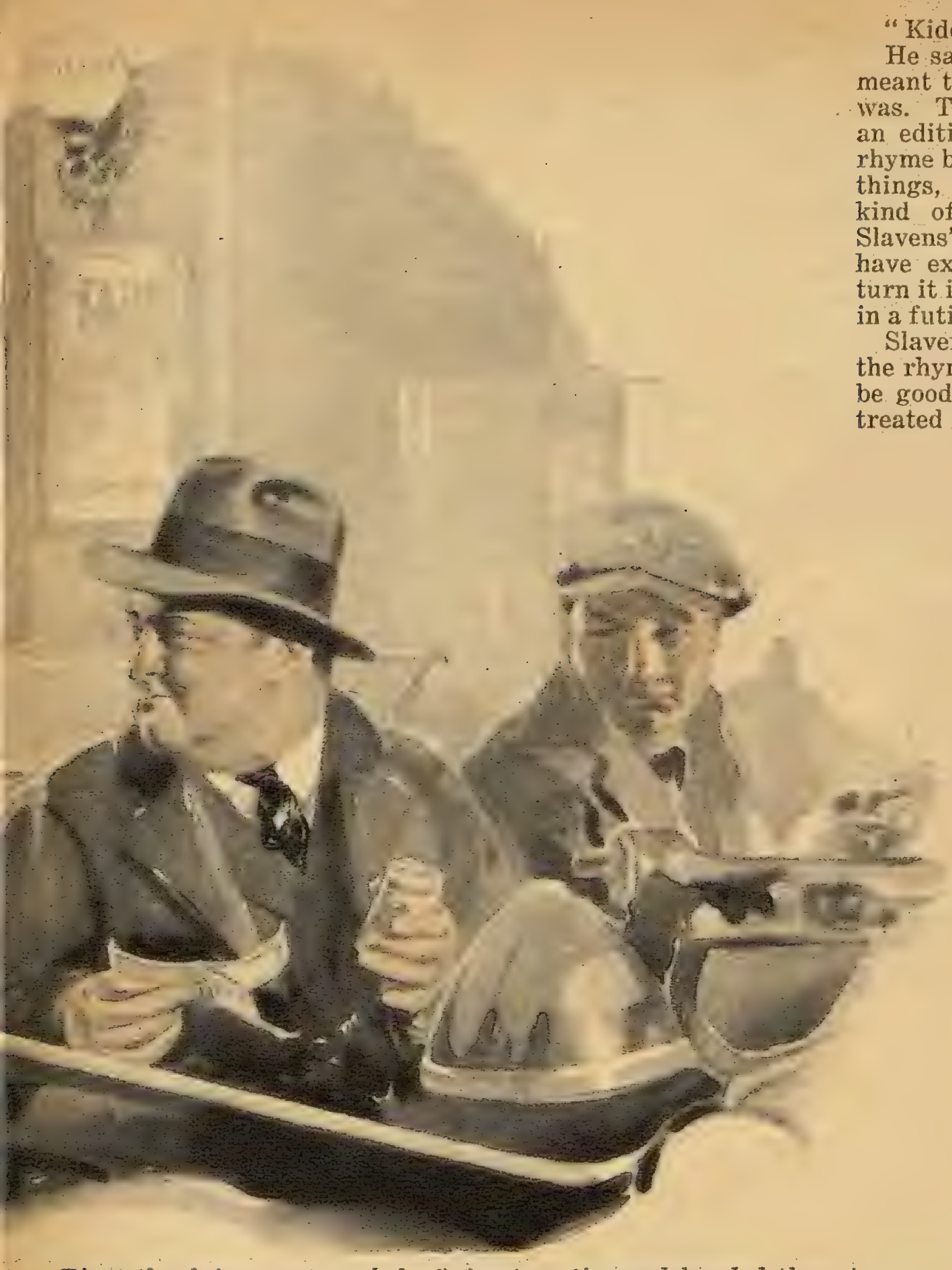
"Put the finger on him for me, Tiny," he begged. "Give me a break. Name the guy that sent you the slug and I'll swear to God nobody'll ever know you told." His voice was wheedling. "After all, Tiny, do you want the guy who killed you to be running around enjoying himself while you're rotting in some hole in the ground—all on account of him?"

Tiny laughed aloud, and Biggs, red with anger, arose from the bed.

"You ought to know me better than that, cap'n," Tiny said reproachfully. He repeated it, pain in his voice, "You ought to know me better'n that."

Another man entered the room and Tiny brightened. It was Slavens, the reporter. Tiny knew him well.

"The cap'n here's begging me to put the finger on somebody for him, kid," Tiny told the reporter. Biggs



Tiny, the dying man, peeled off five twenties and handed them to the captain. "You and me made a little bet," Tiny said, "and I'm paying off."

reddened. And then an idea struck Tiny. He'd give Biggs a clue to work on. It would be his last joke. All his life he'd been playing with cops, teasing them as he would have teased stupid children. Although he had many friends among the police, secretly he despised them; their stupidity angered him. This would be his last joke—and Captain Biggs would be its butt.

"I'm gonna recite you a little rhyme," he announced solemnly, "and if you listen right close and use your noodle maybe you can guess who sent me the slug. The clue to the murderer will be in the rhyme. One word in that rhyme will tell you who shot me. If you use your conk you can find that word."

He wanted to laugh out loud. The captain and the reporter were so anxious. They both leaned forward eagerly. He wondered where he had got that idea--the idea about the rhyme. Probably out of some novel. He searched his mind for a rhyme. Of course, it would hold no clue. He remembered a rhyme.

"Eenie, meenie, minie, moe," he quoted,
"Catch a nigger by the toe;
If he hollers let him go;
Eenie, meenie, minie, moe."

Tiny recited the old rhyme, his fat face solemn as the face of an owl. Deep in his chest he felt a chuckle rise. He turned his face so any trace of humor might be hidden.

"You kiddin', Tiny?" Biggs growled. He was in no mood to be kidded, even by a dying man.

"Kiddin'? Hell, no!" Tiny came back.

He saw Slavens hurry through the door as though he meant to go some place rapidly. Tiny knew where that was. The reporter was going to his city room to catch an edition, going to lend dignity to Tiny's crazy little rhyme by making a mystery out of it. From such idiotic things, Tiny knew, big stories were made by Slavens' kind of newspaper. Tiny could see the screamer. Slavens' paper would take the rhyme seriously. It would have experts—experts in what?—analyze that rhyme, turn it inside out, stand its silly words on their heads, all in a futile effort to find the murderer of Tiny Solo.

Slavens' city editor might know, way down deep, that the rhyme was just another of Tiny's jokes, but it would be good for news if treated seriously. So it would be treated seriously. And the newspaper would ride the police ragged. Gangland—all the boys—would know it was a joke. The police would guess it was a joke, too. But Slavens' city editor would ride the police ragged, lash them on until they, too, would be fumbling around with that crazy rhyme, hunting for a word that would lead them to the slayer. And, of course, they wouldn't find it. There was no such word.

TINY was weary now. After Biggs left he read and re-read the newspaper accounts of his strange will and of his little jokes with Captain Biggs and Inspector Parrish. They'd juggled the Little Black Book joke a bit, having it that Tiny had merely dropped around to Central Headquarters and asked them to write "dead" on his page in the Little Black Book. It wouldn't do to have the public know Tiny himself had seen that book; made the last **entry** himself. Good stuff, all right. But Tiny Solo was weary. He guessed it was about that time. Pretty soon, now, the big clock in the corridor would stop ticking—for him. The lights would go out. That would be all.

Doc Farmer came in to see him.

"How long, doc?" Tiny asked weakly.

Doc Farmer looked at him for a long minute. And then he flared up.

"Fifty years, if you wanted to live that long--you idiot!" he snapped. "But you're so bent on dying I guess nothing can stop you."

Tiny smiled. He knew these croakers. Doc Farmer standing there telling him he could get well—if he wanted to. But he knew better. From the very moment he had seen the killer draw the big torch and turn it on him, the very instant he had heard the bang! bang! bang! of the backfiring automobile outside his apartment, he had known very well that he was going to die. He was due—and that's all there was to it. Ever since Doc Farmer had first been called in he'd been haranguing Tiny to try to get well. Hammering, hammering away at Tiny to use his will power, to try to stave off death.

"You can live if you want to, you fool," he had told Tiny on that first day. "But here you are making all kinds of preparations to die, fixing things up so that if you did live you'd be the laughingstock of everybody that knew you. And, of course, you will die."

That was it. He couldn't live now—couldn't afford to live. Why, the boys would laugh him out of town, kid him to death. All his life had been a joke—a huge grinning joke. But never had Tiny been joked. He didn't think he could stand it. And they'd ride him ragged if he didn't die now.

Oh, well! He needn't worry. He could feel the numbness spreading up his legs. His feet were cakes of ice now and the cold was creeping up his body. He shivered, but not from the cold. Fear gripped him. He hadn't thought much about death before. What would it be like? Was there a hereafter?

A priest came in, death in his eyes. But Tiny Solo

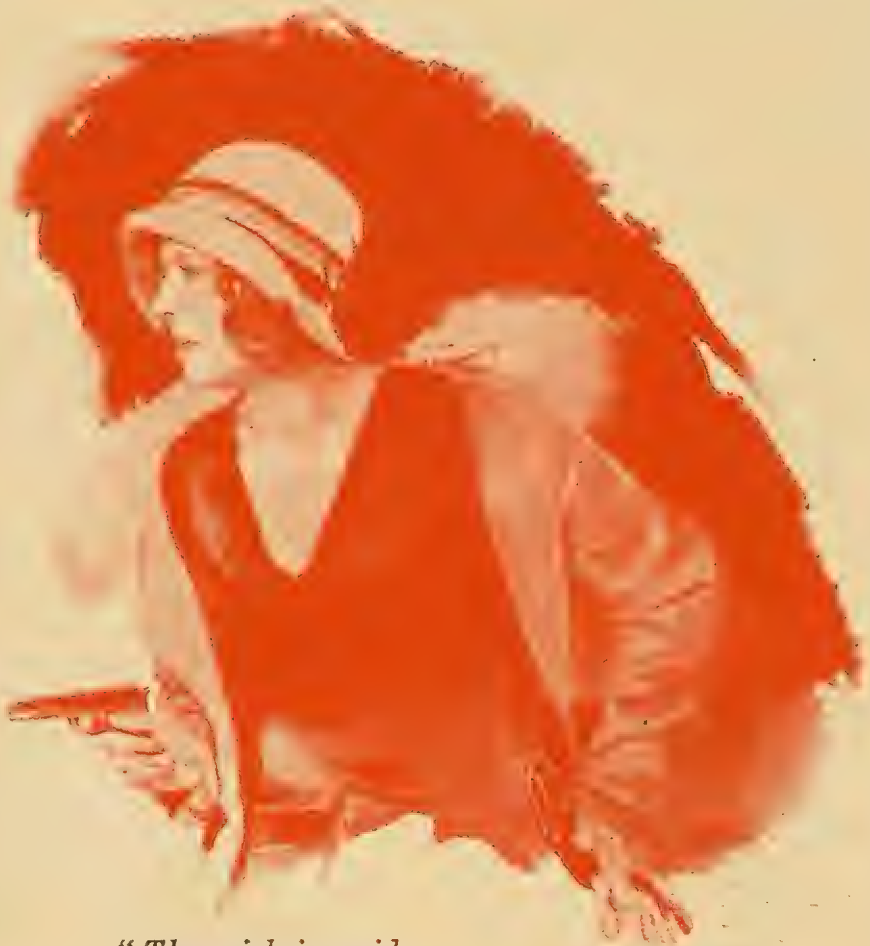
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

TINY
Continued from page thirteen

would have none of him. Petulantly he turned his back on the holy man and ordered him from the room. He'd at least show the world that he could die like a right guy. None of these whimpering death-bed conversions for him.

He felt drowsy. He closed his eyes. He could feel sleep slipping up on him. Or was it death? He shook himself, but the lethargy was too great. He slept.

He awoke to a babble of voices in the corridor. He heard Captain Biggs' voice, heavy and rumbling, and a woman's voice, pitched high with excitement. Tiny jerked himself up in his bed.



"The girl is said to have confessed that she shot Solo."

"The dirty bum!" the woman screamed. "The fat pig!"

There was a short scuffle and Biggs came through the door, tightly holding the arm of a woman. Slavens, the reporter, followed. Biggs was smiling happily.

Tiny sat up in bed, his little eyes popping out of their fat sockets. A nameless dread struck at his heart. The smile on Biggs' face, the hopeless look in the woman's eyes, told him a story—a dreadful, horrible story. He was afraid to ask a question, just sat there staring, speechless. The woman advanced to the bed, held tightly by Biggs. There was hate in her eyes, utter loathing.

"So you put the finger on me," she said. There was contempt in her voice. "Tiny Solo, idol of the South Side, turns out to be nothing but a dirty rat—a stinking fingerman."

He fidgeted under those eyes, cold and chilled with loathing and contempt. What did she mean?

"A stinking fingerman—a lousy rat," the woman repeated in a low voice. Suddenly she screamed and in her rage jerked away from the grasp of Captain Biggs. With one bound she was at the bedside and digging at Tiny's face with sharp finger nails. Biggs grabbed her and dragged her from the room.

"What's it all about?" Tiny queried, wiping blood from his face where her nails had cut him.

Slavens, the reporter, handed him a newspaper.

"Thanks a thousand times, Tiny," he said happily. "You sure did give us a hot tip."

WITH trembling hands Tiny unfolded the newspaper. A screamer glared at him: "Rhyme Solves Shooting Mystery." He read the story:

"An old rhyme yesterday solved the mysterious shooting of Antonio (Tiny) Solo, leader of the South Side liquor crowd, who lies dying in Roosevelt Hospital.

"Betty Jardon, pretty blonde habitué of the night places, is in jail charged with felonious assault. The charge will be changed to one of murder if Solo dies, and it is expected that he will. The girl is said to have confessed that she shot Solo because she believed he was responsible for the murder of Moe L. Maxey, horse gambler.

"Solo himself furnished the clue which led to her arrest, although he, true to gangland's traditions, would not name his assailant.

"However, Solo prides himself on being a 'good sport,' and he offered to give Captain Biggs a sporting chance to solve the crime.

"'I'll recite a rhyme,' he said, 'and in that rhyme will be a word that will lead you straight to the party who shot me—provided you find the word.' Then he recited:

"Eenie, meenie, minie, moe,
Catch a nigger by the toe;
If he hollers let him go;
Eenie, meenie, minie, moe.

"The underworld today is speculating whether or not Solo purposely 'put the finger' on Betty Jardon. Since the death of Moe Maxey he has been seen constantly with the woman. And the word 'moe' stood out so obviously that police decided Solo was trying to tell them that Maxey's death had something to do with his case. They raided the Jardon woman's apartment. They found a gun, they say, which police firearms experts will swear shot Solo.

"To make the case even more strange, the Jardon woman has announced that she will use the fifty thousand dollars left to his murderer in Solo's will as a defense fund—provided Solo doesn't change his will. And wise money in gangland is betting that he will not change the will, Solo priding himself on his sporting blood."

SLOWLY, painfully, Tiny finished reading. His big body tense as he read, now slumped back limply on the bed. The newspaper dropped from listless fingers. He closed his eyes as if to shut out a painful thought. Outside, the big clock in the corridor ticked mercilessly away.

A rat! A fingerman! Him, Tiny Solo, helping police. He could hear the jeers of gangland, feel cold, murderous eyes upon him. A rat! Him—a fingerman! His victim a woman! He would never swear he had never known Maxey's name was Moe. In his mind he saw a scaffold. A woman—a pretty blonde girl—was mounting the steps, a priest in long flowing black robes at her side. He heard a crash as the trap was sprung; the girl hurtled through space. There was a crack as the rope reached its length and before Tiny's closed eyes a woman died of strangulation. His victim. His—the rat's—victim. Tiny shuddered. His fat hands clutched convulsively at the sheets on his bed. Why in the name of God hadn't he known that Em-el Maxey's first name was Moe?

Suddenly he remembered Doc Farmer. "You could live—if you wanted to," Doc had told him.

Well, he'd live. It was the only way—the only way to save Betty Jardon from the noose. Or, anyway, from life imprisonment. But what if he did live? What would happen? Which would be better—to die and allow Betty Jardon to go up forever, or to live and hear the taunts of gangland for the rest of his days? If he lived he knew he had sufficient influence to have the felonious assault charge dropped against Betty. If he died that same influence would see that she was put away for good for his murder. His friends would see to that.

And what about him? What about his little jokes? Would they prove boomerangs and make him the laughing-stock of gangland? Or would the boys be too disgusted with him—the rat—to even ridicule him?

He closed his eyes again. He could feel cold, hard, murderous eyes of gangland upon him—upon him, the rat who had helped police. He could hear laughter, hisses; see sneers on the faces of his former friends. And just around the corner, death—the death that always overtakes the rats of gangland—crouched, waiting for him. He sighed wearily. Life was no joke now. He would die; he would be glad to die. He died.

THE END

For the first time in history, the greatest dermatologists* in America give scientific approval to a complexion soap

I was sure Camay would be a *wonderful* soap the minute I knew Procter and Gamble made it. And then, from my own complexion, I discovered it was so mild that I was convinced it must be the ideal soap for even the most delicate complexions!

To be sure my opinion was right, I consulted 73 of the most eminent dermatologists in America. These physicians examined Camay's chemical analysis. They tested Camay's effect on various kinds of complexions. They used Camay themselves. So did their families.

As a result, Camay has the unanimous approval of these great scientists — something no other complexion soap *ever* received before!

Many of these physicians went much further than a formal approval. A professor of dermatology in the largest medical school west of the Rockies says:

"I have purchased samples of Camay in the local market and have tried them out on my own skin and that of several members of my family, all of whom have sensitive skins. As a result of these experiences I can state that Camay Soap is a first class toilet soap in every respect."

A Chicago authority says:

"Camay lathers freely. The sensation produced by the lathering process is one of blandness. It cleanses efficiently without leaving the skin feeling drawn."

Will *you* try Camay? I am sure, before you're two weeks older, you'll begin to realize, just as I did, that there never was anything like this fragrant new soap for helping you keep your complexion fresh and clear and outdoor-looking.

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness is a free booklet with advice from America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Dry skins; oily skins; sensitive skins are all discussed fully. Write to Miss Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-10, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City.

CAMAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP

* **What is a dermatologist?**

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

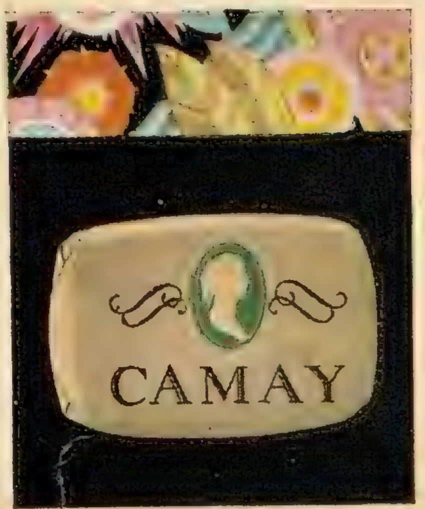
The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey
M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

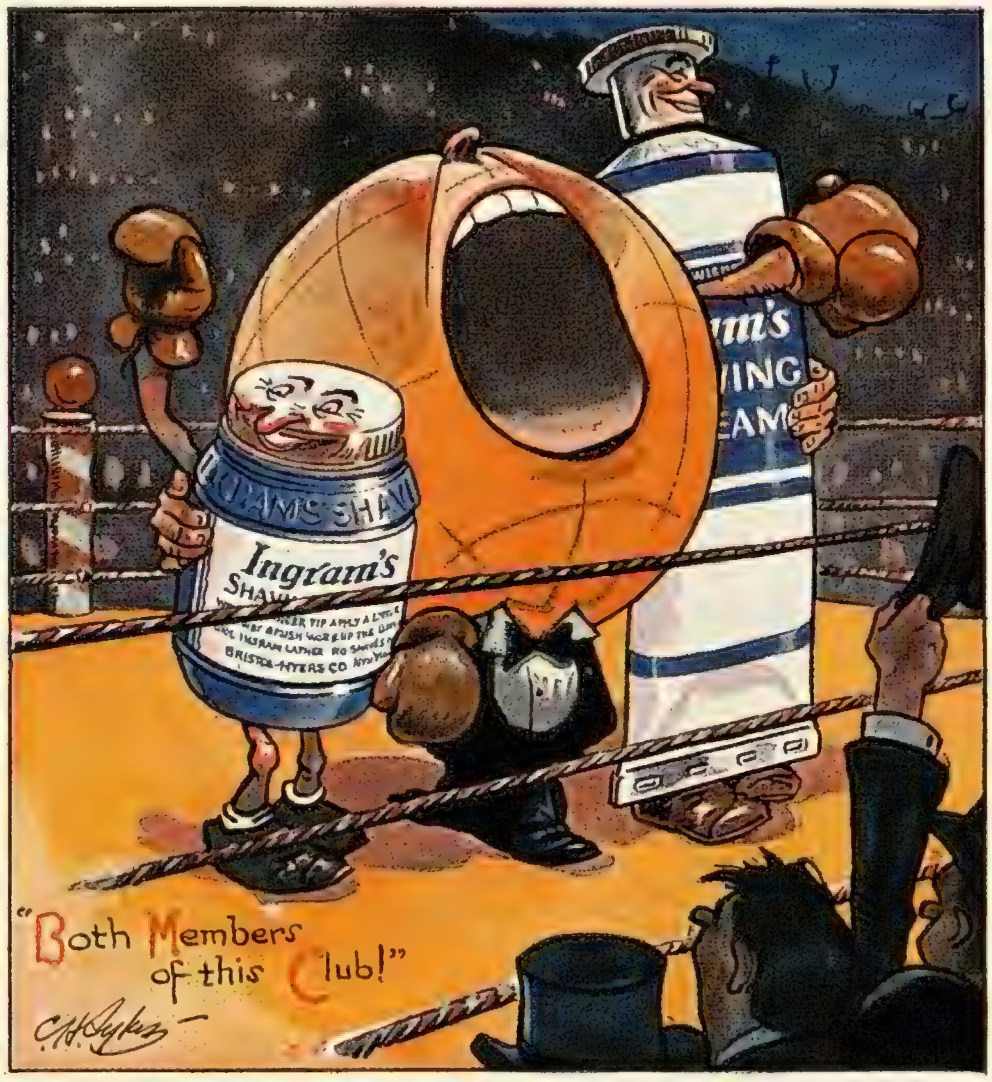
CAMAY 10¢ A CAKE



It's a Contest now between the Ingram Jar *and* Tube!

"I warn you to bet on the jar," says Lee H. Bristol, Advertising Director.

"The little jar that started Ingram's Shaving Cream on the road to fame and popularity may be no beauty, but the point is that a million grateful men are used to it. They associate it with the coolest shaves a man ever had! The jar has its advantages besides; I count on it to outsell the new tube by a good percentage!"



"My tip is that the tube is coming strong," says E. A. Means, General Sales Manager.

"I've been working for a long time to see Ingram's presented to shaving men in a modern tube! Even with the old blue jar, it climbed to fifth place among all shaving creams. That's a striking testimonial to a shaving cream so cool it's revolutionary! Don't underestimate the new tube —it's going over big!"

OUR contest is a sporting one. No tricks, no slogans to write, no red tape! It's as simple and easy to enter as A-B-C.

Yet it's a practical test of how well you can size up a business situation! Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's Shaving Cream made its appearance for the first time in a tube. Of course it's the same cool shaving cream and yields the same cool shave as that introduced, five years ago, in the famous blue jar. And the new tube sells for the same price.

We want your opinion of how well the new tube will sell this year as compared with the jar. If you send in a prize-winning answer, this contest will mean the easiest money you've ever earned!

Here's the History of Ingram's Shaving Cream to Date

For five years, with very little advertising, Ingram's has climbed steadily. It was the pioneer *cool* shaving cream. Originally placed on the market in the little blue jar, it was a success from the first!

For Ingram's is the silky, velvety cream that brings a new, stingless delight to the faces of shaving men everywhere. It has three special cooling and soothing ingredients that tighten and tone the skin *while you shave.*

The minute you lather up with Ingram's, you'll know it's different. It's a shaving cream, a lotion and a skin tonic all in one! With it you can shave closer. And above all, without those fiery little pin-pricks that most men bemoan. Long after you've put away the razor, your face will feel refreshed! For Ingram's is cool—*cool*—COOL—COOL!

Men like Ingram's so well that today it ranks as one of the largest-selling shaving creams in the world. Here are its sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929 (last quarter estimated)	2,141,964 Jars

INGRAM'S

$5,000.00 in Cash Prizes

Easy, Fascinating Contest! Test Your Business Judgment! Open to Everybody! 328 Chances for You to Win!

IT'S the little blue jar that built the Ingram business. Some men like the jar. But others prefer a tube. So to offer Ingram's in a form attractive to all men, we've brought out the new tube as well.

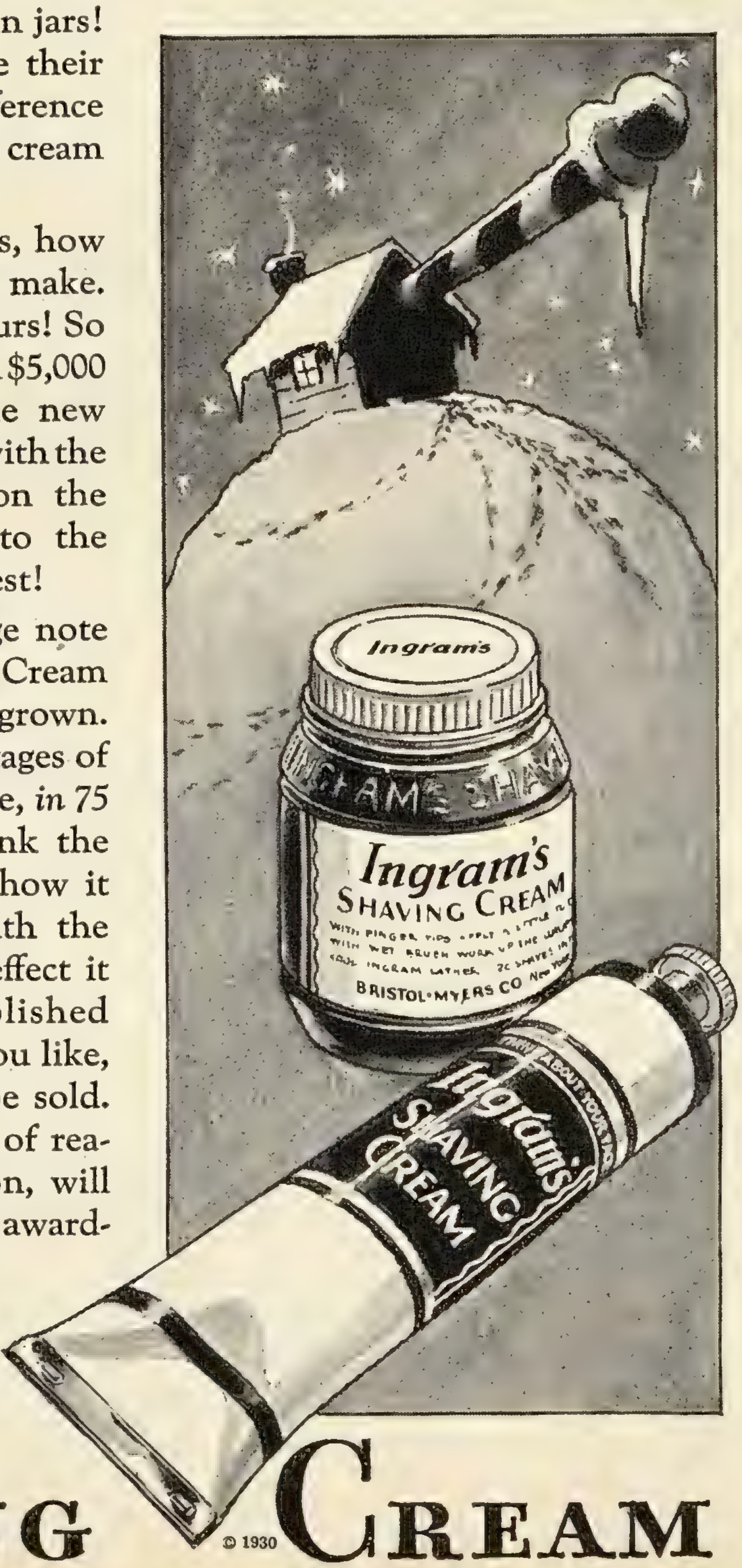
Prior to this year, Ingram's Shaving Cream was packed only in jars! But now, Ingram users have their choice of tube or jar. The difference is only in the package—the cream and the price are the same.

We don't know, ourselves, how big a success the tube will make. Your opinion is as good as ours! So here's your chance to share in $5,000 by predicting how well the new tube will sell—as compared with the jar—during its first year on the market! See the column to the right for details of the contest!

And on the opposite page note the sales of Ingram's Shaving Cream in jars. See how they have grown. Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize . . .	**$1,000.00**
Second prize . . .	**$500.00**
Third prize	**$250.00**
Next 325 prizes . *each*	**$10.00**



Conditions of the Contest

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.
2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.
3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.
4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.
5. Address contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 31, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

You can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a week's supply of COOL Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon below. But, whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest! Send your answer today!

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 31, General Post Office,
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.
*Name*________________________
*Address*________________________
*City*____________ *State*__________

Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.

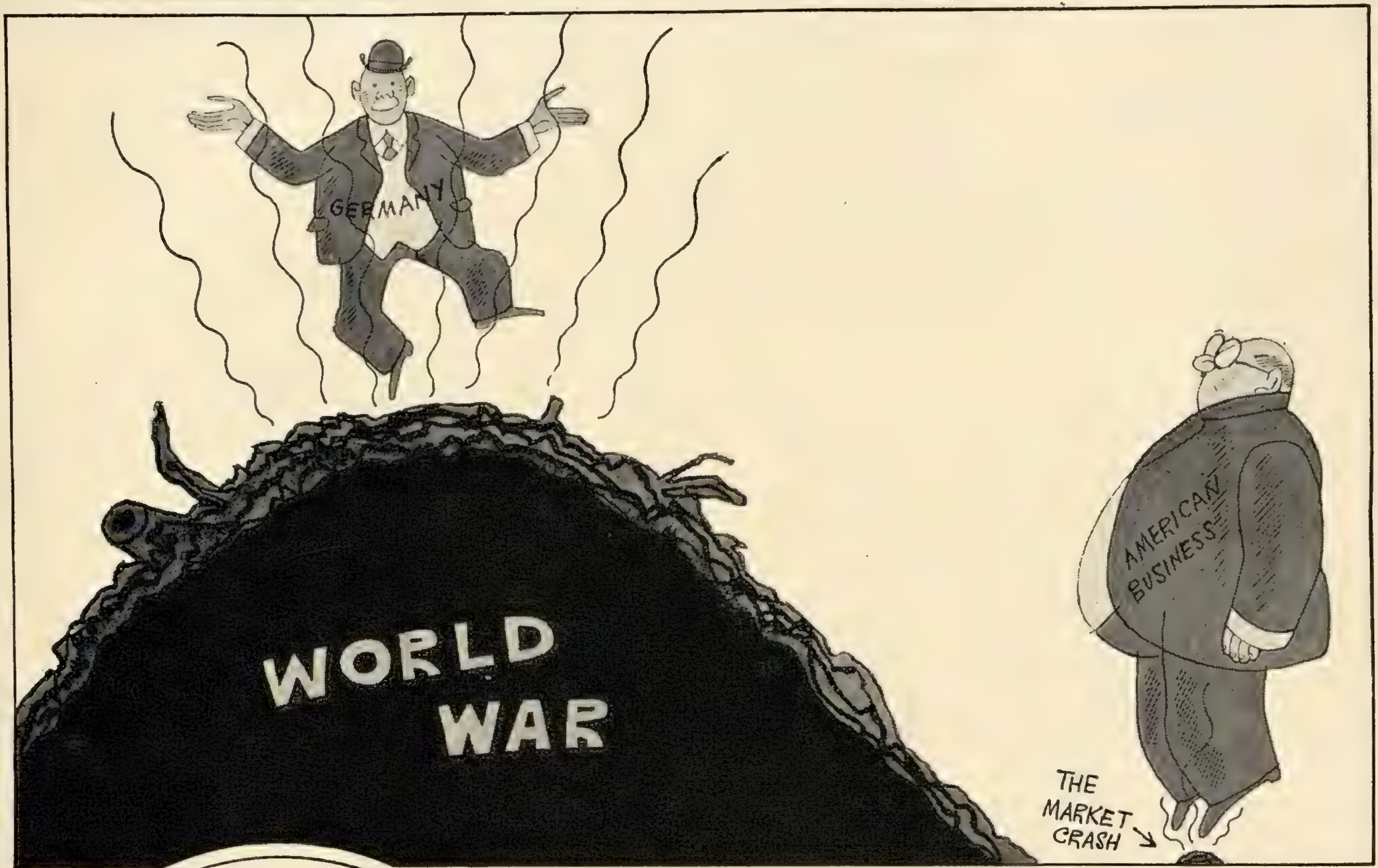
SHAVING CREAM

© 1930

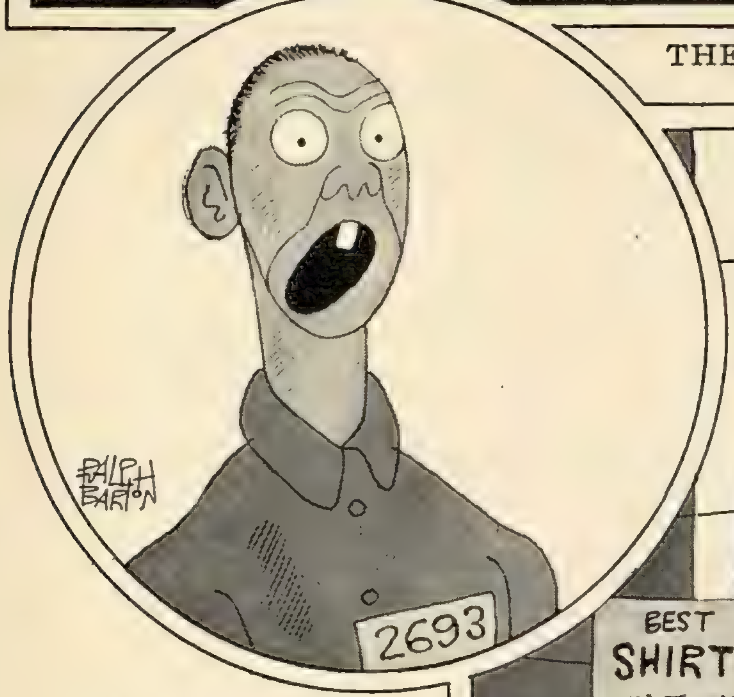
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

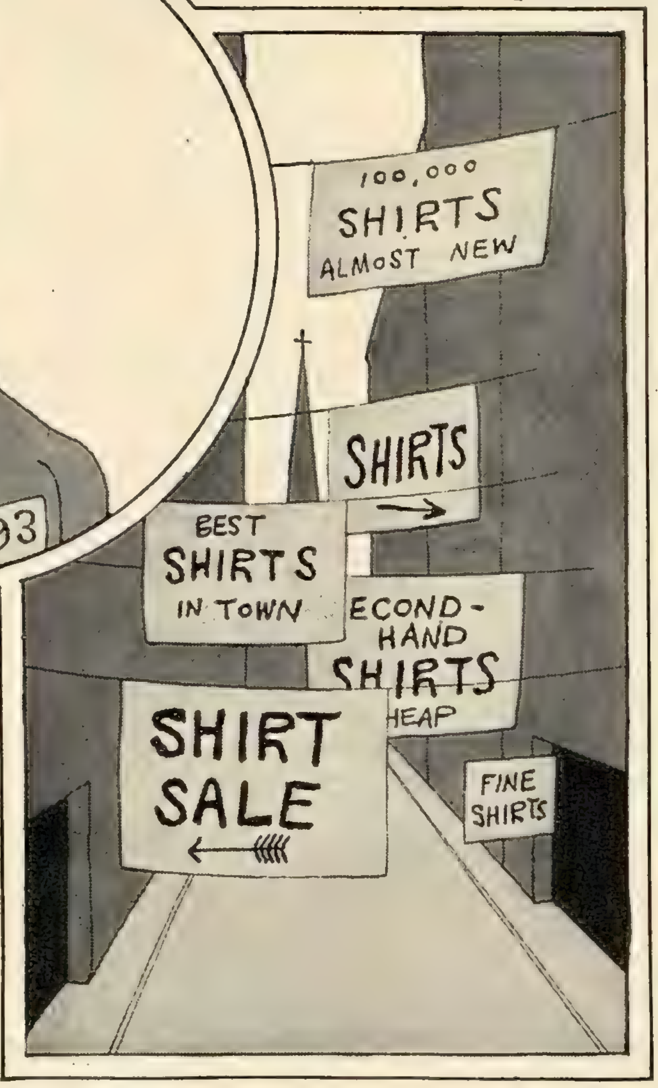
By RALPH BARTON


GERMANY
WORLD WAR
AMERICAN BUSINESS
THE MARKET CRASH

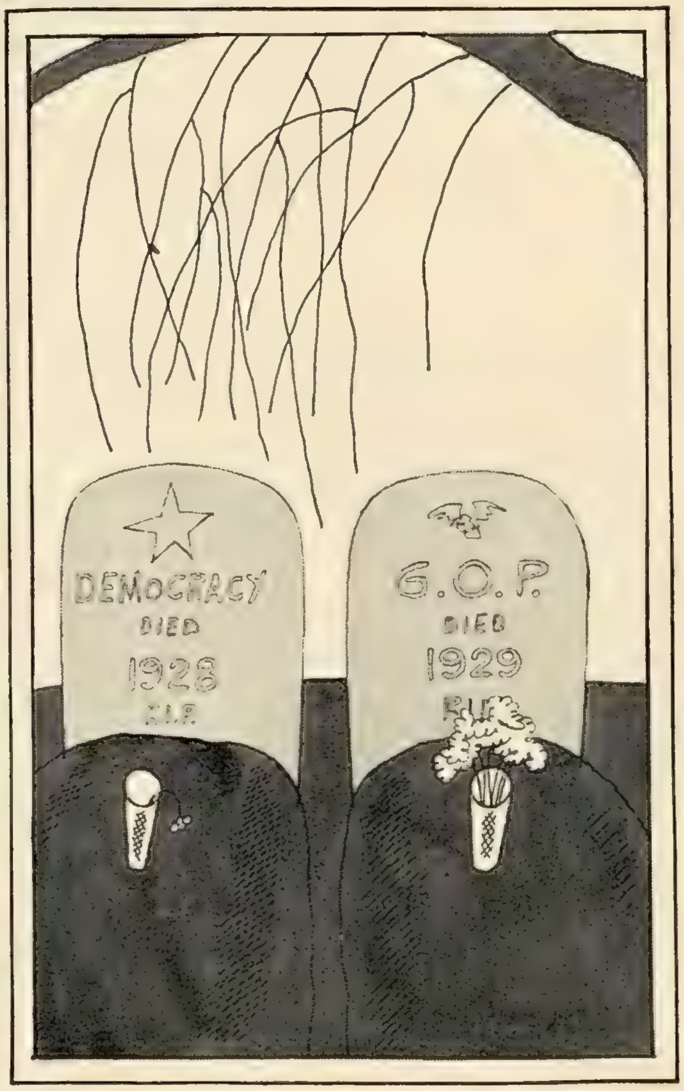
THE WORLD'S BEST EXAMPLE SETTER in the art of rising phoenix-like from the ashes.


RALPH BARTON
2693

HARRY F. SINCLAIR said on being released from jail, "I think the imprisonment imposed upon me was in violation of common sense and common decency"; which, oddly enough, is exactly the statement issued by 7,492 prisoners interviewed by our reporter.


100,000 SHIRTS ALMOST NEW
SHIRTS
BEST SHIRTS IN TOWN
SECOND-HAND SHIRTS CHEAP
SHIRT SALE
FINE SHIRTS

A VIEW of the great clearance sale now going on in Wall Street.


DEMOCRACY DIED 1928 R.I.P.
G.O.P. DIED 1929 R.I.P.

WELL, we've still got the Farmer-Labor Party.

The Capital CLIMBERS

A Look at America's New Social Ladder

By

MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

whose long experience as a writer for newspapers and magazines has given her a special insight into the social surroundings of diplomacy in Washington, as well as in Paris and various other capitals. She is from Chicago, and lives now mostly in New York.

ALL day the hotel electricians were training the spotlights of the banquet hall so that they would play on the bride in her place of honor at the wedding supper. But when the party was assembled, the guests seated, the music softly manipulated to melt into the conversation, and festivity was generally under way, those colored spotlights were turned on the appointed table, and they singled out not the bride but a foreign ambassador—whose head did not have as much hair covering it as the person who under usual circumstances would have been displayed.

Some colored balloons were presently to be released from the balcony, and this was supposed to be done by touching a button under the guest of honor's place. It would now fall to the lot of that dignified foreign ambassador to turn loose those foolish balloons.

What could be the matter?—guests inexpert in the etiquette of Washington society were wondering, as well as alarmed hotel managers, publicity agents, and moving-picture men there to cover the wedding on a large scale. Had Harry, the head electrician, made one of those stupid mistakes of his again and turned the lights on the wrong table? He had not, and they were alarmed needlessly. The mistake, instead of being in the seat of honor, was in the identity of the guest of honor to occupy that seat. Washington society is governed by stern and hidebound laws of prestige. Ever since we became a nation and had a seat of government we have been hearing about it, but so far from abating in intensity, stories illustrative of it have of late years become still more insistent. Formal society is composed of strata of human beings of graduated importance, and the representatives of these at a function in a receiving line are arranged so that they make one think of a game of solitaire, with the lowest card at the bottom and the king at the top of the line.

Those interested in making a place for themselves

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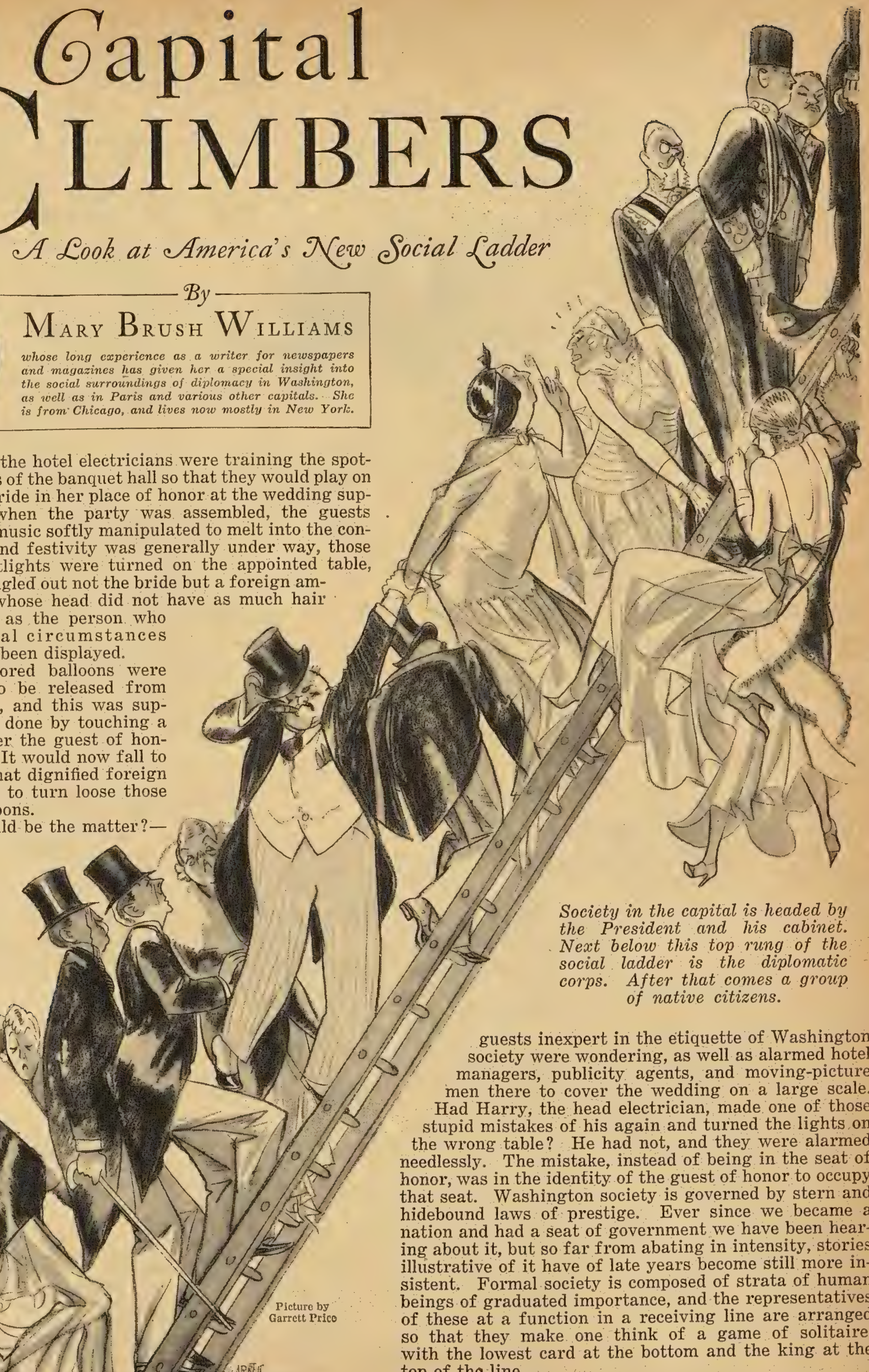


Society in the capital is headed by the President and his cabinet. Next below this top rung of the social ladder is the diplomatic corps. After that comes a group of native citizens.

Picture by Garrett Price

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

socially all love it, for the set grades of rank act alike as a measuring rod and a ladder. By the prestige of one's guests at functions the world may gauge how high one has mounted the social scale.

The young bride had done so awfully well in her upward climb that she could not be the guest of honor at her own wedding—the way of it being this: She was marrying a young man of rank in one of the embassies, and this fact alone entitled her to invite the ambassador representing that country, with his wife. But ambassadors take precedence over just about all they survey, even to brides. Thus he sat in the place of honor, with the bride in a somewhat subsidiary position on his right and the bridegroom on his left, while his wife at the other end of the table took precedence over the mother of the bride. And on the basis of this table arrangement, with all that it signified, people said how well the bride was marrying, although she had millions and was a charming young American girl, and the bridegroom had nothing but his title and a few bad debts.

All of which is very well, perhaps you are saying, but not very important. Quite to the contrary, however, underlying the little incident is a fact on which the tabloids could issue a story under an extra special headline. It would be that during the last ten years the seat of fashionable society has been quietly changing, in a measure, from New York to Washington. More social climbers are said to assemble there during the season than in any other city in the world. And news of that character means a shift somewhere in national if not international relationships and a change in the relative importance of some very significant things.

© Henry Miller

Mrs. Joseph Leiter with her daughter Ann, a budding horsewoman.

First of all, it is due to the new and glamorous importance which the peace treaty brought to the State Department. Ten years ago a magnificently be-diamonded matron at a dinner table would have been far from impressed on being told that her brilliant and dignified companion at table was in the Department of State. Any evening now, though, just mention to her the same fact regarding the oldish and rather dull gentleman who is boring her on her left, and she will light up with the exclamation, "They tell me you are in the State Department. How very interesting!"

YOUNG fellows with nothing else to their credit have motors sent for them and drinks supplied to them by anxious mothers for the most extravagant of social occasions. They are offered country clubs in which to give their "paying-back parties" and they are supplied with all the refreshment for these, from cake to wine, because they are in the State Department. Many of the boys are in training for foreign posts, and if their worldly position be but complemented with a large fortune of some bride, they will make among the most desirable of husbands. Only now, for these posts, they have to pass a second examination, called the oral test, to discover whether they are of bearing and manners to represent us abroad with dignity. If not, they at least contribute an important adjunct to our national society here at home.

Little countries never heard of before the close of the war, because they were not in existence, then began sending emissaries here, who, like the ambassador at the wedding, have to be treated with exactly the amount of deference appropriate to their rank. Often their importance seems to be based on the amount of money their country owes to the United States. The international treaty that amplified the map of Europe at the same time expanded the area of hostesses' official dinner tables.

It also brought before the world one personality from another department than that of State. A solitary figure, aloof and sad-eyed, contributing to the brilliant picture of political and social life in Washington, is Andrew W. Mellon, head of the Treasury. As he walks home of an evening (long after the clerks have closed down their desks and departed) to his sixteen-room apartment, it is hard for a beholder of his slight and unpretentious and modestly dressed figure to realize that women of wealth are battling to have their boxes next to his at the Children's Hospital Ball. If only some of them were richer still, one fancies that apartments in the building with his would never go unrented.

THE same influences that have made for all this now bring to our country more foreigners of title and distinction than ever before, and they all pay their respects to Washington. Thus our national capital achieves a gay social background, lifting us out of our first century of existence and linking us with the sophisticated life of European capitals. Very naturally these combined circumstances are coming to lure social aspirants from all over our own country there. We are even developing a semi-leisure class in America, and some of its members are making their homes in Washington. Smart mothers sometimes bring their daughters out there instead of in the home town—or perhaps bring them out in both, with a third début in New York for good measure.

All this is making Washington more like London, with the political and the social capitals identical and the fashionable hierarchy revolving around statesmen of rank. Mr. and Mrs. Hoover used to hold their salon in London, where I attended it frequently. People of the greatest distinction, from the Prince of Wales on down to members of Parliament, assembled there at teatime. In little groups scattered over the spacious drawing-rooms and concentrated in numbers around the refreshment tables, they used gravely to discuss momentous European topics while cutting into their chocolate cakes with their spoons and absently eating their ices. Mrs. Hoover knows how to have fine things to eat if unrestricted by a war. No sooner was her husband nominated than everyone was saying he would make a good President because he understood political relations. There were some of us who could testify that he and his wife understood the fashionable ones also as few other Americans did, and that they would support our social obligations with high dignity. And as the Hoover administration came in, bringing a different group of dictators and aspirants, the social situation in Washington grew even more important and interesting.

Men accept political posts there who are lured by some other consideration than the salary. Indeed, they have to augment that heavily to live and breathe—and climb. A dignified social position is a laudable end to which to aspire. Those seeking it, having accepted their appointments, break home ties, rent the house, put the furniture into storage, come to Washington, and take an apartment in some fashionable hotel. Their first move is to give a luncheon or a dinner, and for this of course one must find a guest of honor. The wife of somebody from one's state is a likely person, and she for political reasons accepts the rôle. Mrs. Ogden Goelet, perhaps, agrees to it—and they are off.

Recently an exploiter of such innocent climbers came to Washington with his guidebook to financial ratings in hand. He sought out all those wealthy enough to be worth his while and told them that he was getting out a book of the socially prominent women of the capital to go all over the world. For sums ranging from $250 to $1,000 he offered to print their pictures with a write-up of their brilliant social position in the capital. Even the wife of a cabinet member fell for his proposition, and so did others

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

...Raised His Pay $4800* After Reading This Amazing Book Which Is Now *FREE!*

* Based on the combined experiences of F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn., A. F. Thompson, Sioux City, Iowa, L. D. Mathers, E. Cleveland, Ohio, and many others.

Caught in a Rut

I wonder I put up with it as long as I did! Every day was filled with nothing but deadly routine and monotonous detail. No freedom or independence. No chance to get out and meet people, travel, nor have interesting experiences. I was just like a cog in a big machine with poor prospects of ever being anything more.

Long, Tiresome Hours

Every hour of the day I was under somebody's supervision. The TIME-CLOCK constantly laid in wait for me—a monument to unfulfilled hopes and dying ambition. Four times a day, promptly on the dot, it hurled its silent challenge at my self-respect, reminding me how unimportant I was and how little I really COUNTED in the business and social world!

Low Pay

Paid just enough to keep going—but never enough to enjoy any of the GOOD things of life every man DESERVES for his family and himself. Always economizing and pinching pennies. Always wondering what I would do if I were laid off or lost my job. Always uncertain and apprehensive of the future.

Desperate

Happened to get a look at the payroll one day and was astonished to see what big salaries went to the sales force. Found that salesman Brown made $200 a week—and Jenkins $275! Would have given my right arm to make money that fast, but never dreamed I had any "gift" for salesmanship.

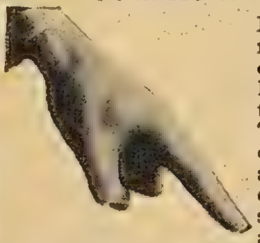
A Ray of Light

Stumbled across an article on salesmanship in a magazine that evening. Was surprised to discover that salesmen were made and not "born" as I had foolishly believed. Read about a former cowpuncher, Wm. Shore of California, making $525 in one week after learning the ins-and-outs of scientific salesmanship. Decided that if HE could do it, so could I!

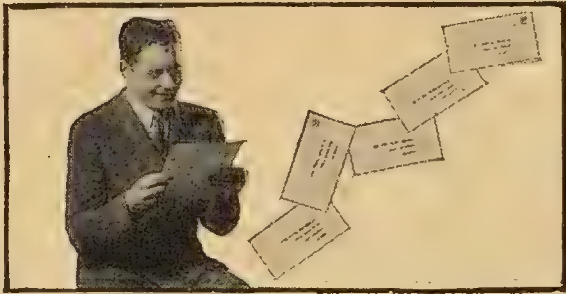
The Turning Point

My first step was to write for a certain little book which a famous business genius has called "The MOST AMAZING BOOK EVER PRINTED." It wasn't a very *big* book, but it certainly opened my eyes to things I had never *dreamed* of—and proved the turning point of my entire career!

What I Discovered



Between the pages of this remarkable volume, I discovered hundreds of little known facts and secrets that revealed the REAL TRUTH about the science of selling! It wasn't a bit as I had imagined. I found out that it was governed by simple rules and laws that almost ANY man can master as easily as he learned the alphabet. I even learned how to go about getting into this "highest paid of all professions." I found out exactly how Mark Barichievich of San Francisco was enabled to quit his $8 a week job as a restaurant-worker and start making $125 a week as a salesman; and how C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio, jumped from $15 a week to $7500 a year—these and *hundreds* of others! It certainly *was* a revelation!

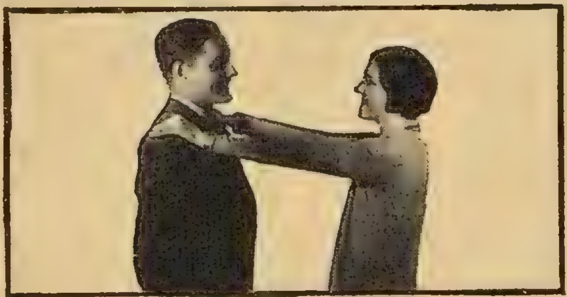


Free Employment Service

Furthermore, I discovered that the National Salesmen's Training Association, which published the book, also operates a most effective employment service! Last year they received requests from all over the U. S. and Canada for more than 50,000 salesmen trained by their method. This service is FREE to both members and employers and thousands have secured positions this way!

Making Good at Last!

It didn't take me long to cast my lot with N. S. T. A.—and after a few weeks I had mastered "The Key to Master Salesmanship" during spare time, without losing a day or a dollar from my old job. When I was ready, the Employment Manager found me a dozen good openings to choose from—and I selected one which paid me over $70 a week to start!



Was It Worth It?

Today my salary is $4800 greater than ever before! No more punching time-clocks or worrying over dimes and quarters! NOW my services are in REAL DEMAND with bigger prospects for the future than I ever dared HOPE for back in those days when I was just another "name" on a pay-roll!

The Key to
MASTER-
SALESMANSHIP
The Highest Paid Profession in the World
NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Chicago

Get Your Copy Free

Right now this book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship," which showed these men how to get started on the road to success and independence, will be mailed as a gift to any ambitious man—absolutely free and without obligation. Why not see for yourself what amazing pay-raising secrets it contains? There is no better way to invest a 2c. stamp!

Mail It Today!

Simply fill out coupon below and mail to National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. A-232, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Assn., Dept. A-232,
N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

Without obliation, please send me a free copy of "The Key to Master Salesmanship," and full details of your Free Employment Service and other special Earn While You Learn features.

Name..

Address.............................. State..........

Town..

Age........ Occupation.............................

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

equally prominent. The way he came to be exposed was that one of them happened to think that before the book would appear she would have received a divorce, and she preferred to come out under either her maiden name or the name of the man she was to marry. Indeed, the promoter had promised to get this aspirant into the Social Register for the paltry sum of $200, and she wrote to its publishers, requesting them to change her name. They replied that they had no record of it and asked through whom she had made her application for enrollment. She answered, and they traced the man. When the time came for prosecuting him, however, it was impossible because none of the women would appear as witnesses in court. The man was from New York.

Supporters of Washington as a fashionable center say that the New York hostess does not protect her guests sufficiently, that she takes foreign guests at their own valuation, never investigating their titles and standing. Of course Washington and New York alike, as well as all other metropolitan centers, have gone through the frightful ordeal of having guests come who were not asked. To this day a Washingtonian goes about clad in a coat of magnificent sable which the checking girl at a ball handed out to her at the end of an evening when she asked for her own.

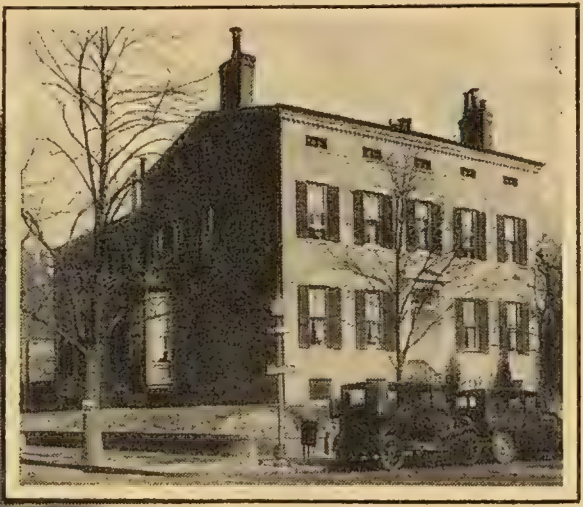
"This isn't mine," said the woman. "Mine is a five-hundred-dollar imitation thing that I got in Paris four years ago."

"This is the only one we've got left," the girl flippantly answered.

As it was a cold night the woman had to take it, expecting to recover her own the next day. But no one applied for the fine one at the hostess' hotel. Even when the holder advertised it she received no reply. Some "crasher" or uninvited guest at the function drew the inferior one in the check room, and, when she noticed the mistake, would not expose herself by returning to claim her fine one. Although a Washington woman was the heroine of this little incident, she says that it happened to her in New York.

FROM the two foregoing experiences one might gather that the society of the national capital was rather guileless and to break into it would be simple. And yet it is not so easy. Women, self-respecting and of a station even as high as that of congressmen's wives, hold themselves in readiness to supply for some guest who sends regrets at the last moment. When a function is announced in the papers, these women telephone the hostess to say they are free for the date mentioned and they hope if she needs some one to fill in she will call on them. Many times hostesses have done so, for it is an enormous undertaking to get any one to come to your dinner fifteen minutes before it is served and possibly with the first arrivals on the doorsteps.

Often these substitutes are asked to function where the guests are of a rank beyond their own. One sat beside an English lord who took a fancy to her. It was not love, or at least his domestic situation did not permit of an expression of it according to conventional standards, and there was no scandal. But that substitute guest went to visit in England, and through him entered a distinguished society, out of which she chose a husband. The two now spend a happy life, dividing it among the Mediterranean country, England, and America. It is not always and indeed proves but seldom to be wealth that these unlaunched women seek. Position and companionship are more likely to be their goal. These are not the principal aims, however, of their masculine counterparts, who sit from teatime on in the lobbies of the smart hotels, dressed within reason (white flower in buttonhole) for virtually any occasion up to the dinner hour, and ready on the instant to hurry to their nearby boarding-house room to change to any degree of costuming required for an evening affair.



Mrs. Curtis' home on F Street, Washington.

Photos © Henry Miller

Mrs. James F. Curtis, famed for her hospitality and her "salon."

RUMOR has it that one of these men once declined a rich marriage. This is he who is frequently seen conferring with a dapper little bootlegger, and at other times adding up his checkbook to see if he has enough to carry him over a Sunday. Of course he is buying liquor not for himself but on commission for his rich acquaintances. They used to say he was the best cotillion leader in the world. And he has, oh, such a racy sense of humor!

What must people do to gain social distinction? The answer is, as in just about every other sphere of life today—anything that will make them conspicuous. It matters not for what you are distinguished, provided you are known.

One woman got an awful lot of notoriety for compromising a breach-of-promise suit for a million dollars. She became very popular because of the entertaining she could do on that sum, and she is now warmly accepted. Another tried for years to gain the entrée to a smart home. At last her little female fox terrier got lost and was found by the butler of the smart establishment, who carried her there. The mistress of the fashionable house took a great fancy to the puppy, asked the owner to come to see her, and offered to breed the little terrier to her own fine dog. The climber who owned the terrier was delighted. Through her dog she became related to the woman of great social prestige.

We used to say that good Americans go to Paris when they die, but now we go while living, and on a basis of perfect ease and equality with the people of Paris and all other cities. Having made our début politically, we are now venturing it socially among the smart sets of all the nations, and many of our notes of introduction we get in Washington. To become acquainted with foreign diplomats on our home soil and to entertain them is simple enough for our official set, and is far from difficult for hostesses of wealth who are utterly unconnected with political life. They need not be residents of long standing in the capital but may come and settle there for only a little while with this distinct object in mind.

Picture by Garrett Price

Diplomats are social big game.

One woman with a house there rented it to some one close to the American ambassador in London, doing so

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

"What has changed him?"

"Was it due to neglect of her own health?"

MARRIED five years. Good pals, real companions...until lately. What has made the change?

In many cases these marital tragedies are caused by the wife's unconscious disregard of that intimate phase of her toilette known as feminine hygiene.

"Lysol" Disinfectant has been relied upon by women for 40 years, for this critical purpose. No woman need make mistakes. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" today—the directions with each bottle give correct, specific advice and simple rules.

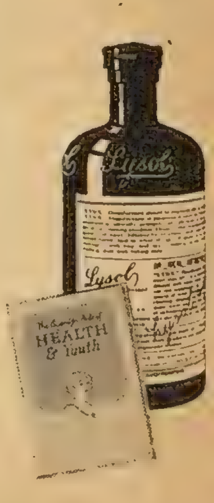
And send the coupon below for our free booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It is a woman physician's frank message to women.

Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

Warning. Extravagant claims are being made for so-called modern, non-poisonous antiseptics. Your own doctor will tell you that. Some are virtually useless. After 40 years, the weight of medical opinion is that nothing has been found to take the place of "Lysol"—and today the world uses over 7 million *gallons* a year.

Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors,* Dept. 354, Bloomfield, N. J.
Please send me, free, *your booklet,*
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"

Name...
Street...
City.. State..........................

Copyright 1930, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

with the understanding that her tenant would introduce her to him. The ambassador found her attractive and introduced her at the Court of St. James's. At home she is received now in all the circles of all the cities she chooses to patronize.

If one may judge of the foreign diplomatic point of view in matters social, the smart thing is to attend official functions punctiliously and to have as much private, or more accurately unofficial, social life as one can build up in the rich, the racy, the intensely American society that is not bounded by diplomatic restrictions. This, of course, lures many idle rich here for a season of the year. Relationships thus established bring to many Americans valuable letters of introduction to people of high standing in Europe.

©U. & U.

Mrs. Borden Harriman, a Washington hostess of distinction.

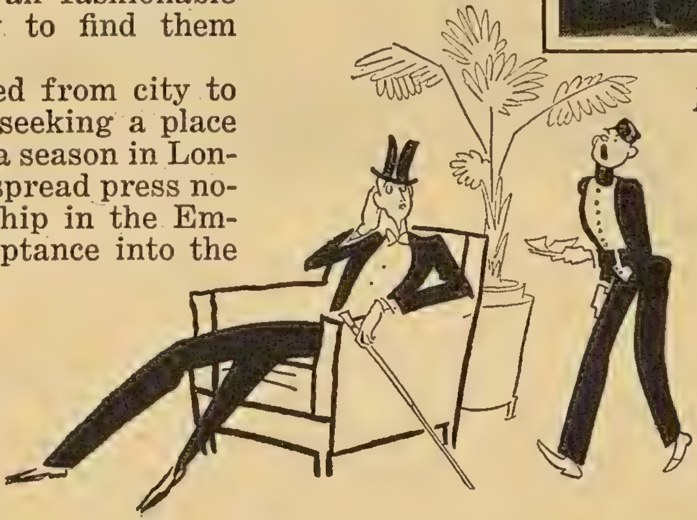
© Henry Miller

Mrs. Harriman's residence in Washington.

A woman who came from the West to give a coming-out party for her daughter to 700 guests said she thought that later in the winter the two of them would take the Mediterranean trip and stop in Cairo because they had such wonderful letters from the Egyptian ambassador to socially distinguished people there. Such letters are so valuable that many think it worth while to visit the countries for which they have them.

Most fortunate are those who secure them for London and Paris in time for the season, for we are more and more taking our places in international society. We shoot grouse at the hunting lodges of titled peers in Scotland and furnish jazz orchestras with pancake breakfasts at balls where the Prince of Wales comes and dances. In America more than one social aspirant has entertained in her town house and played location in the most judiciously chosen of country estates, next to the socially eminent, and she has sought entrance at all fashionable doors thereabouts, only to find them closed.

She has even wandered from city to city in America, vainly seeking a place in smart society. After a season in London, however, with widespread press notices as to her membership in the Embassy Club and her acceptance into the Prince of Wales' set, she is welcomed back here with a fashionable home-coming. One woman in particular played this daring game with great success, and her starting point was Washington.



Picture by Garrett Price

Young fellows lead luxurious lives because they are in the State Department.

NEWPORT is still our summer social capital, and diplomats go there in numbers for the season. To entertain them and to receive their hospitality are important steps in launching oneself in a society that is international and is at least on the way to being organized. That is to say, smart groups of England, France, Italy, and other countries are on terms of fashionable camaraderie, reveling in the same scandals, indulging in the same pastimes, exhibiting the same tastes in homes, in hospitality, in dress, and speaking the same smart jargon. In this country many think that the most representative city in the liaison is Washington. In so far as New York does not acknowledge the existence of such a circle, our most metropolitan city is not in a large, comprehensive sense "in society." It is a little private kingdom all its own, with a worship of all sorts of detached groups and movements.

Piloting such an internationally dazzling society as Washington has assembled requires leaders. One naturally speculates as to who they could be. Is the President in society, and does he dictate social policies as to who shall be accepted? President Roosevelt used to a little, but generally on moral and not fashionable issues. The Perry Belmonts, if you remember, were dropped from White House lists because they took a fancy to be married after Mrs. Belmont had secured a divorce rather sensationally. A President avails himself of any such dictatorship but seldom, however, notwithstanding the fact that the hierarchy which of course aloofly governs all society, high and low, in the capital is headed by him and his cabinet. Next below this top rung of the social ladder is the diplomatic corps. After that comes a group of native citizens, reënforced long ago by those lured by the glamour of social Washington in another epoch, and known as the "Cave Dwellers."

ONE of these distinguished herself by helping enforce the Volstead Act to the extent of pouring all of her own liquor into the streets of Washington. Her large homestead property in the city was said literally to flow with it. She is a vegetarian, and nut roasts and other meatless dishes are served at her dinner parties, to which the fashionable come when invited and participate as if they enjoyed it. Another of the Cave Dwellers is Mrs. Marshall Field, who serves dinners to distinguished visitors on gold plates.

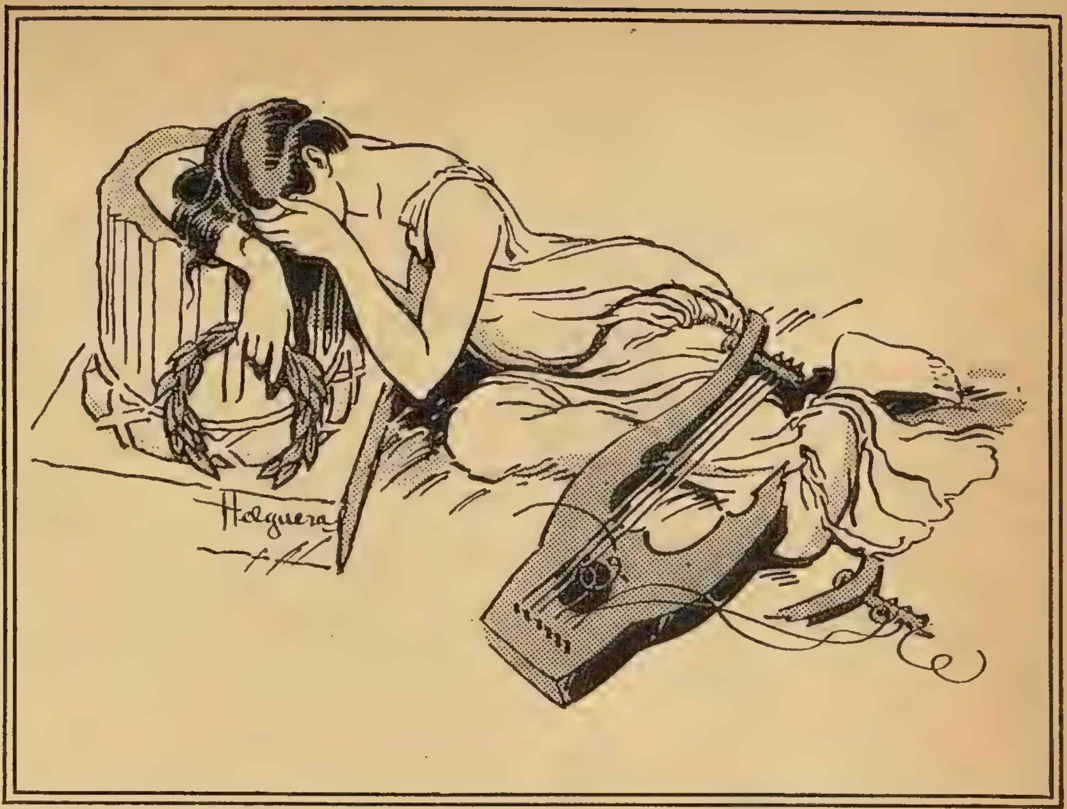
These two are among what are known as the grand duchesses of Washington's social hierarchy. The army and navy, the senatorial, and the congressional sets follow these. The newspapers adhere rigidly to this order in the presentation of their notes.

Of late a new group, which you might call the younger set, have been pushing up into place beside the Cave Dwellers, if not surpassing them in importance. This group is controlled by such matrons as Mrs. Joseph Leiter, now called one of the leaders of Washington society. Her invitations are sought after and hard to obtain. To receive one is equivalent to reading one's title clear to social security. To be exclusive is to be sought after. Mrs. Leiter is thought by her friends to be exclusive and she is quoted by them as saying that a social leader's life is full of hard work with little fun, but that one is repaid by the sense of power it brings. The secret of social dominance, in her theory, is to make one's invitations hard to obtain. Let every favored one exclaim, "Here is a card from Mrs. Joseph Leiter! I cannot afford to ignore it."

A common practice among those going about socially is to wait until all of one's invitations for certain dates come in before accepting any. The most desirable is so likely to come last. Three weeks before the event is the usual time for issuing them, but hostesses very sure of themselves often think it smart to hold out longer. They know so well that their invitations will be accepted at the expense of all others—even at the cost of rudeness to another hostess. She who wins is likely to enjoy this little human gouge at a less successful rival.

Mrs. Leiter has been known to issue her invitations

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]



THE WEEPING MUSE

> *Were it not for Music, we might in these days say: the Beautiful is dead.*
>
> —D'ISRAELI.

IS Modern Industrialism about to deal the Art of Music the saddest blow of its history?

* * *

To blame Machinery as an Instrument of Decadence may seem startling, but it is true that Machinery in the form of Canned Music is elbowing Real Music out of motion picture theatres, thus denying to the masses the cultural influence of a Fine Art.

* * *

Surely, if machine-made music displaces the artist in thousands of instances, the incentive for any individual to improve his talent—so necessary in all art—is minimized and music can no longer hold the cultural value that it has possessed. Any art is dependent for its progress upon the number of its enthusiastic executants.

* * *

Do you, Mr. Reader, find the pleasure in Mechanical Music that you do in Real Music?

* * *

AMERICANS PAY MORE GENEROUSLY FOR ENTERTAINMENT THAN ANY OTHER RACE ON EARTH. ARE THEY NOT, THEN, ENTITLED TO THE BEST?

* * *

If you believe that Real Music should be saved to the masses who attend Motion Picture Theatres, make your opinion known to the manager of your favorite theatre. Very likely he will appreciate your frankness for he wants to please his patrons.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada
Joseph N. Weber, President, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

This is the YEAST for CHILDREN

pure.. tasty.. doesn't cause gas

For children who are listless underweight undernourished and...

Only half there

A tip to wives—and their husbands! And especially to those who have youngsters: try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern, non-fermenting, non-objectionable form of pure yeast. One of the best conditioners the human system ever had!

You or your children may not like raw yeast, but you'll swallow or chew these little tablets with relish. Purity and potency guaranteed... this yeast is used and recognized as the standard for vitamin studies by leading universities and by the U. S. Government.

5 cents for the glassine envelope with six tablets or 50 cents for the 10-day bottle.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY L-1-18-30
1750 N. Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name..
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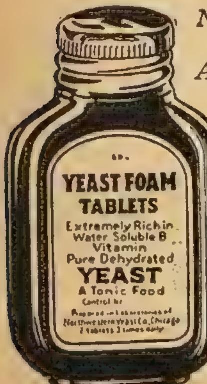


ON THE AIR

Every Wednesday 7:00 P.M. Central Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" —WJZ—WBZA—WBZ—WHAM—KDKA—WJR—WLW—KYW—KWK—WREN—KSTP—WTMJ—WEBC—KFAB

THE CAPITAL CLIMBERS
Continued from page twenty-four

late, and they are seldom declined. She has organized a Friday night dancing class in which débutante membership is limited to ten. Many are the heartaches of those not chosen—and, oh, such racy, classy ones as had to be left out last season, with so restricted a quota!

Of quite a different type is Mrs. Borden Harriman, who is becoming well known for her political salon, like those of distinguished hostesses of London. Many a prominent statesman of this country and Europe has passed through the blue-painted door into her mellow-colored Colonial brick house in the old part of Washington, and gone out into the walled-in garden for a little of the brilliant conversation which guests were contributing to the occasion over cups of tea.

NEXT WEEK—

A timely article on naval disarmament

Is the Battleship Obsolete?

By BRIG. GEN. HENRY J. REILLY

A sparkling story

Deserted

By COSMO HAMILTON

Some secrets for aspirants to fame in Hollywood

Movie Myths

By FRED NIBLO
who directed Ben-Hur

Mrs. Jimmie Curtis, daughter of a former compiler of the census, is another leader of Washington society who at times conducts a sort of semi-political salon. Into the rare old drawing-rooms of her Southern house men of distinction were sometimes brought during the last Presidential campaign to be revived, when leaders suspected them of being so generally exhausted and out of patience that they were about to decide not to vote for Hoover. Even as far away as New York it was known that she kept open house for just such backsliders, and they were railroaded to her establishment, where hospitality in the way of a little food and drink usually restored them to reason.

WHEN she is not at home her butler knows exactly whom to admit to the placid interior of her fine old dwelling and to serve with a sandwich and a glass of beer exactly as if the guest were in his own club—except that he fares better both as to comfort and quality of food. She is the head of the Children's Hospital Ball, which is the only one attended during the entire winter by the President and his wife. Both in her social and her personal relationships, she is very popular.

Some climbers follow the device of sending acceptances to functions to which they have never been invited. Some invite those far above their own station, and after the affair give out their names to the papers as having been there. So loud has been the complaint that editors will no longer state that people have been to an entertainment unless they have been seen there by a staff reporter.

But the intensity and scope with which climbing has grown can be measured by the increase of power of one individual. This is the social secretary. The Mrs. Vanderbilts and the Mrs. Astors have always employed her. Now the big hotels have secured her services, that they may guide the footsteps of their clients unschooled in the ways of social climbing.

HER sensitiveness and skill in making exactly the correct move at every juncture may be relied upon. There is also a great deal of technical work and bookkeeping connected with climbing, and she does it all.

She compiles lists of the eligible young men for dances, and she is annotating and revising them constantly so that they are thoroughly up to date. So great is the desirability of being on them that a mother calls up at the Christmas holiday season with the buoyant message, "Helen, dear, my boys are home!" She also keeps lists of débutantes, matrons, possible patronesses, all of whom she has so nicely appraised that she will deliver such a judgment as, "Oh, yes, it's all right to invite her to your house, but I wouldn't ask her to be on a committee."

Hostesses sometimes turn over an entire invitation list to her to make out, without ever bothering about any but a few near and dear names, which they give her in the beginning before dismissing the whole subject from their minds.

It can be seen what enormous power this gives to the social secretary. Those whom she favors she can put on the list of a leader where they do not belong, and those that she does not care for she can cut out from what is due them.

Last season a woman got far enough along socially with a minister representing a foreign country to entertain him as guest of honor at a luncheon.

She turned the list of those to be invited as well as the details for seating them over to a secretary. But even good things do not always come singly, and before the affair she met an ambassador, whom she promptly invited, and whose acceptance made her ecstatic.

She telephoned the secretary to tell her to put on another plate (so to speak) for him.

"You can't entertain an ambassador," came the provoking voice of the secretary over the telephone.

"I'd like to know why not," challenged the woman. "He told me he would come."

"Because you are having a minister as guest of honor, and ambassadors take precedence over ministers. If he comes he will have to sit on your right."

"Well, they are both invited, and they both said they were coming. I'm sure I don't know what to do."

"There's only one thing for you to do, and be very sure that you do it. Get sick in bed. Call off your invitations. And do it over again later. Have your ambassador, if you wish to, for guest of honor with a minister present, but not a minister on your right with an ambassador present."

Of such scope is the authority and the resourcefulness, as well as the detailed knowledge of form, of the social secretary.

Of such niceness, fraught with personal emotion, self-abnegation, and all absence of joy, is the lot of the social climber.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the derivation of the word alphabet?

2—Other than William Henry Harrison, which President served the shortest term?

3—What do the initials Q. E. D. stand for?

4—What is common to sepal, stamen, carpel?

5—What countries form the Iberian Peninsula?

6—What does the French phrase *amour propre* mean?

7—Who wrote The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?

8—Who was the Greek equivalent of the Roman god Jupiter?

9—What is legerdemain?

10—Who is "the man without a country" in the novel of that name?

11—Who was called the Sage of Monticello?

12—Where is the College of William and Mary?

13—What is a holographic will?

14—What is an honorarium?

15—What was Omar Khayyam's nationality?

16—What animal is pictured on the flag of Siam?

17—What is dipsomania?

18—Of what country was Panama once a part?

19—What is the purpose of jewels in timepieces?

20—Alexander the Great was king of what country?

(Answers will be found on page 39)

don't be a rumble-seat rider!

Whiten Teeth quickly

Nobody likes to look at a Bacterial-Mouth (you have it)

TO HAVE dazzling white teeth—free from stain, tartar and decay—you must guard against a condition that is embarrassing to its victim and offensive to others—Bacterial-Mouth. It is caused by germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath.

You have it. We all have it. And no ordinary preparation can cope with it.

But Kolynos quickly removes Bacterial-Mouth by killing the germs that cause it. In 10 seconds this antiseptic dental cream kills 190 million bacteria!

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—fully 3 shades whiter!

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that sparkling teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists have long advocated the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dental cream full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Only Kolynos permits this approved technique.

This highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream is unique in action. *A half-inch is equal in effectiveness to 12 inches of the ordinary toothpaste* for it multiplies 25 times when it enters the mouth. It becomes a surging, antiseptic foam that eliminates wetting the brush.

You can feel Kolynos work. It foams into every pit, fissure and crevice.

Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are instantly killed. They vanish completely and the entire mouth is purified.

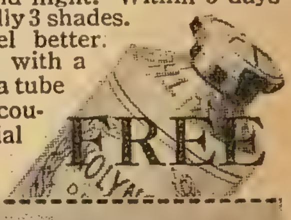
This amazing Kolynos Foam removes food particles that ferment and cause decay—neutralizes acids—washes away ugly, yellow tarter and the unsightly mucoid coating that clouds teeth.

Easily and quickly, it cleans and polishes teeth down to the naked white enamel—without injury. And for three hours after each brushing this cleansing, purifying process continues.

So long as you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique, teeth will remain gleaming white and sound, and gums will be healthy.

Look for Results in 3 Days

If you want whiter, sounder teeth and firm, pink gums, start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, morning and night. Within 3 days teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades. Gums will look and feel better. Your mouth will tingle with a clean, sweet taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos or mail this coupon for a generous trial tube—SENT FREE.



KOLYNOS

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DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept 111-L-36
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

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Street & No...................................
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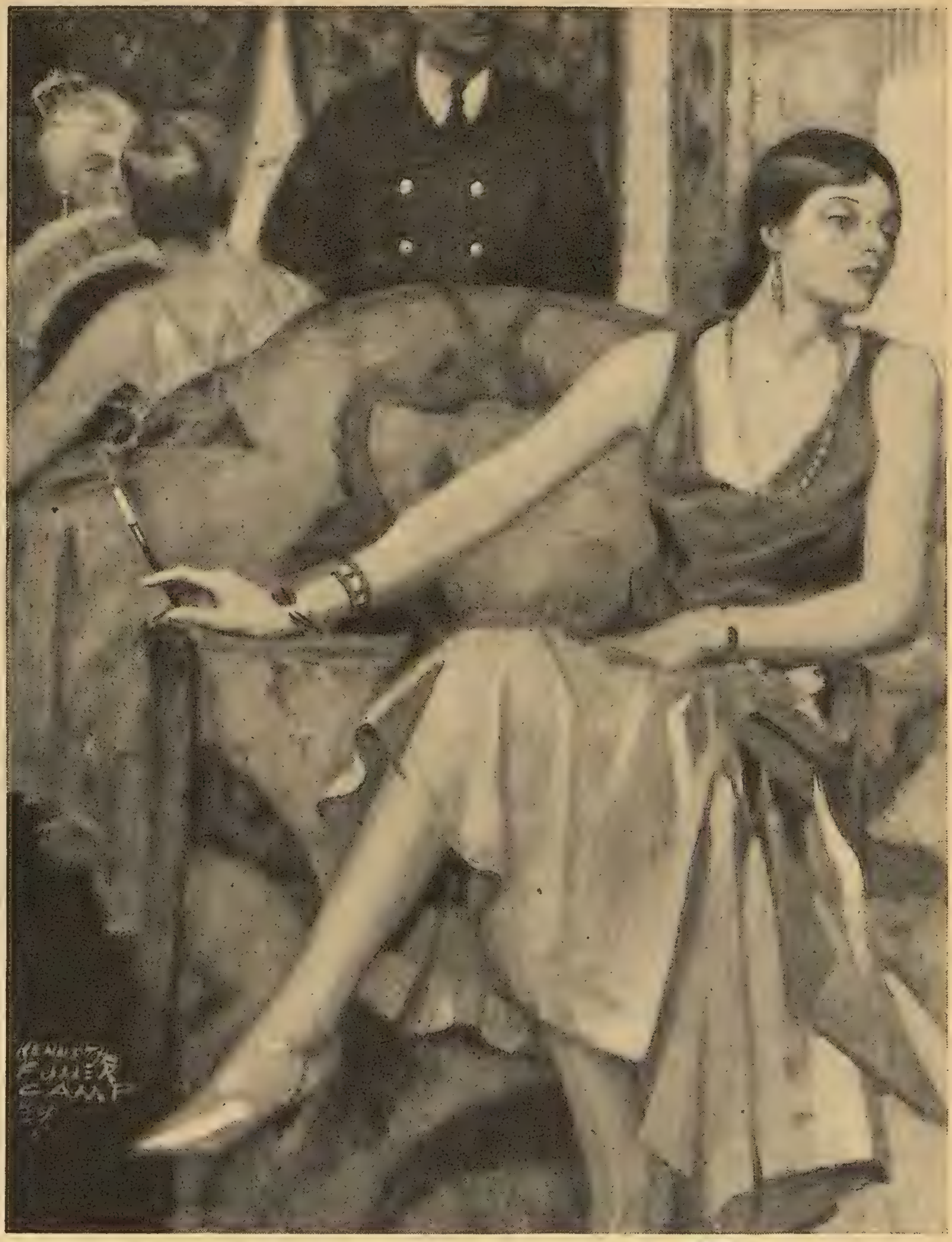
"A DIAMOND smuggler must be cautious," she said. "If you are a secret service man, you already know about me. If you are not, it does not matter what I tell you."



A Romance of the Jewel Smugglers

The Diamond Eye

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

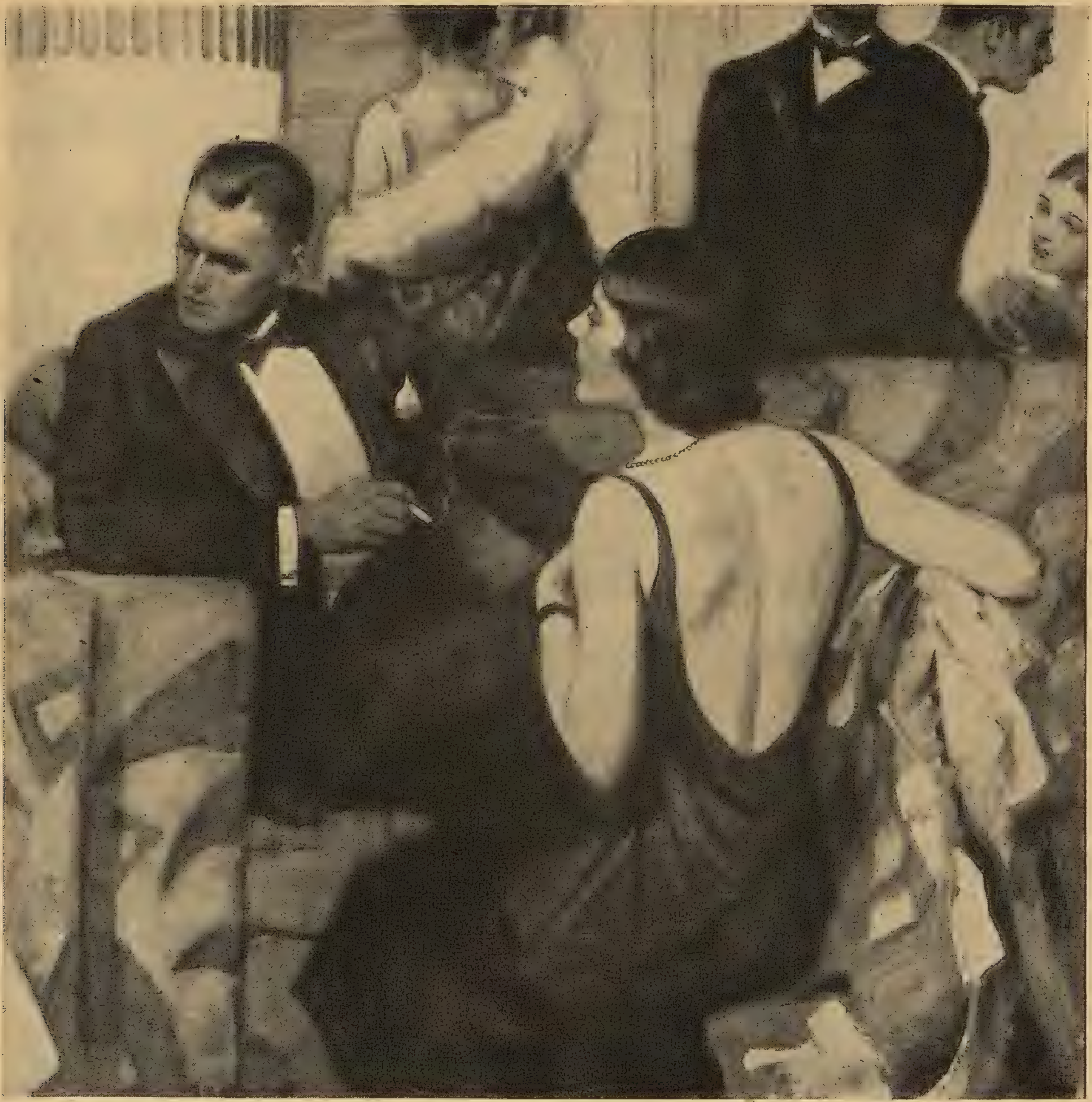
Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

DICK CLARKE took off his coat. He was making himself comfortable in his half of a stateroom on the Marantic, about to sail from Southampton to New York. The door opened. A beautiful girl rushed toward him. She hugged him, kissed him. In his ear she whispered: "I'm Four-U. I'm in danger." Aloud she cried: "Aren't you glad to see your little bride?"

When the steward closed the door Clarke learned why he must pose as this girl's husband. He was an agent of the United States Treasury. His work was to ferret out diamond smugglers in Europe. The girl's work, it developed, was the same, under the same chief.

Clarke thought he had never seen her before. He was mistaken. He had. Another vision of her was fresh in his mind—an unsightly vision. She was, he learned, the ugly waitress in the ill-smelling Crown and Bull. Clarke himself had been there in disguise. Both he and she had been on the trail of the Diamond Eye, a gem bigger than the Koh-i-noor. Jay Finch, fat American multimillionaire, had bought it for Poppy Brooks, his latest whim. But because he didn't wish to pay duty on it, and didn't care to have his wife know he had bought it for Poppy, he had reported it stolen.

Jay Finch had sat at a table in the Crown and Bull, and Clarke at the table next. With Finch was Henri Conté, a blonde girl, and three Greeks. Clarke knew that



Conté had the Diamond Eye, that he was to smuggle it for Finch, and that the Greeks were to smuggle Conté's collection of stones.

Conté opened his hand. There lay the Eye. The ugly waitress poured beer down his neck. There were screams, confusion, an overturned table, and in the end Conté lay dead—stabbed. Finch, the Greeks, the blonde, all got away. The waitress, too.

And now here was the waitress, 4-U—Jean Wood by name. She showed Clarke something that amazed him: the Diamond Eye! He, too, had brought something from the Crown and Bull: a woman's garter that he had picked up—a garter slit with a knife; perhaps the knife that had killed Conté.

. What did Finch know about Jean? He was on the boat and Jean had been fired at as she drove to it.

PART TWO—THE HUNTERS HUNTED

THE Marantic was pushing her way swiftly through the white-laced gray Atlantic, an hour out from Land's End, when the radiogram reached Clarke. He was lying back in his steamer chair, on the port side of the promenade deck, his eyes half closed and entirely hidden under the peak of his cap. He was watching the gray horizon soar and swoop like the restless gulls. He was studying his fellow passengers: those who lay shrouded in chairs near by, and those who passed before him, dresses and coat skirts flapping in the wind, land legs learning the lilt of the sea.

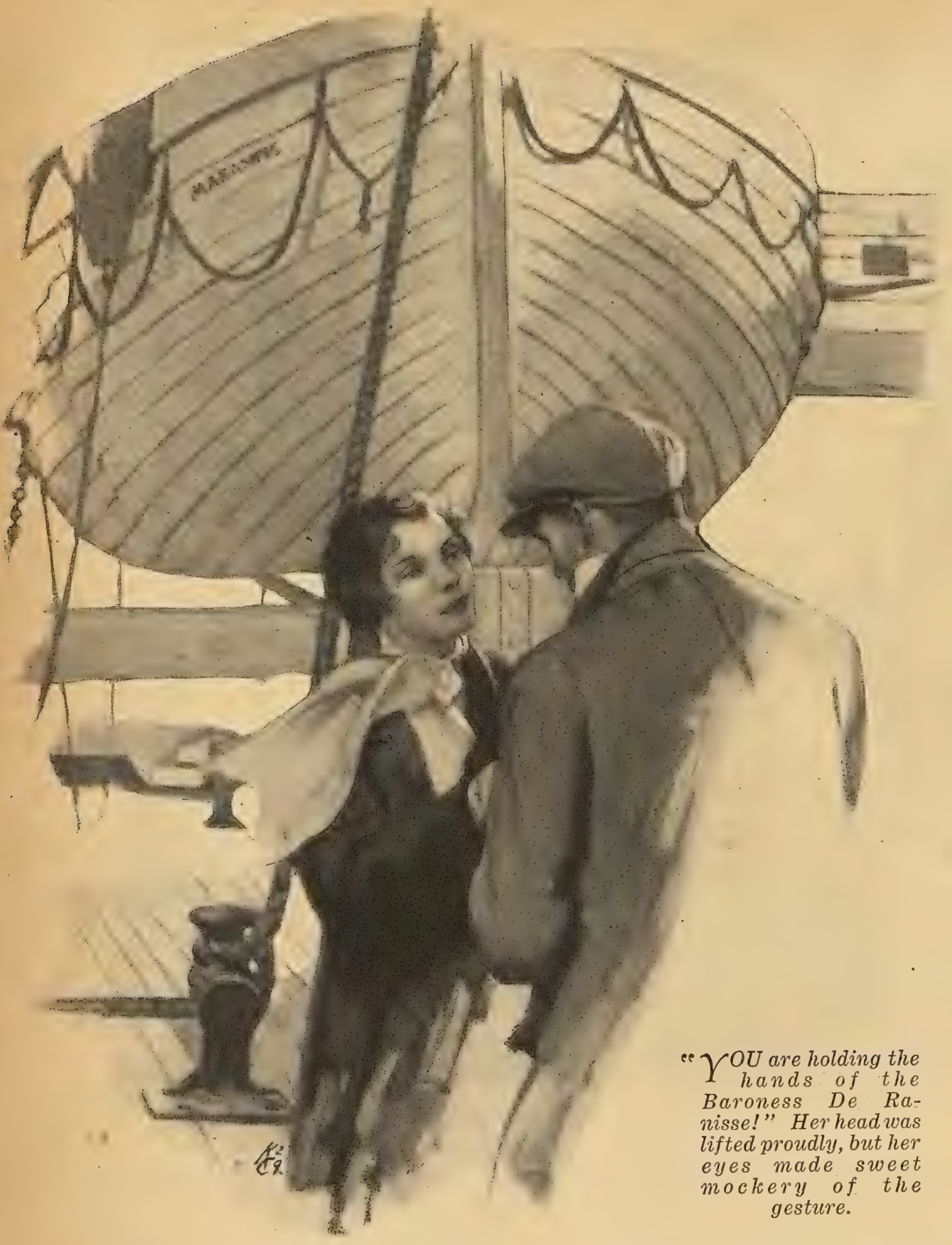
He was thinking of Diana Grant, and of Jean Wood. He was thinking that he knew, now, what men did with rejected rings. They gave them to prettier girls. He had given his to Jean that morning. She had been magnificent. She knew some other girl had sent them back to him. She must have known. Any girl would know. But she hadn't made any snooty cracks about it. She had slipped them on her finger and asked no questions. They fitted her finger perfectly.

He pretended to awaken with a start when the page called his name and handed him the message. He gave the boy a shilling and tore open the envelope.

> Mailing check for five hundred ten pounds [he read].
>
> UNCLE JIM.

He tossed aside his blanket and lurched to the rail. He tore the paper to fragments and let the winds spill them on the sea. He strolled leisurely down the afterstairs to A deck, sauntered through the corridor, and knocked on the door of stateroom 512. He and Jean had agreed the door was always to be locked when either or both were in the room.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"YOU are holding the hands of the Baroness De Ranisse!" Her head was lifted proudly, but her eyes made sweet mockery of the gesture.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

He didn't expect to find Jean there, however. He thought she was still exploring the ship, the luxurious floating hotel that amazed and delighted her so much. How her eyes had shone when she saw that exquisite dining room a little while ago! His face softened a trifle as he remembered.

Jean had been taking a nap. He noticed that as she opened the door for him. Her brown eyes asked a question.

"Message from the chief," he said. "Mailing check for five hundred and ten pounds. Know what that means?"

"It means that the woman in room five hundred and ten has a ton or so of diamonds she intends to smuggle. If it had said guineas we'd look for a man."

He gave her a stiff nod of approval. Last night he had thought her "a chittering scatterbrained fluff." He decided, now, that she wasn't half so fluffy as he had thought.

Last night she had been dressed all in yellow, except for the orange scarf about her neck. Today she was in blue. He liked her better in blue.

"The woman in five hundred and ten," she said, "is Istrelle du Bose. She's traveling with her maid. Her private chef is in room five hundred and fourteen."

"She has us bracketed, has she? It's good, but not too good. You know who she is?"

"Yes. She got on at Cherbourg. I saw her in the elevator a little while ago. She was wearing a chinchilla coat."

"Who's in room five hundred and sixteen, do you know?"

"A couple of Japanese acrobats."

"Where's Jay Finch's room?"

"He's taken the Prince of Wales' suite — and Poppy Brooks has the suite next to his. Poppy has two maids and a secretary."

CLARKE smiled. "That will make Istrelle jealous. But Istrelle's private chef will make Poppy furious."

"You know them?"

"No, I've only heard about them. Istrelle is the queen of the diamond smugglers, but nobody has ever caught her. Poppy is—well, never mind what she is."

"I know who she is," said Jean. "She's the blonde woman who was with Finch and Conté yesterday morning in the Crown and Bull!"

"All right," said Clarke, not showing any pleasure at the news. "You get yourself acquainted with Istrelle and her maid. I'll see what I can do with the chef. Did you get a look at him?"

"No, but he's listed as Hugo Jerome."

"Thanks. It's the same one. I know him. He was the most celebrated cook in Paris. He's so fat you can get tired walking around him." He gave her his imitation of the cockney whine:

"Hit tikes h'ighteen t'ilors to mike 'is weskit. Strynge? Not arf! 'Is 'ands is 'eavy like 'ams, hand 'is beard's like a 'orse's tile."

She laughed.

She wasn't at all fluffy, he thought, going up the stairway toward the radio room to answer "Uncle Jim" Moran's wire. Of course it was a nuisance having her around all the time, being forced to introduce her as his wife, to eat with her, to pace the deck with her, to stay

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

Mind and Matter

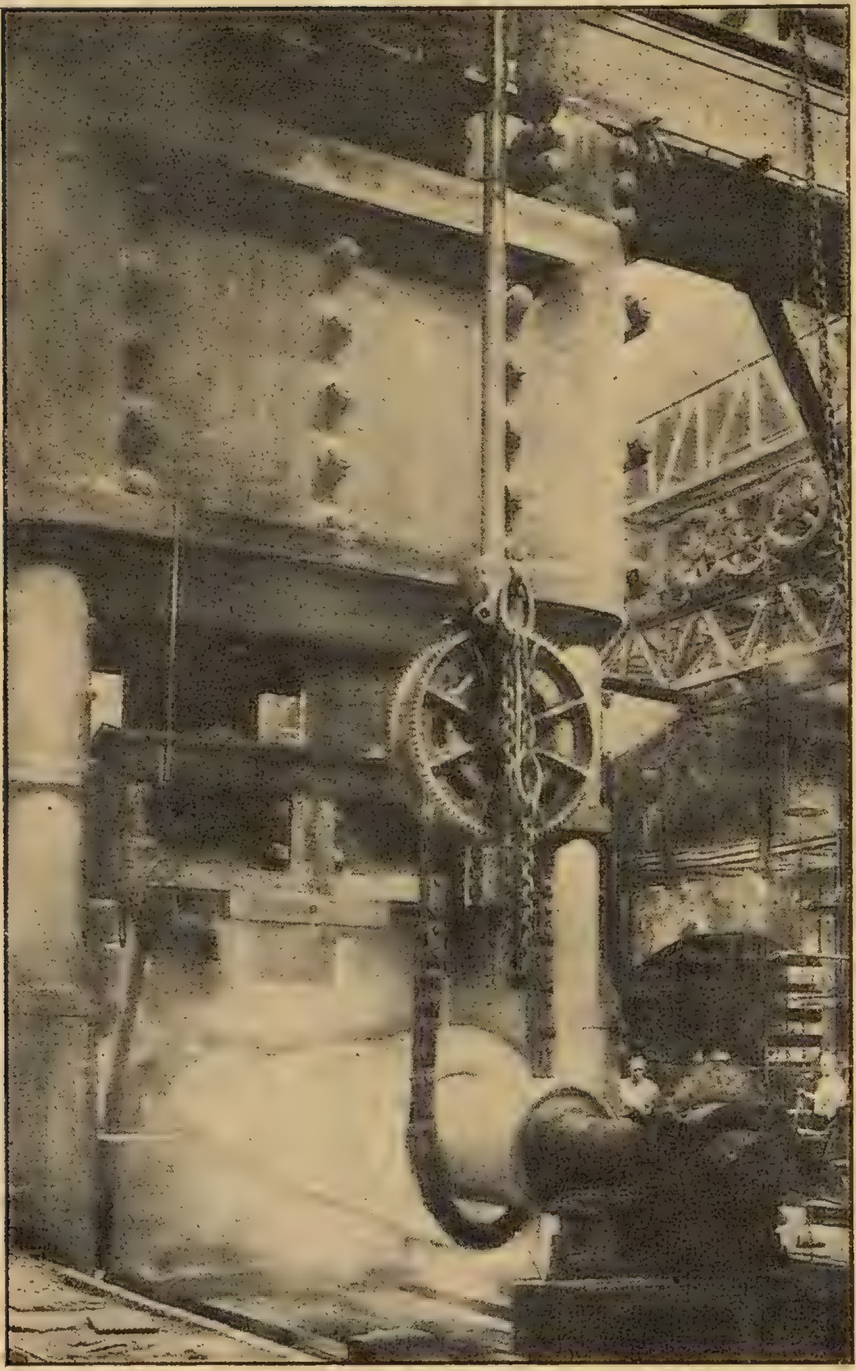


Illustration from the new Britannica

A forging operation on a 14,000-ton hydraulic press at the Bethlehem Steel Company's plant.

YOU may hunger to pluck the fruits of the tree of knowledge. You may hanker to rub brains with the brilliant contributors to this storehouse of learning. It is not enough. Alas, you must have the matter as well as the mind to be a customer for the new Encyclopaedia Britannica.

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MAY COME
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A tested compound of vegetable ingredients which Dr. Edwards prescribed to his patients for 20 years, these tablets helped to restore the liver and bowels to normalcy, thus removing the greatest cause of pimples, lifelessness. And keeping intestines clean will bring back precious buoyancy and vigor that make childhood so wonderful.

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DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Your druggist has or can easily get Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for You

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109 No. 5th St., Dept. 67, Philadelphia, Pa.
I am enclosing 2 cents for postage, with the name of my druggist. Please send sample of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion.

Druggist's Name __________
Name __________
Street __________
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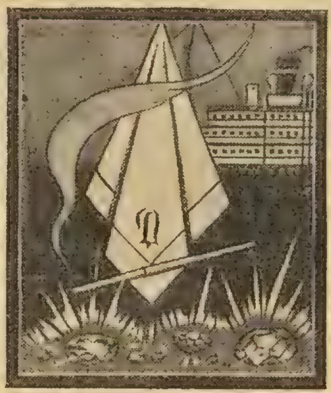
[THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page thirty]

in the same room with her every night.

Her kiss came back to his mind, the light kiss on his cheek; the soft, almost impersonal kiss that had shocked him numb. He remembered the smell of her hair, the feel of her arms around him, the wild beating of her heart as she held him, the touch of her cold nose, her voice whispering in his ear.



He'd have to call her pet names in public. He'd have to pat her hands. He'd even have to kiss her sometimes, just to convince some fatheaded fool that she was his wife.

It was a tough break, but he'd have to make the best of it. He needed her help with Istrelle, and perhaps he'd need her with Poppy Brooks. If Poppy really was the blonde—

Could that slit garter possibly belong to Poppy? Could Poppy have any motive for killing Conté? What about that initial J? The garter was a cheap elastic. Why should a woman like Poppy Brooks wear such a thing? He hurried along the promenade deck, unmindful of the heaving, tilting, slipping floor. And so enwrapped was he in his thoughts that he stumbled against a girl coming down the steps from the wireless room, and picked her up, and begged her pardon before he recognized her.

“Diana!”

It was actually Diana Grant—the one woman in all the millions and millions of women in the world he wanted least to see!

She was prettier than she had ever been before. Her cheeks were flushed with health. Her auburn curls, uncovered, fluttered in the salt winds. Her serene blue eyes sparkled, her teeth flashed, her voice rang with little bells. He had no idea what she was saying for a time; he realized only that she was talking to him, holding his hands, and smiling at him.

“I WAS just thinking about you,” he lied; “wondering what girls do when they return engagement rings and wedding rings.”

“They don't return them, really,” she answered. “They trade them for some other man's rings,” and she held her left hand closer to his eyes.

“Di—you're married!”

“Yesterday, in London. You are holding the hands of the Baroness De Ranisse!” Her head was lifted proudly, but her eyes made sweet mockery of the gesture.

He was puzzled to discover he was not angry at her; he was not jealous. He was glad. He couldn't explain it, but he realized it was true. She was, now, just a wonderful girl he used to know, a friend who had married someone who was a baron, and he was happy in her happiness.

“Tell me you are glad, Dick,” she said. “Don't be polite. Don't lie. You stopped caring for me long ago. You know you did. I don't think we ever really were in love with each other. But we've known each other so long that—that we only thought we were, for a time.”

“I congratulate—the baron,” he said, smiling.

“But what are you doing here?”

“I'm on a honeymoon, too,” he said. He made it sound genuine.

“Dick! Oh, I'm so glad! I was afraid you might hate me—for a little time, anyway. But—I don't feel at all flattered at your marrying so soon. You wanted me to break the engagement all the time, and never even gave me a hint! You would be like that. Is she pretty, Dick? Oh, let's go sit down somewhere and talk. I must know all about her.”

Her blue eyes were bright as the Diamond Eye itself, he thought. She was sweet! She was beautiful! She was dear! Why couldn't he feel jealous of the baron?

II

THEY sat at a table in the sun room, making faces at two glasses of lemon squash, and smiling and laughing at each other. The gray seas had grown black. The lights had been lit. And the two who had planned a honeymoon of their own were beginning again to notice the people and things around them.

“Don't turn now, Dick,” Diana said, “but watch them as they pass—a woman in a chinchilla coat that must have cost fifty thousand dollars, and a girl in blue. She's the prettiest thing in the world, the one in blue. Wait till you see her.”

But the prettiest thing in the world had no intention of passing. She stopped back of Dick's chair, and smiled at Diana.

“Darling,” she said softly. Dick shot out of his chair, and greeted Jean as though she were really his bride. And anyone seeing her face could not help mistaking her for such.

“This is Miss du Bose.”

Clarke had not known that any woman could be so pale, or have such clear green eyes. He didn't know that the wings of dark hair painted on her cheeks were meant to increase that pallor, as was the inverted V cut in the brim of her hat, which made a white cone of her forehead. All he saw was a pale woman in a raw yellow silk dress—pollen-colored silk, he described it—and a great chinchilla coat; a pale woman with eyes of green ice.

It wasn't at all awkward to introduce his former fiancée to the girl who was supposed to be his wife. It was even somewhat of a pleasure, for the two seemed to like each other at once. He couldn't help comparing them as they sat together in front of him. Even though they were such opposites, they looked like sisters.

"I'm an old friend of your brand-new husband," Diana remarked.

Istrelle opened a box of cork-tipped cigarettes, and jammed one into a paper holder. Clarke looked at her long glistening nails.

"An old friend can be very young and charming," Istrelle observed.

She struck a match on the heel of her shoe, not seeing Clarke's lighter, and puffed her cigarette.

"And a brand-new husband—" She paused, her lips widening into a smile, the smoke issuing slowly from either end of the smile.

"—Can be charmed, you were going to say?" Diana rose quickly, smiling. Istrelle eyed her with some amusement.

"But no. I was going to say a brand-new husband finds all women charming."

Diana ignored her. She held out her hand to Jean.

"Forgive me," she said. "I must run. My husband is ill, and I hadn't meant to stay so long. I was sending a wireless when I ran into your husband—or, rather, he ran into me. I've known your husband for ages. I knew him long before he went into the secret service. Good-by. Good-by, Dick."

"Good-by, Diana," he called after her, standing until she had gone through the door.

Diana had spilled the beans, and he'd have a sweet time, now, finding Istrelle's diamonds.

GREEN eyes and brown looked at him curiously as he sat down.

"A man never lives down his past," he said easily. He grinned at the green eyes. "Imagine her dragging that up."

"You never told me you were a secret service man," Jean accused him, her tone a fond reproach. "Is that why you don't want me to smuggle my jewels?"

"It was so long ago," Dick answered, "I had almost forgotten. I was very young."

Istrelle blew the cigarette out of her holder, and crumpled the holder under her heel.

"You are still very young," she said, her eyes malicious. "And yet you have not told all your wicked past to your lovely bride. It is good. You have not, then, been bored."

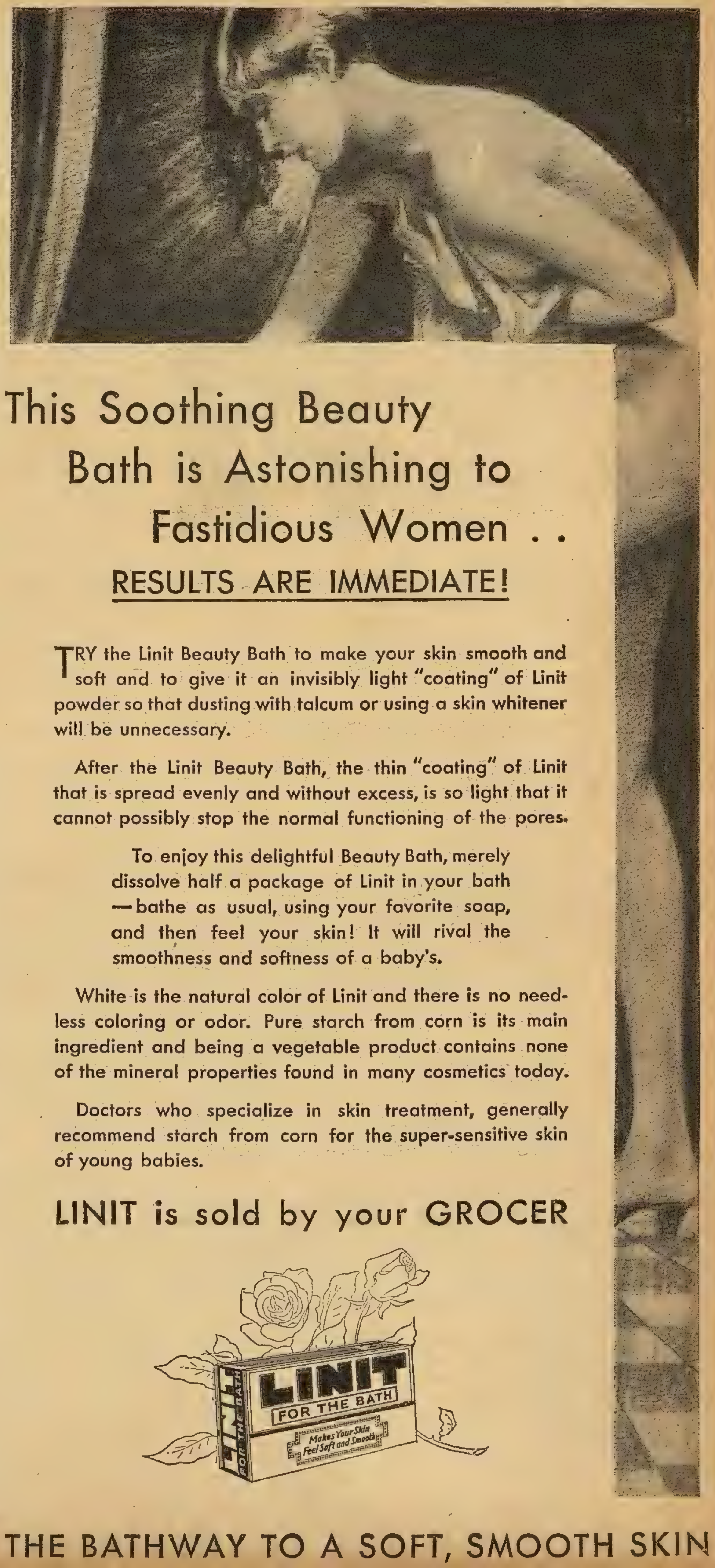
"We've been so busy telling each other about each other," said Jean, "that we haven't had time to tell each other about ourselves. We were married only yesterday—in London."

"You are not, then, the old friend of your husband?"

"No, indeed," Jean said. "But I hope to remedy that."

"But you are a delight, you children!" Istrelle cried. "We will have a party in my room when my chef has recovered from his wish to die. Great ox! He has been so busy with his own stomach he cannot bother about mine. You will come? Good. I leave you now—to become better acquainted with each other."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page thirty-three

Dick turned to Jean. "Don't take it so hard," he said. "We're not sunk yet."

He saw no reason for telling her that operatives had been killed because smugglers suspected them. But then he realized she already knew that. A man had shot at her last night. Possibly he had suspected she was a thief, but it was just as likely he suspected her of being what she was. Probably this man was still aboard ship, and now that Istrelle suspected him, might not this man believe his suspicions of Jean correct? It was improbable that Istrelle had been fooled by his song and dance about being "very young" at the time. She would communicate her suspicions to all the other smugglers she knew, and it wouldn't be strange if she knew them all. Smugglers, like people in other walks of life, usually know other smugglers.

"By tomorrow," Jean said, "every man, woman, and child on this boat will know all about us. We're in greater danger now than we were last night."

He laughed at her. "You go and dress," he said. "I must go send Moran a wire."

It would give her courage, he thought, to let her go downstairs alone. She would think he saw little danger. If he went with her she would feel he, too, was afraid. She started to go, then hesitated.

"I think you'd better come with me," she said. "You can send Moran's wire any time tonight. I have a hunch we shouldn't separate."

They went to the room together. Jean tried the door. It would not open. "It is locked," she whispered. "Locked on the inside."

Clarke pushed her to one side, not very gently, and tried the door. It opened. "Chilly Lily" was alone in the cabin, arranging a dozen long-stemmed roses in a vase on the desk.

"Miss du Bose sent them to Mrs. Clarke," she explained.

As soon as the stewardess had left, and the door had been bolted, Dick dropped to the floor. He crawled under the beds, looked under the desk, peered behind the massive wardrobe, examined the electric heater. He stood on a rocking-chair and examined the ventilators.

"Have you gone crazy?" Jean asked.

"About Miss du Bose? She's fascinating!"

HE descended quietly from his precarious perch, and beckoned her to follow him into the trunk room. He closed the door after her, and turned on the light.

"The door was locked to keep us out long enough to give Chilly Lily time to plant a detectagraph in the ventilator," he said.

"What'll we do?"

"Pick up our spilled beans. Istrelle can hear every word we say. We'll talk about my business. I'll be an importer. I know enough about that sort of thing to get by. We'll talk about smuggling your rings. And we'll make love to each other."

She was silent.

"Do you mind so much?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm strong," she said. "I can stand it."

He stayed in the trunk room and put on his dinner clothes. He was fully dressed when he emerged. His tie was perfect, though he had had no mirror.

"Sweetheart, will you tie my tie?" he asked, his voice as loverlike as he could make it.

"Ah, mama's lamb!" she replied. "Hands all thumbs? Mama fix."

They stood facing each other, he scowling, she smiling. She was wearing a black velvet evening dress. It fitted her snugly, fell in a cascade of ripples from her waist to her right ankle. Little narrow bands of imitation diamonds ran out of the ripples and crossed each other and climbed up to her shoulder and down again.

"Good God, but you are beautiful!" he said.

"Stand still, bad boy." Her eyes were mocking him. "How can I fix your tie if you wiggle? I don't like wiggly husbands."

"What kind do you like?"

"I like importers—even if they are not very rich, and too honest to let a poor wife smuggle her engagement ring or her pearl necklace."

"You're a smart child. But, darling, think what would happen to me if I were caught smuggling your things. It would ruin my business."

That ought to give Istrelle a buggy ride, he thought.

"There. Your tie is perfect."

"Thanks. So are you. I adore you."

"Kiss me!" she cried, and kissed her hand.

"Do you love me?" he asked.

She did not answer him, and all through dinner he wondered at that. She wouldn't say she loved him, not even for Istrelle's benefit. She probably hated him so much she couldn't say it. He wasn't bothered, he told himself; he was getting to be womanproof. He'd much rather fight with them than flirt with them, especially this one, mocking him with her big brown eyes. But he vowed she was going to say, "I love you," before the night was over.

He looked around the salon for a glimpse of Diana and her baron, for Istrelle or Poppy Brooks or the Finches—he wondered what Mrs. Finch and the daughter looked like—for the face of some smuggler he might recognize. There was nobody he knew. The troupe of Japanese jugglers sat near by, at a long table. The rest of the diners were to him unimportant: a few school-teachers, a scattering of medical men, a number of buyers, an author of some note—he was fat and egg-shaped, and his clothes didn't fit him. Dick's eyes went back to Jean again.

Some men, he told himself, might find those brown eyes lovely, might long to kiss those ripe red lips, might find excitement in holding her slim white hands. He could even imagine some man raving about her hair or her neck or her cold little nose—any man but himself.

THEY had coffee and liqueurs and cigarettes in the great red-and-gold social hall on the promenade deck. And there, presently, Istrelle joined them, bringing a ghost.

"Dear children," she greeted them, "I am so glad to find you here. May I present an old but not very charming friend of mine?"

She stepped to one side and revealed a little man in a green suit, holding out his hand to Clarke.

It was Conté—the murdered Conté—come back to life. Conté with dark glasses over his eyes.

"Mr. Conté!" Istrelle announced.

Not a muscle in Dick's face betrayed the amazement, the horror, and the repulsion he felt. He managed to smile politely. His hand was firm as it gripped the ghost's. His voice was calm as he murmured Conté's name.

If he had been stunned it was for so little a time that not even the watching Istrelle had noticed. In that little time he had assured himself that the man was not Conté. He might be Conté's brother. He might be an actor perfect in the rôle—but the real Conté had never worn glasses.

But what a dastardly trick it was, he thought, as he invited the man to sit down. If he had faltered, if he had shown surprise or fright, if he had even seemed to recognize this man, Istrelle would not only know he was still a government agent, but she would also link him—and Jean, too—with the murder of Conté and the theft of the Diamond Eye.

It occurred to him that this must be the fellow who had fired at Jean last night. He wondered how Jean was taking this introduction to him. He glanced at her, found her at ease, smiling, her hand as steady as his own. He looked at Istrelle, and saw she realized her coup had failed.

"Leave us now, Conté," she said. "I would be alone with these nice children. You are not dressed, and your face distresses me. You look like a man who has lost his grave!"

Conté obediently vanished. He had not said a word. Because he could not imitate Conté's voice?

"You did not recognize my friend?" Istrelle was apparently absorbed in wedging a cigarette into a paper holder.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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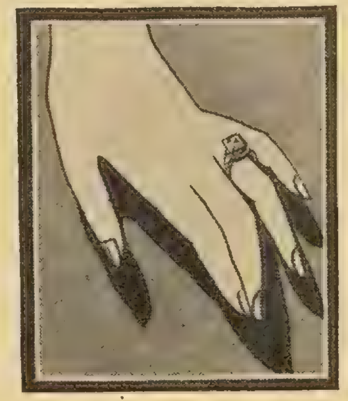
THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page thirty-five

"I don't think I had a real good look at him," said Clarke. "But you must blame yourself, Miss du Bose. You are radiant tonight."

His nerves were still tingling. There was a cold spot in the back of his neck. His heart was beating painfully. He smiled and held a match for her cigarette.

Istrelle was wearing her hair in a chignon, but it was parted to show the little white cone on the forehead, and it was curled against her pale cheeks. Her dress was of three shades of red. It was cut very low, and belled from the waist. Long red earrings hung from her lobes, and a string of red stones glowed on her neck. Istrelle turned to Jean, little spurts of smoke tumbling over each other from the ends of her mouth.



"And you, you did not know him either?"

"Should I have known him?" Jean asked, innocent eyes widening. "Is he somebody—big?"

"Perhaps. But forgive me. I have made a test. I said to myself, 'If these children should know Conté, they are of the American government, and the baroness was indiscreet. If they do not know him, they may be what they seem.' But you did not recognize him at all. It was very marvelous, I think."

"I had seen nobody but you," Clarke said, his eyes lighting up with glee, "and then suddenly you stepped aside, and there was a man pointing his hand at me as though it were a gun."

Istrelle didn't realize how badly she had blundered, Clarke thought. She didn't know that by introducing this imitation Conté she had given him proof that she was allied with Conté's master, Jay Finch. But he erred. She did know it, and took pains to tell him so.

"A diamond smuggler must be cautious," she said. "If you are a secret service man, you already know about me. Perhaps you have already laid traps for me. If you are not of the secret service it does not matter what I tell you. I have my diamonds, and I shall smuggle them."

"A DIAMOND smuggler!" Jean seemed thrilled. "How exciting!"

"Ah, no," Istrelle said quickly. "Diamond smugglers, most of them, are not romantic. They are crooks, cheap crooks. They bribe, like the bootleggers. They take their money from the crooked diamond exporters and the crooked American buyers. And they hire other men to take the risks. They pay a man twenty dollars to take a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds from Hatton Garden to New York. And maybe a poor customs man gets ten dollars for letting the man go by him. Even the police are bribed, sometimes, to shut their eyes. I am not one of these."

She blew her cigarette on to the carpet and ground it with her heel.

"Diamond smuggling, to me, is like playing roulette. Some day you will lose everything. But it is great fun, gambling. Some day I shall be caught, perhaps. I have been suspected many times. My trunks and my suitcases have been ruined. My shoes have been torn apart because some not so brilliant man believed I walked on diamonds. A pet bird I once had was X-rayed because some foolish one thought I might have fed my diamonds into his craw.

"Ever since I can remember I have smuggled. My father smuggled too; but he was not clever. He died in an American jail. My father called himself Ivan du Bose—because the initials I. D. B. were branded on his chest. I have the same initials. You understand why. My father bought diamonds from the natives in South Africa. It was a very great crime—in South Africa. So they tortured him with the hot iron and the I. D. B.—for Illicit Diamond Buyer.

"HE walked to Cape Town, begging his way, sick, in pain, my mother walking behind him, and I not yet born. I remind myself of that when I smuggle. My father worked his way to Antwerp on a boat. And in his long red beard, stuck to the hairs, were half a dozen big rough diamonds. I was born on the boat, and my mother died on the boat. I also remind myself of that when I smuggle.

"I am rich now. I am very rich. I have a beautiful estate in Juan-les-Pins. I have fifty American and English motors, and a chauffeur for each one. I have the finest yacht on the Mediterranean. I have the finest chef in the world. If he recovers from his seasickness, he shall cook you a lobster such as you have never eaten before. We will have our party the night before the ship docks. You will come?"

"Gladly," said Clarke, "providing you come to a party we intend to give at the Ritz the night we land."

"It is agreed!" she cried quickly. "I am happy only when I am with my friends. Ah, you'd think I would be happy to be so rich? But who is happy long? No, I am quite unhappy. I have but the one ambition left."

She embraced the two in a smile and drew them into her confidence.

"Always I have wished to sit, like this, with a revenue agent of the United States, to laugh at him and be friends, and to say to him, 'I am carrying a quarter of a million dollars' worth of diamonds, but, search how you will, you shall not find them.' That would be fun, no? That would be sport. That would be romance. I, Istrelle du Bose, matching my wits against the might of the United States!"

"That makes me wish I were in the service again," Clarke said, the suspicion of a smile in his eyes. "I should like to accept that challenge."

It was almost useless to pretend with this woman, he felt. She hadn't been fooled by his story. She was playing cat and mouse with him. It needed no imagination to transform her shiny nails into claws, and to put long cat whiskers on her pallid face. Her green eyes glowed. Clarke would not have been surprised if she had begun to purr.

"I might not find your diamonds," he said, "but I'd have a lot of fun."

"And danger!" Jean added. "I'd love it!"

Danger! Clarke realized Jean spoke the word as a warning to him. It annoyed him. He knew as well as she that Istrelle was dangerous. But he had thought of a plan that would render her harmless. He wanted Jean to listen, not to speak.

"You and I, Miss du Bose," he said, "are in different positions. I cannot afford to smuggle because of my business. If an importer is once detected smuggling so much as a little bottle of perfume he is likely to be ruined. Every article in every shipment is likely to be closely inspected thereafter, every packing case, every piece of baggage, every article of clothing is pretty sure to be thoroughly searched. And not only that, but his reputation is gone. I declare everything I acquire in Europe, even gifts I have received from friends."

His hands touched the white silk handkerchief in his breast pocket.

"EVEN this handkerchief I will declare. Its value is slight, but I wouldn't part with it for anything. I wear it over my heart every evening."

"Ah, a gift from the best beloved!" said Istrelle. "But in the daytime you wear a blue handkerchief."

"A gift from the same woman," he said.

Istrelle threw away her paper cigarette holder and reached for the handkerchief.

"I may see it, please?"

"I wouldn't take it from this pocket for anyone else," Dick said, quite seriously. "I promised never to remove it until—until it got so dirty it had to be washed, or the jacket had to be sent to the cleaner and presser."

He laughed at himself.

"It is beautiful," Istrelle said softly. "And it is a beautiful sentiment. Do not laugh, please. I am romantic too. I understand. The initial D. That is for Dick?"

"No, no!" said Jean, and there was something in her voice that prodded Clarke's tranquillity of mind. "The D is for darling!" What was the matter with her, Dick wondered. She knew it was Diana's gift, but why should that upset her?

Istrelle put the handkerchief to her nose.

"But that is gardenia!" she cried. "It is the scent I love best. It reminds me of an old but how charming friend."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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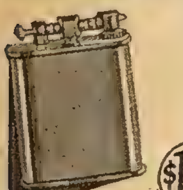

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THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page thirty-seven

She laughed, gave back the handkerchief, and rose.

"D for darling, and dreams, and diamonds," she said.

"Good night, children. It was a pleasure to have this little talk. Wear it over your heart as long as you can, my friend. I shall look for it every night—and know you are still in love—with your darling!"

III

"THAT is Diana's handkerchief," Jean whispered. "And that cat knows it."

"Yes," he said.

It was good to see honest anger in a woman's eyes.

"Take it out of your pocket. Get rid of it. Throw it away. Put it somewhere and save it. Do anything you want with it, but don't flaunt it in front of me."

"Why not, your majesty?"

"You have humiliated me twice today. Twice you have let that woman insinuate that you love your ex-fiancée, and that you don't care at all for me. I'm not asking you to care for me. But I'm supposed to be your wife, and you are supposed to act like a husband."

"Even a husband may love his ex-fiancée."

"And I'm supposed to sit and simper and play dumb and blind while everybody talks of you and Diana De Ranisse? I won't stand for it."

"No? I'm afraid you'll have to. But how did you know she was my ex-fiancée?"

"It doesn't matter, does it?"

"Not at all. Let's not talk of it. I'm not wearing this handkerchief out of devotion to my former fiancée. I am wearing it—now—because Istrelle du Bose expects me to wear it. And I cannot afford to disappoint her."

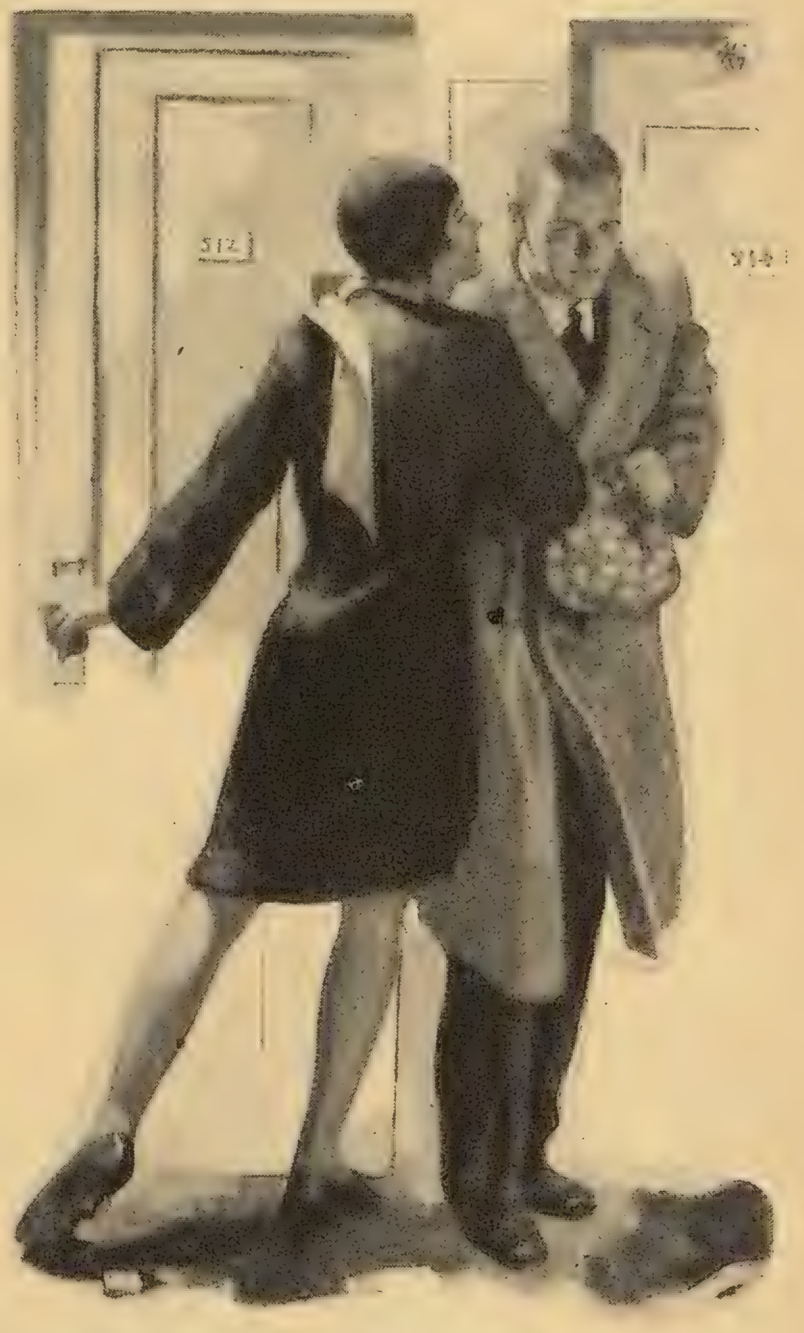
"Oh! You're in love with her?"

"Just the question a man might expect from a woman. If he does anything, it's because he loves some woman. If he doesn't do it, it's because he loves some other woman. I'm not in love with any woman. May I explain?"

"Your loves are a matter of absolute indifference to me."

"Thanks. Man's born free and all that. But here is the situation: Istrelle, for some feminine reason I haven't yet fathomed, wants you to [illegible]alous of Diana. She believes you already are jealous, but she's figured your reaction to jealousy incorrectly.

"For instance, she knew you fibbed about the initial, when you said it was D for darling and implied it was not for Diana. She naturally thought, then, that you'd make it a point of pride to see that I flaunted—that was your word, wasn't it?—flaunted this flag before you—and her—every night. She thought you wanted to show her you didn't care whether I loved Diana or not."



Jean tried the door. It would not open. "It is locked," she whispered. "Locked on the inside."

"WHAT has all this to do with me? If you think you mean anything to me, outside of the game we're playing—"

"Wait!"

She wouldn't.

"I have to wear your rings," she went on, her eyes flashing. "I have to call you darling. I have to make love to you, even in our room. I have to go ga-ga and hold my breath when I look at you in public, and make my eyes pop. I hate it. I'd rather be Mabel Willebrandt again, slinging beer in the Crown and Bull. But I don't have to let you and Istrelle du Bose make a fool of you and a butt of me."

He smiled at her sweetly, to enrage her the more.

"You heard the lady challenge me,"

he said. "You heard her say she had a quarter of a million dollars' worth of diamonds that I wouldn't find. Where do you think she will hide them? On me, of course. Or on you. Or on her maid, or her chef. Why do you suppose I sang her that handkerchief song?"

"It was a poor song, and badly sung."

"Possibly. But I will wager you anything you like that on the night of her party, the night before we dock, Istrelle puts a few diamonds in my handkerchief."

"I'll take the bet. Anything you like."

"O. K. The dinner is scheduled for the night before we land. Ordinarily no one wears evening clothes that night—but this will be a formal dinner. I will pretend to be a little more than tipsy, so tipsy I would not notice Istrelle spilling diamonds into the handkerchief. I don't say she'll put a quarter million dollars' worth in Diana's handkerchief, but she'll drop one or two big fellows, believing that when we go to our room, or when we awake the next morning, we'll pack in a hurry and never find the diamonds. She will visit us at our hotel room— It looks as though we'll have to pose as man and wife in New York, too—"

HE scowled at the thought, and Jean's little teeth came together with a savage click.

"She'll come before I can unpack. She'll volunteer to help, perhaps—unless we dock so late that I haven't time to send my clothes to the valet. In that case she will wait for the dinner. At any rate, I am to carry in her diamonds for her, and some day, when she has sold them and left the country, she will write and thank me for my services."

"She's a fool to take such a chance," Jean said.

"Every woman is a fool who believes she can make a fool of any man."

Jean laughed, and suddenly it occurred to both that, in their desire to clear up a misunderstanding between them, they had forgotten the danger of the bogus Conté.

"I hope you win the bet," Jean said. "What will you wire Moran?"

"I'll tell him we're reading Eyes of a Woman. Eyes means diamonds in Moran's code. And I shall say it's a deep book, but worth reading. Eyes of a woman"—he stared at Jean. "God pity the blind."

They stood on the sun deck enjoying the wind and the faint stars, silent. They went to their room, and neither spoke until the lights were out.

"Good night, darling," Jean said then. "I love you so!"

"Like hell you do," said Dick—but he said it to himself.

Who killed Conté? Dick's enemies suspect that it was Jean. As the story continues, Jay Finch and Poppy Brooks set a cunning trap and lie in wait—as you will learn next week.

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 27

1—Alpha and beta, the first two letters of the Greek alphabet.

2—James A. Garfield.

3—*Quod erat demonstrandum* (Which was to be demonstrated).

4—They are the names of parts of flowers.

5—Spain and Portugal.

6—Self-love; self-esteem.

7—Robert Louis Stevenson.

8—Zeus.

9—Sleight of hand.

10—Philip Nolan.

11—Thomas Jefferson.

12—In Williamsburg, Virginia.

13—One wholly in the maker's handwriting.

14—A payment for services for which there is no fixed charge.

15—Persian.

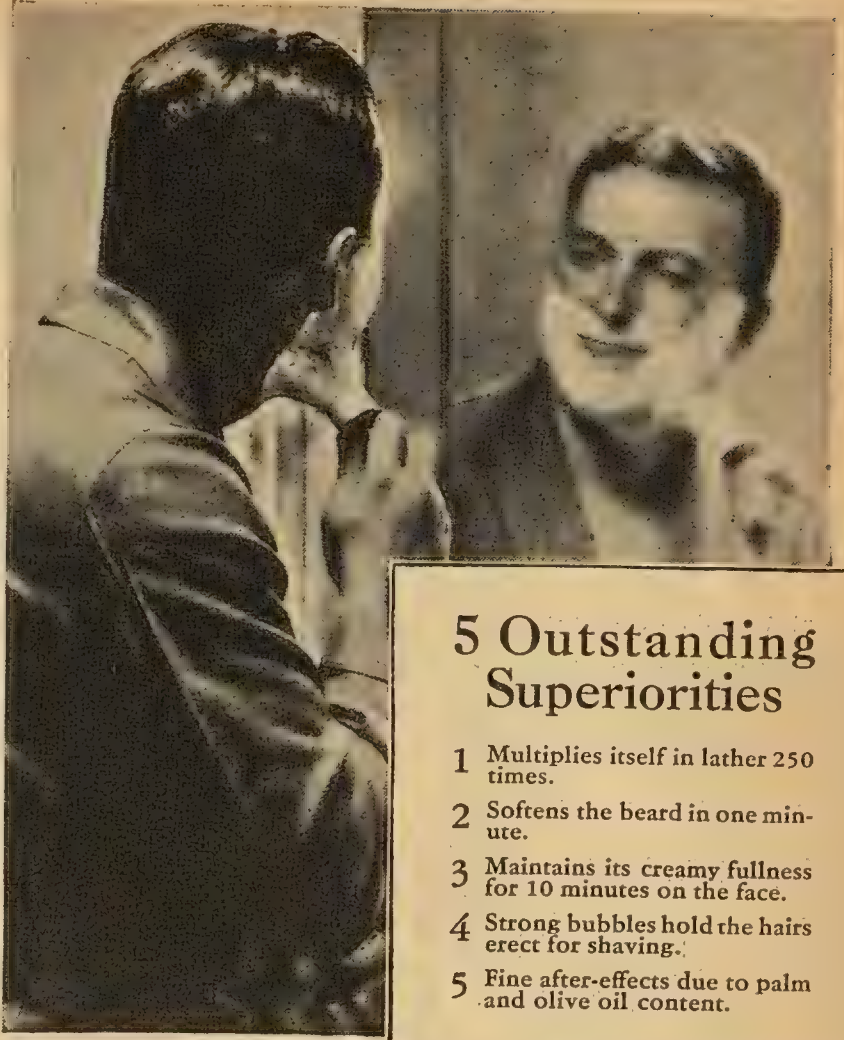
16—The elephant.

17—Morbid and uncontrollable craving for alcoholic liquor.

18—Colombia.

19—They serve as bearings for moving parts.

20—Macedon.



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SHORTER and Funnier

Praise for a Two-Reel Comic; Also Something About Mr. Rogers and Miss Ulric

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

Two perturbed ladies, Polly Moran and Marie Dressler, in a scene from Dangerous Females.

They still fall in love. Buddy Rogers and Jean Arthur prove it in their film of young aërialists, Half Way to Heaven.

★ ★ ★ DANGEROUS FEMALES

FIRST place this week goes to a two-reel comedy called Dangerous Females, in which Marie Dressler and Polly Moran divide honors on a ratio of about eighty-twenty.

This rough-comedy short subject, hailing from the Christie studios, is the best brief comic effort of twelve months.

Years ago Miss Dressler shared laughing laurels with Charlie Chaplin in Tillie's Punctured Romance. She was starred, while Charlie was comparatively unknown. It was one of those slapstick classics of the old days. Charlie scored and went on to become Hollywood's overlord of laughter, while, somehow or other, Miss Dressler drifted back to the New York footlights.

It was not until she scored her hit in Hollywood Revue that the movie powers stopped to remember. She began to get big parts. Only recently she stole Rudy Vallée's The Vagabond Lover. Right now she is reported to be stealing The Swan from under the highly praised nose of Lillian Gish. She is about as popular around the sound studios these days as hay fever.

However, in Dangerous Females nobody drops her best efforts on the cutting-room floor. Miss Dressler and Polly Moran, who is an admirable foil for the Gargantuan Dresslerian antics, play spinsters living in a lonely farmhouse and longing for excitement. When Miss Dressler falls victim to some homemade cherry cordial, the fun reaches its top. All this is hokum, of course, but hokum in the best Mack Sennett mood. Be sure to see it.

★ ★ ★ HALF WAY TO HEAVEN

Buddy Rogers' latest for Paramount, Half Way to Heaven, is a yarn of youthful aërialists, that is faintly suggestive of Four Devils.

Buddy is a bashful country boy who joins a carnival troupe of professional trapeze flyers, falls in love with the girl of the company, and incurs the mad jealousy of one of the acrobats.

Since this fellow has a habit of dropping young men who show an interest in little Greta, the outlook seems bad for Buddy. I won't tell you how he defeats the scoundrel.

Doubtless you will like the shy charmer, Buddy, as the young hero, and surely will be won by Jean Arthur as the lureful gymnast. She is charming.

Helen Ware does an effective bit as a carnival fortune teller. The aërial work is neatly doubled.

The Sky Hawk—laid, largely, up in the air—features John Garrick and Helen Chandler.

Lenore Ulric and Charles Bickford in South Sea Rose, a talkie that moves from under the Southern Cross up to New England.

★ ★ South Sea Rose

Lenore Ulric flips a lively grass skirt in her second (and final) William Fox talkie, South Sea Rose.

Little Rosalie is a French orphan left to grow up on a South Sea isle. She naïvely dances the hula-hula for every one and runs away with a sailing captain, who has heard that she is heiress to a fortune. So Rosalie goes to the captain's New England town to dwell.

Right there the film lapses into the usual thing of comic, scandalized villagers, shocked at the guileless little savage. In their suspicious way they never understand the sweet little girl when she begins to undulate in a grass skirt. (Personally, I resent these cartoon types labeled New Englanders.)

A theme song, anent the yearning of the South Sea Rose, runs all through the film.

Miss Ulric sings it in her throaty-voiced way, the natives chant it with the zeal of song pluggers, and a quartet of sailors harmonize it.

Miss Ulric's screen methods are vivid, if a little broad and obvious.

Charles Bickford, who snapped his grimy fingers at the De Mille plumbing in Dynamite, is the he-man sailor captain who finally realizes he loves his madcap Rosalie.

George MacFarlane does a splendid bit as a South Sea barkeep given to singing Irish ditties.

★ ★ The Sky Hawk

When the young flying peer accidentally smashes up his plane on an expedition to see his sweetheart, his bravery is questioned. You see, Britain has just gone into the World War. Friends begin to mail white feathers to him. But Jack Bardell redeems himself later when, single-handed, he fights and brings down a giant Zeppelin flying over London with deadly bombs.

The merit of this William Fox film—a movie version of Llewellyn Hughes' Liberty story, Chap Called Bardell—lies entirely in the fight between the plane and the Zep. That is pretty well done and achieves something of a thrill.

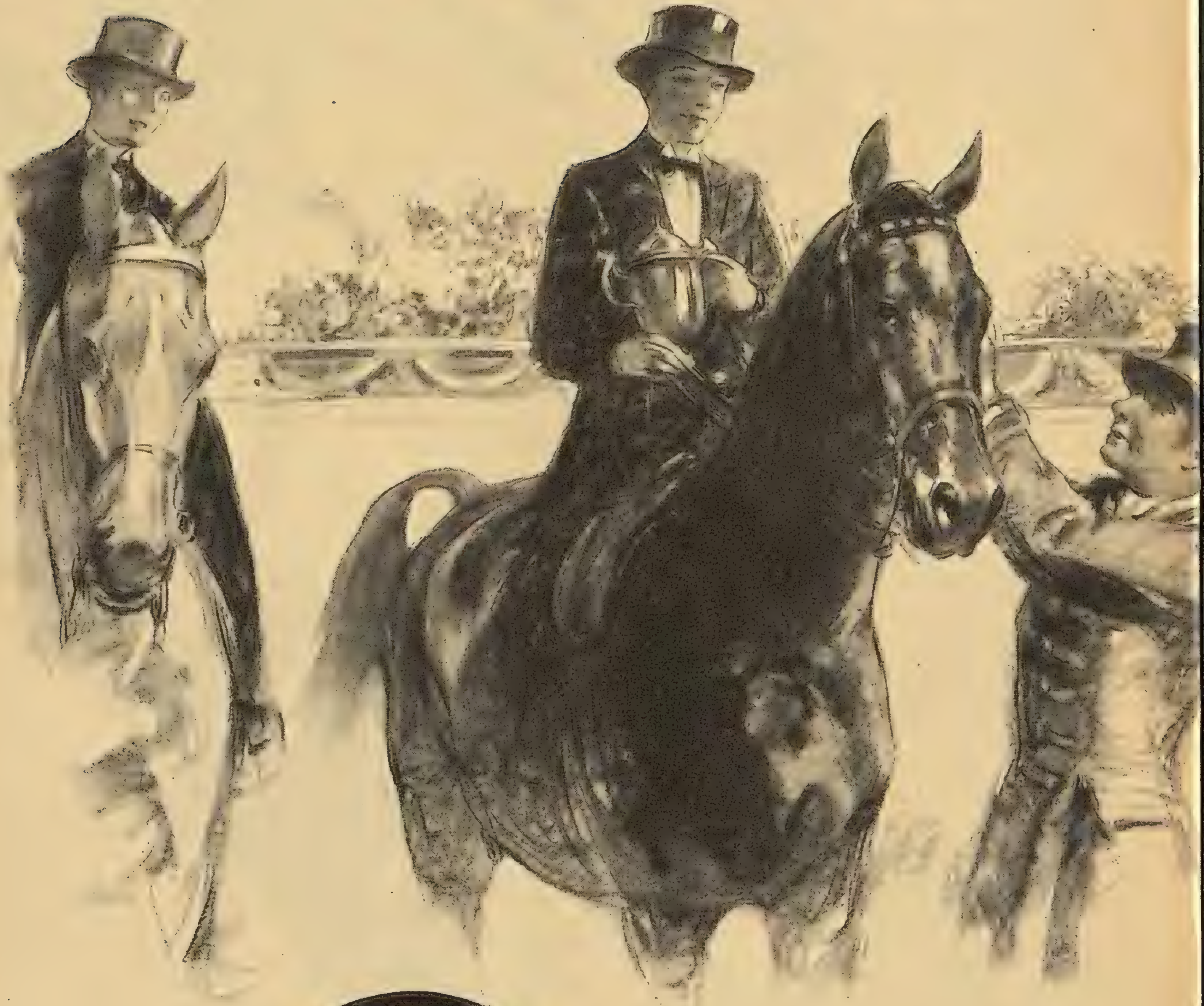
The leading rôles are taken by John Garrick, a newcomer from England, and Helen Chandler.

Do you know that—

Mary Duncan has left the Fox forces and is returning to the stage on Broadway? . . . Evelyn Brent is out of Paramount and has signed with Columbia Pictures? . . . Paramount has purchased the contract of Hal Skelly and the Fox Studios have bought up George Jessel's contract? . . . This means that these two players are quitting pictures? . . . Helen Kane, the baby-talk chanter, is to do Dangerous Nan Megrew? . . . You will next see Gary Cooper as a handsome Confederate in Only the Brave?

...at the horse show it's

FORM!



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TASTE!

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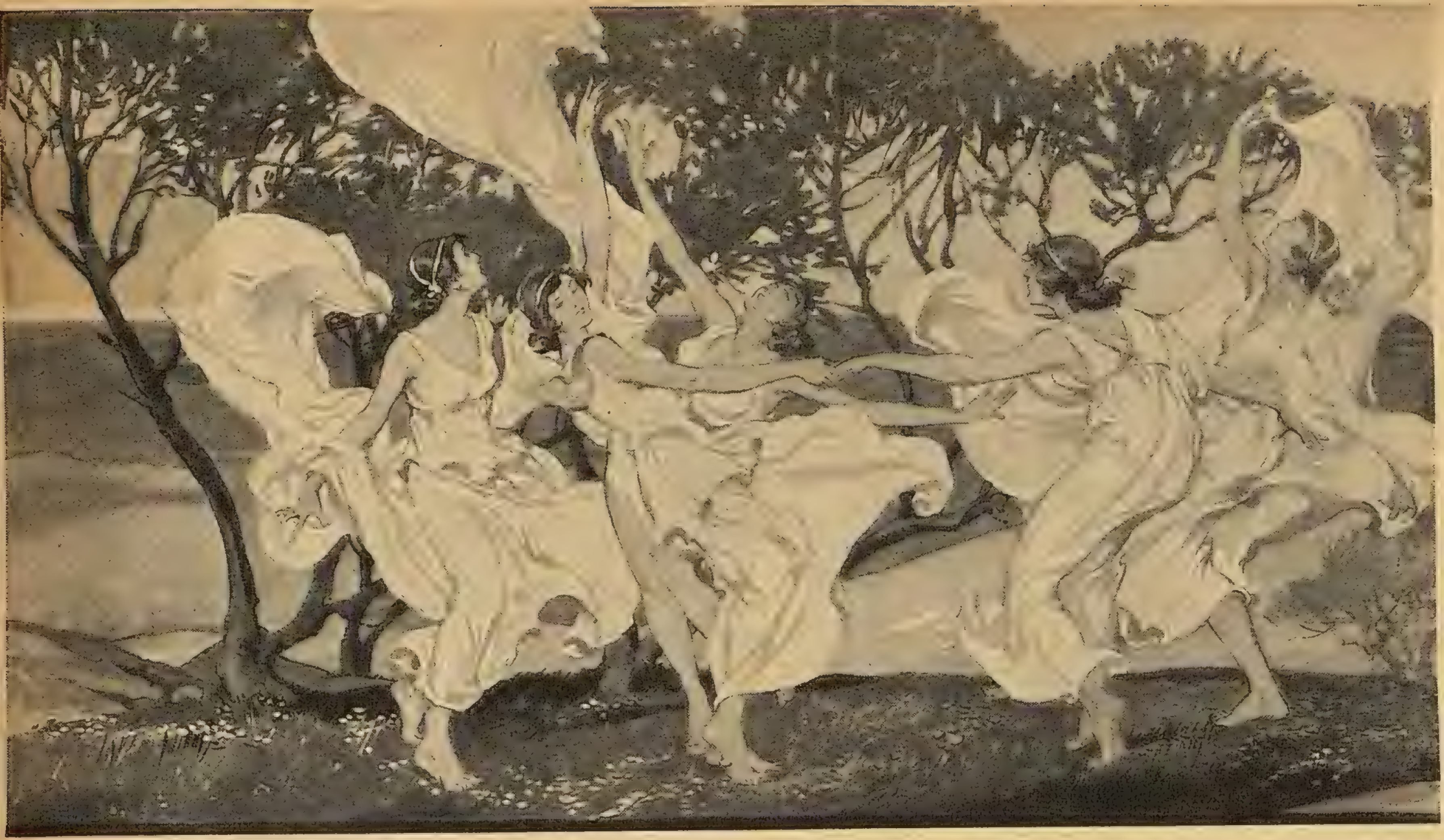


Let the poets take command. Let the dancers make common cause with them.

What Is BEAUTY in

By

VACHEL LINDSAY

the famous American poet, who lives in Springfield, Illinois, writes at times in a jazz-like rhythm, and once tramped the roads like a troubadour, making his poems pay his way. Liberty asked the question What Is Beauty? of eight men and women. This is the seventh answer.

THERE will be a tiny Pantheon built for the poets by the Chicago World's Fair in 1933. There bards of all nations will be invited to give songs—each, in his native tongue, his own poems. Let Ruth St. Denis dance in that delicate, soundproof room; let her speak with her softest footfall to the softest-voiced whisperers of this United States: people who read as Edna St. Vincent Millay reads. I hope one of the first poems rendered will be by Harriet Monroe, her Columbian Ode, chanted by her at the World's Fair of 1893.

Rallying in my heart toward that Pantheon I have these thoughts that follow for all United States lovers of beauty, especially orators, actors, bards, troubadours, and poetry-dancers.

I am interested in the spaces just outside that soundproof Pantheon. I see the crowd on the tremendous skyscraper bridges that will overarch that exposition and will reach from the talkie theaters toward that little faultless shrine. Some of them may be a mile away, but wherever there is sound or song *the throne room will be this Pantheon.*

In this United States of 1930 we are overwhelmed with a horror of sounds: the radio at home, the phonograph in the music store, the automobile outside the door, saxophone and jazz in the dance hall; the vaudeville squall in the theater. But happily the vaudeville theater is now rebuilt, mostly, for the talkie. The talkie concludes this list of noises.

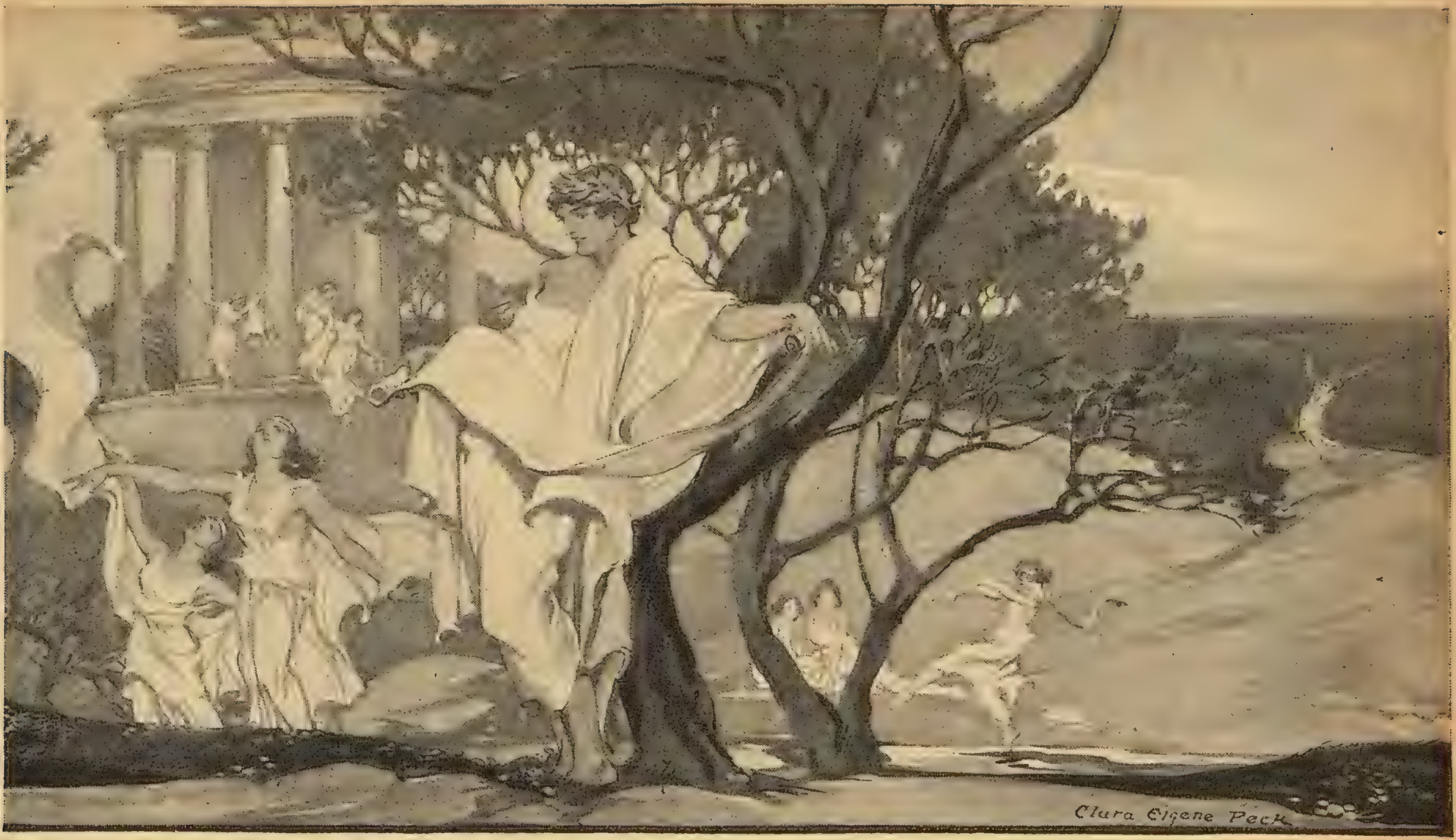
The saxophone and jazz have largely hanged themselves, but the rest increase. We cannot abolish our half-baked *Utopia of the band wagon.* It is descended from the steam-whistle pianos of the Mississippi steamboats, well illustrated in the "Kallyope" in the talkie Show Boat with Laura La Plante and Joseph Schildkraut. We must follow the United States precedent of eliminating trouble by improving it.

Walter Damrosch talks to us by radio, telling the secrets of song. His own sermon is as acceptable as any voice over a mere mechanical device, and the total of the songs which he has been instrumental in sending over the radio is a splendid evangelism.

But the war against noise must go on in many quarters. The phonograph has, at present, a mechanical hollowness to which we pray we may never become reconciled. The automobile horns speak with the cynicism of the street. Their harshness has much to do with the sad changes in the United States conversational style. But it is possible for the loudest warning to be musical. I suggest to the young men of a musical training forced into the automobile business that they fight to a finish.

I HAVE heard thundering Negro choruses singing Go Down, Moses, Tell Old Pharaoh to Let My People Go. It was music to the people sitting on the very front seats. I have heard canaries out of doors with voices so sweet and yet so sharp that they carried as well as any fire-drill bell. I remember a Springfield singer named May De Sousa I heard when I was in Chicago, a young art student. Her voice was sweeter and smaller than that of a canary, yet it carried to the top gallery of the theater more clearly than any talkie does now.

I find a commendable tendency on the part of the newest



They might write in the air with gestures all of Shakespeare's songs.

Picture by Clara Elsene Peck

WORD and RHYTHM?

talkie house in Springfield to precede the main bill with but three or four vaudeville numbers, well spoken or sung. These numbers seem to me to be vaguely evolving toward chanted lyric poetry, through the paradox of competing with the serious intention of the struggling talkie.

An old war cry, "the Higher Vaudeville," that I applied to the poetry from the platform in "the New Poetry movement" centering around the office of the magazine, Poetry, in Chicago, has been the subject of much misconstruction. It was supposed that I meant the worst kind of vaudeville and that I meant that poetry should vulgarize.

I meant that some vaudeville was a half-forgotten form of the lyric. The parlor poets were the first to understand this. They set the pace for our street troubadours. Beginning in 1912, the vivid, impromptu stage work of Alfred Kreymborg, Carl Sandburg, and the great Amy Lowell, in their university readings, reached ten years ago a prophetic climax. Those and their companions in United States poetry, and the Sitwells of England and John Masefield and his group in their big public poetry-reading contest at Oxford, where all the poets of the British Empire compete, have made no concessions to bad taste, in either the seeking of new beauty of word or the delivery of the same to great audiences.

Vaudeville of the commercial type is not conscious of these poets but is moving toward them because it is made alert, and in a sense refined, by the talkies, stimulated by intense competition. The effort of the actors in the talkies to achieve distinction and aristocracy of phrase and manner, if not of intonation, moves vaudeville into a new world.

One talkie in a hundred sets the pace. For instance, Mary Pickford in Coquette exhausted every resource of the hour to see that her words, often so well chosen, should be conveyed in the same dignity to the audience. I have conversed with Mary Pickford several times. The speaking trumpet of the talkie is still too harsh to convey the charm of her voice more than one unbroken minute. Yet even there it is a pacemaker for the old snarling vaudeville; it is whipping vaudeville toward poetry.

WHAT a subject! Beauty of word and rhythm in the United States! Remember Lemuel Gulliver among the giants. There, courtiers, gentlemen of repute for beautiful skins, dignity, muscular grace, persuasive voices, seemed to Gulliver ferociously coarse. His most adored friends, who carried him in a cage like a tiny canary bird and were exquisitely careful of him, were often, in his eyes, as refined as Adam's pet hippos.

The Brobdingnagians were as ugly to him as your own skin is to you when you view it under a magnifying glass, or your own voice when you hear it in an auditorium amplifier. In his alternation from the Lilliputians to the Brobdingnagians, Dean Swift was a profound prophet of our time. We take both voyages every sixty seconds, sometimes the same second. It is as hard to reconcile ourselves even to the best noises of today as it was for Gulliver to endure the caresses of the giant courtiers, even if he was their pet pup.

Beauty of word, sound, rhythm in the United States! I hope the sheltered, soundproof Pantheon of the Poets in 1933 in Chicago will bring all these issues to judgment in a temple where a whisper is more powerful than an earthquake! A barefoot step of Ruth St. Denis more musical than thunder!

One of the tests of the talkie is to shut your eyes when the most exquisite conversation is being achieved and listen to it separated from the movie photography and the mature movie art on which it is superimposed. The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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● It is midafternoon . . . On the tossing wastes of the North Sea visibility is poor . . . Through the gray murk, far from its base, the most awe-inspiring armada ever assembled is steaming cautiously but gladly toward its Enemy . . . submarines, destroyers, cruisers, battle cruisers, and finally, the great dreadnoughts.

Of a sudden, code signals flash from ship to ship . . . Sixty thousand English hearts beat faster . . . prouder. The British Grand Fleet and the German High Seas Fleet have met at last! The greatest naval engagement in history—the Battle of Jutland is on! *Thrill to the retelling of it in*

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a timely study of modern naval armaments and what they mean to the taxpaying citizen. Don't fail to read Gen. Reilly's article

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[WHAT IS BEAUTY IN WORD AND RHYTHM? Continued from page forty-five]

softest voices from the screen have been made tolerable by our old absorption in the headlong film. Here, in my always permanent home, Springfield, Illinois, I attended the magnificent Broadway Melody. Bessie Love there achieved what is her triumph so far. I saw the production three times. It gave me more hope for the softening of the United States Public Voice, and the achievement of beauty in that quarter by 1933, than anything I had seen or heard for many a moon.

Yet when I attended for the fourth time and shut my eyes, I knew we had still a long way to go. In a scene of convincing dignity, both of voice and of movie technique, where our heroine gives up the man of her admiration and hands him over to her dancing team mate, I had been swept past all the mechanical harshness in my sympathy with the three characters in the story, fundamentally true to each other. When I shut my eyes and listened to the scene, the talkie was destroyed. The argument, the dismissal, the sobbing, conveyed no human sense. I was like Lemuel Gulliver, listening in the dark to the giantess Glumdalclitch while she wept like a Mississippi flood or Niagara Falls.

We will likely have to wait till the 1933 World's Fair, with all the resources of the laboratories for sound-recording; working night and day meanwhile, if we are to resolve our magnificent Brobdingnagian machines into definite artistic mediums. Mary Pickford's Coquette, Bessie Love's The Broadway Melody, and Laura La Plante's and Joseph Schildkraut's Show Boat are such unexpected leaps toward that Utopia that our growing pains should not worry us too much.

BEAUTY of word in the United States! The phonograph, the automobile horn, the radio, the talkie, must be captured by our high priests of beauty, be these in dusty books or breathing immortality into us by their living presence on the platform in 1933.

Elinor Wylie's song, though her dust is in the ground, must be read in the Pantheon. Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, masters of the musical word in statesmanship, must march in our memory and in our spiritual ears.

Robert Frost, Edward Arlington Robinson, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Stephen Vincent Benét, William Rose Benét, Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and a hundred that march abreast with these, singing with these, in this United States, must champion the whispered word given by voice and the soft footfall, as well as their written text so well done. Let the dancers storm with them the walls of the Pantheon!

The Burbage, the Barrymore, the Drew, the Shakespearean actor, living and dead, must elbow forward with all these dead and living to the foreground of the terrific talkie crowd, to speak the conquering whispered word in quiet corners somewhere near the Pantheon, *to render the beauty of phrase,* either on the platform or by revered volumes of statesmanship, or by high inscriptions on walls near the Pantheon, or by legend.

All poetry is built from the alphabet. None of it is the victim of the regularly placed strings of any stringed instrument, or the mathematically placed keys of the piano. I do not now willingly allow my poems to be set down in musical notation. The poetry is at once and forever destroyed; if there is anything left, it is a piano tune.

This is a position rarely understood, because few people have the patience to make the distinction between a chant, which is merely an elaborate pronunciation of the word, *and all other music.* Let all other music ring six days of the week; on the seventh day, let us have pure poetry and read and dance Palgrave's Golden Treasury.

If we are to have United States Beauty of Word, it must be as spontaneous as Patrick Henry's oration before the Virginia Assembly and sweep across the country with the same free gesture and echo. Setting of poetry to music is giving it death. Poetry, and dancing with a light footfall, should give us Patrick Henry's kind of liberty.

Rallying, without knowing it, toward the front yard of that World's Fair Pantheon in 1933, we have an army of creative dancers in the United States, many of them improvisers to whispered poetry. They step off to the letters of the alphabet, rather than to the musical notes. They need a rallying cry. The rallying word should be *consecration.* Let them, one day of the week, renounce the orchestra, the musical composer, the song writer, the drum, the talkie, the phonograph record, the radio, or any such mechanical thing which bullies them and moves them toward our overwhelming, mechanical Molochs—bullies them with the air of someone taking someone to an electric chair.

Let the *poets* take command at last. Let the dancers make common cause with the poets. Let them read and improvise poetry with one another until 1933. They might even read and pantomime in the stately Virginia fashion some of the most splendid phrases written down by Thomas Jefferson. They might write in the air with proper gestures all of Shakespeare's songs. We poets and dancers need to make a united army, *need to know our own numbers and energy.*

There are two good poets and two good dancers in every university, every college, every high school. I have made national troubadouring tours for twenty years, chanting my own poems to my own tunes among the English departments. I have chanted for a million people and I know whereof I speak.

I wish I could address the whole million, with one editorial that they would all read the same day. I would say, "Dear poets and dancers, we need all the resources of mysterious human grace separated from all hint of machinery, to win a victory for Beauty of Word and Rhythm in the United States. All the temples of the new World's Fair must be captured by our birds of song and our birds with wings, beginning with our Pantheon. And so on the first day that is given us, let the poets and dancers whirl about, and let the orchestra be still. Everyone from Sidney Lanier back to Edgar Poe can be vindicated there—read, sung, marched, and danced there."

TO the point of view of all those I have mentioned in this article, so varied in their ways of bringing forward Beauty of Word, I would add in catalog many things, from the improvisations of Confucius or Li Po on down to the orations of Bryan. Think of Bryan, filling with music, once upon a time, everything in public life! Improvising political conventions into music! Improvising Presidential campaigns into music! Filling with music the tremendous State House yards and the whole outdoors of the prairie!

Crowding to the dream of our World's Fair should come the methods of chanting music and poetry in ritual by the Jewish cantor, and of the Arabian muezzin giving the call to prayer; the methods of all the Asiatic poets from the beginning of time till now, chanting rather than speaking or writing poetry. Crowding to the foreground should come the methods of the old Greek poets in the days of Pericles, when the man chanted his own poems to his own tune in competition for the tripod to be erected in the Street of Tripods; the methods of singing High Mass in the Eastern and Western churches of Holy Christendom; the methods of the Welsh and Irish bards in their poetic contests; the methods of the Welsh preachers and religious singers and their prayers, which are more than halfway toward song.

The King James Bible cannot be read except as a chant. It compels chanting. Crowding to the foreground should come all those methods of bringing about sacred beauty which are hinted at in the Psalms of David. Obviously in the Jewish Temple service the poem was chanted to a tune which *flowered from the words,* spoken in an oration which *flowered from the words,* marched, countermarched, and given with pageantry in a high ceremony which *flowered from the words,* danced with a complete whirling-dervish ecstasy which obviously *flowered from the words,* acted in what was the equivalent of a miracle play which *flowered from the words,* and was the true garden grown from the definite garden of the definite words, the precise and immutable text.

An answer by Gutzon Borglum to the question, What Is Beauty in Sculpture? will appear in an early issue.

Good new
pipes are

Ready for Edgeworth

MEN dread breaking in new things—new hats, new shoes . . . most of all, new pipes.

But *good* new pipes are friendly toward strangers. They come through a process that mellows the briar before it ever gets to you. No need to take a hazing nowadays, with good new pipes.

So much the better for Edgeworth, the friendly tobacco that will not bite. Edgeworth gets the chance to prove itself in *pipes* that don't bite, either.

You haven't tried Edgeworth? Use the coupon, man! The postman will bring you, with our compliments, a generous glad-to-meet-you packet of the genuine Edgeworth. Try it, like it—and thereafter you'll find it always the same, all around the world, unchanging and good!

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully. Its quality and flavor *never change.* Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms — "Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes — 15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.

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the Edgeworth
Radio Station
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Pipe Club
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Eastern Time

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My name__________

My street address__________

And the town and state__________

Now let the Edgeworth come! B-3

Vox

That Will Be About All of That

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. — I have purchased your magazine since you started publishing. I have never written to any publisher before, agreeing or disagreeing with them. As a rule, I like your stories fairly well. I also work your cross word puzzles. Your editorials and articles I pass up, as they are generally asinine. But regarding your December 21 issue I believe I should let out a squawk.

Opening Liberty of that week, I was suddenly met by the funniest-looking aggregation of " mugs " I have seen this century. For a moment I believed Bert Green was in again and had gone " loco." Then, ah, then, I discovered they were Liberty employees. Ye gods, you were right—there is no accounting for tastes.

Take a tip from me, Liberty—keep this gang under cover, and don't waste good space in your magazine by telling us what they like or dislike, for no one in these United States cares or gives a d—n.—*George Jackson.*

HOUSTON, TEXAS—I was tickled pink to see the pictures of some of your employees in your December 21 issue. I often wondered who Ralph Barton's models were for his News of the World drawings.—*A. E. Streb.*

HOUSTON, TEXAS—Taking it all in all, I think that your company must have a very happy office force as none of the ladies in your questionnaire made a wish for some young man, or vice versa.—*E. Knight.*

Ain't It So?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Knocking is not my line and it takes too much good space, so I'll start, now, to rave about a masterpiece: Rita Weiman's story, " Youth and Beauty." It is human, natural, splendid! Rare smoothness of narrative makes it nearly self-reading.

To confess the truth, we Poppers don't deserve such good stuff after treating you so mean.—*H. Kinch.*

Thanks a Lot

NEW YORK, N. Y.—May I congratulate you upon having published, in your issue of November 23, Rex Beach's story, " Why Men Hate Women "?

Generally, my interest in women's so-called clothing is only that of any middle-aged man who has been married twenty-five years. But this article " got me." Nothing wiser and wittier, or with more real significance underlying its superficial banter, has come to my attention recently.

I telephoned Rita Weiman about the article when I discovered that she was debating on that subject before the National Federation of Women's Clubs, and learned that she had read it, and appreciated it as highly as I did. Also, that she intended quoting from it at length.

So little of real importance is published in our current magazines that I cannot forbear felicitating you upon this article.—*Channing Pollock.*

In Which 'New Yorker' Is Given a Slight Line on Where He Gets Off

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Just saw a letter in Vox Pop slamming Boston, as bigoted, and boosting New York. It was signed "A New Yorker."

I had the misfortune to be born and live in New York for twenty-nine years, and know that the people of New York are as bigoted as any I ever came in contact with.

They are the most narrow-minded gang I ever met.

There are only three classes of people in New York:

The Rich, who own and run it and live where they choose, the Poor, who haven't enough money to move away from it, and the Damfools that think there is no place like New York.

Can you imagine a Catholic or Protestant getting a job in a Hester or Vesey Street sweatshop?

Can you imagine a Jew, Catholic, Protestant, or anything but a Chinese getting a job in Mott Street?

If all the people are so broad-minded in New York, why is it that nothing but the Irish Catholics run the police force?

New Yorker, get wise to yourself: If you don't like the other fellow's back yard, stay in your own.

When cities are perfect, and people, too, you and I will have been dead one million years.—*A Clevelander.*

CANTON, N. C.—Evidently the vacuum between that New Yorker's ears did not allow him to know the broad-mindedness of Bostonians, and New England in general, that over twenty-five years of life in that section of the country have shown me. After all, Boston is dear old Boston, and those of us who know her will lose none of our love for her through any such bosh as comes from the letter of the anonymous New Yorker.—*D. Coffey.*

BOSTON, MASS. — That New Yorker said he saw and heard enough of religion in Boston, in six months, to disgust him.

I read enough of him in two seconds to disgust me.—*A Bostonian.*

Footnote

EAST LANSING, MICH.—Here's hoping that you keep developing your sex appeal for those who happen to live outside of Boston.

If ever I get so bigoted and narrow-minded that I can't enjoy a story of life and human nature in its stark reality, I'll go live in dear old Boston.

Wouldn't you?—*Liberty Fan.*

Siki, Tunney, Sutherland

MEMPHIS, TENN.—In your issue of December 21, 1929, in the article, " Inside the Ropes with Lou Magnolia," by Sidney Sutherland, it is stated that Battling Siki married a white girl from Memphis, Tenn. I am wondering if other statements in this article are as inaccurate as this one. As a matter of fact, Siki married a Beale Street " highbrown." Siki fought here, or, rather, clowned through a bout of eight rounds promoted by Billy Hack.

Why tell only part of a story, and why not let us know what Tunney wanted when he spent two days at Magnolia's home eating his food and swimming in Magnolia's swimming suit?

Magnolia states it was a business visit. What we would like to know is the nature of the visit, because Tunney was a fighter and Magnolia is a referee.—*John L. Hudson.*

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Certainly glad my friend (I call him friend but could call him something else) Sir Sidney Sutherland has opened up again with " Inside the Ropes " instead of the Mexican situation, as I spent all night in jail in Monterey because some Mex cop said I looked like that dude.

Want you to know I like " Inside the Ropes."—*H. B. Despard.*

From a Good Sport

LEXINGTON, KY.—I tried to get over in Liberty with a short short story, but I fell short short myself in rather a hurry. However, I chucked my embarrassing brain-infant away with a pile of others, and took up Liberty to read a really corking good short short story, called " The Knave of Hearts."

If I could do that—or one like it—I'd perform a handspring, forty-odd summers and some winters disregarded. Each of Liberty's short short stories has been *par excellence.* Turn down all the bad ones, but please keep the short short story feature going . . . as is!—*A. W. Hubbell.*

But Some of Our Readers Haven't Seventeen Children

SHINER, TEXAS — Is there really a public for such stuff as " The Jersey Lily " and similar long-winded pieces about unimportant and forgotten vamps? Maybe so, maybe so, but for my part I would prefer that you leave that portion of the paper blank so that I can jot down in the space the bright sayings of my seventeen children.—*H. H. Hepler.*

Heh, Heh

HAMTRAMCK, MICH.—Liberty is an unprincipled, unallowable, unholy magazine and the only reason that I buy it every week is it doesn't come out oftener. —*King for a Day.*

Pop

Plea for a Little Constructive Criticsym in Dealing with Modern Youth

CHICAGO, ILL.—Old Fashioned Mother (you had a letter in Vox Pop) don't spank your children because it will do more harm than good and they will only repeat the forbidden evil. That is human nature and you can't get away from it.

I am a girl of thirteen, and there is nothing I would resent more than a spanking. It would hurt my pride as well as something else (children have pride, you know).

I wasn't afraid to go to Mother and tell her I wanted to smoke. I was sure she would give me a try if nothing else. She does not indulge in cigarettes and dislikes them, but she gave me one and since then I have smoked just once, in the presence of my sister.

Daddy has a better way than punishing or spanking me. He seldom scolds me, but often offers constructive criticsym for which I am grateful. He interests himself in my affairs and I in his. I assure you I would rather spend an evening at home with him than one of dancing with a boy freind.

Parents, if you will spend more time with your children and take interest in them you will receive a grateful response that you, too, will enjoy. Really your children are lots of fun and they think the same thoughts you did and do. —*Betty Newmann.*

Canada Points with Pride

MONTREAL, CAN.—Richard Carroll's article, "Britain Flies Ahead," served as an insight into our methods which the U. S. A. would do well to copy—that is, if they want to equal the British speed records.

It is our intention to capture *every* speed record there is, and I don't mean maybe. No one can deny that we have met with a certain amount of success.

Has the U. S. A. built another machine to beat our record? I guess not, yet if they did, we would have one inside a few months and beat it again, sure as eggs is eggs.—*Albert Sadler.*

California Complains

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I am a very faithful reader of Liberty each week, but was quite displeased with your article on the English aviators. No doubt they are good and deserve credit, but who gives a whoop about their titles and great grandpops and all that other bunk about their dignity?

Give us more good stories about our own red-blooded American aviators who know their stuff.—*Tommy Middleton.*

Indiana Approves

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—This is to commend you on Richard Carroll's recent article dealing with the success of the British air-racing teams. In a day when poor sportsmanship seems to be the editorial policy of so many newspapers and periodicals when writing of anything but American successes, your article was very pleasing.

I am not an Englishman, but I do like a good sport in any form. The English certainly displayed in no uncertain way that they are masters of the racing plane. And you have given them full credit for everything. Here's to your sportsmanship!—*S. A. B.*

Low-Minded Slur at Liberty's Unremitting Efforts to Keep Its Pages Pure and Undefiled

MONTREAL WEST, CAN.—I think we all owe a vote of thanks to Mr. Chambers for presenting to us in "The Rake and the Hussy" a very unique biological specimen: to wit, Cap'n Brooke, the Rake. Methinks a garden rake would show more animation and a more fitting appreciation of such a toothsome baggage as the Hussy.

But then, having read "The Common Law," by the same author, nearly twenty years ago, we should know what to expect—a series of more or less interesting literary false pretenses.

Thus Cap'n Brooke, a member of the Hell Fire Club and presumably a go-getter as regards women flesh, suddenly departs from London in the night and is quite horrified to find that dainty Miss Strayling is already installed in his cabin. She is with him for some weeks while crossing the Atlantic in an American man-of-war, occupies with him an apartment in a New York hotel (not locking the communicating door), and still later a small cabin on the boat going south, apparently without molestation.

This is all very interesting, if true.

Mr. Editor, I ask you, is it possible? How many of your esteemed male readers could or would reach the heights of self-denial attained by this fictional St. Anthony?—*H. T. Ayres.*

Attaboy, Mr. Lamme

NAPLES, FLA.—Why rant about the morals of Chambers' hero? There are many of this type. In fact, I believe that most men would have acted in the same manner under like situations. There is so much to be taken into consideration. Brooke unknowingly had a sincere love for Naia from the very start and was protecting his own—even from himself. —*Vernon Lamme.*

Greetings

LIMA, OHIO—Liberty as a whole is easily chewed, swallowed, and digested, and, furthermore, you have something at the end of this process.—*N. Brown.*

HOLYOKE, MASS.—If you never print another issue of Liberty it will be too soon.—*Hoosegow Harry.*

It Certainly Is a Shame to Say So When We're Starting a New Doherty Story

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Just read with unfeigned delight Eddie Doherty's little dissertation, "What Is Beauty in News?" Eddie gets my own Pulitzer prize for the best essay on news, not of the year, but "of always."

Let's have some more like this. It's a shame to say so, but Eddie's essaying has his story work backed off the boards. —*Paul Neumann.*

This Is More Like It

SALISBURY, N. C.—"What Is Beauty in News?" was a *beaut.*—*Ed Nace.*

Well, It's a Wise Child That Knows His Own Uncle

MT. VERNON, N. Y.—Recently, in Vox Pop, I read a letter by someone who said you couldn't fool them: all the short short stories were written by the same person.

I have a response to that letter.

In the December 21 issue of Liberty there was a short short story by Mr. William C. Ford. Mr. Ford happens to be my uncle and I *know* he hasn't been writing all the short short stories printed.—*Frederic Carney.*

Result of Deep Study of the Prohibition Question

SOMEWHERE IN KANSAS—Having just read "The Big Racket" in your magazine I am impelled to write my solution of the prohibition question.

Since I am the wife of a drunkard I think I have studied this question a little deeper than the ordinary person. It is human nature to rebel when we find that we are deprived of anything and we are determined, then, to have it more than ever. When the laws of our land said, "Thou shalt not," then there arose a spirit of retaliation and conditions were soon worse than they had been before.

I would suggest this:

Place a barrel of pure (?) whisky on every street corner in the cities and towns all over our land, hang a dipper on the side and put a sign, "Free Drinking," on the barrel—then await results.

A few would drink themselves to death, but they are doing it by degrees as it is, so they had just as well have it over with, while the young men and women who are indulging now would turn away in disgust—and you would soon be able to see results.—*B. Wise.*

4 × 9 = 36, Eh?

SPARTANBURG, S. C.—Good luck, Mr. Thrasher! The fact that Lil is "expecting" again assures us of thirty-six more covers by Mr. Thrasher—and, we hope, more than that. Don't let these Vox Poppers kid you—you're what sells Liberty mag.—*A Spartan.*

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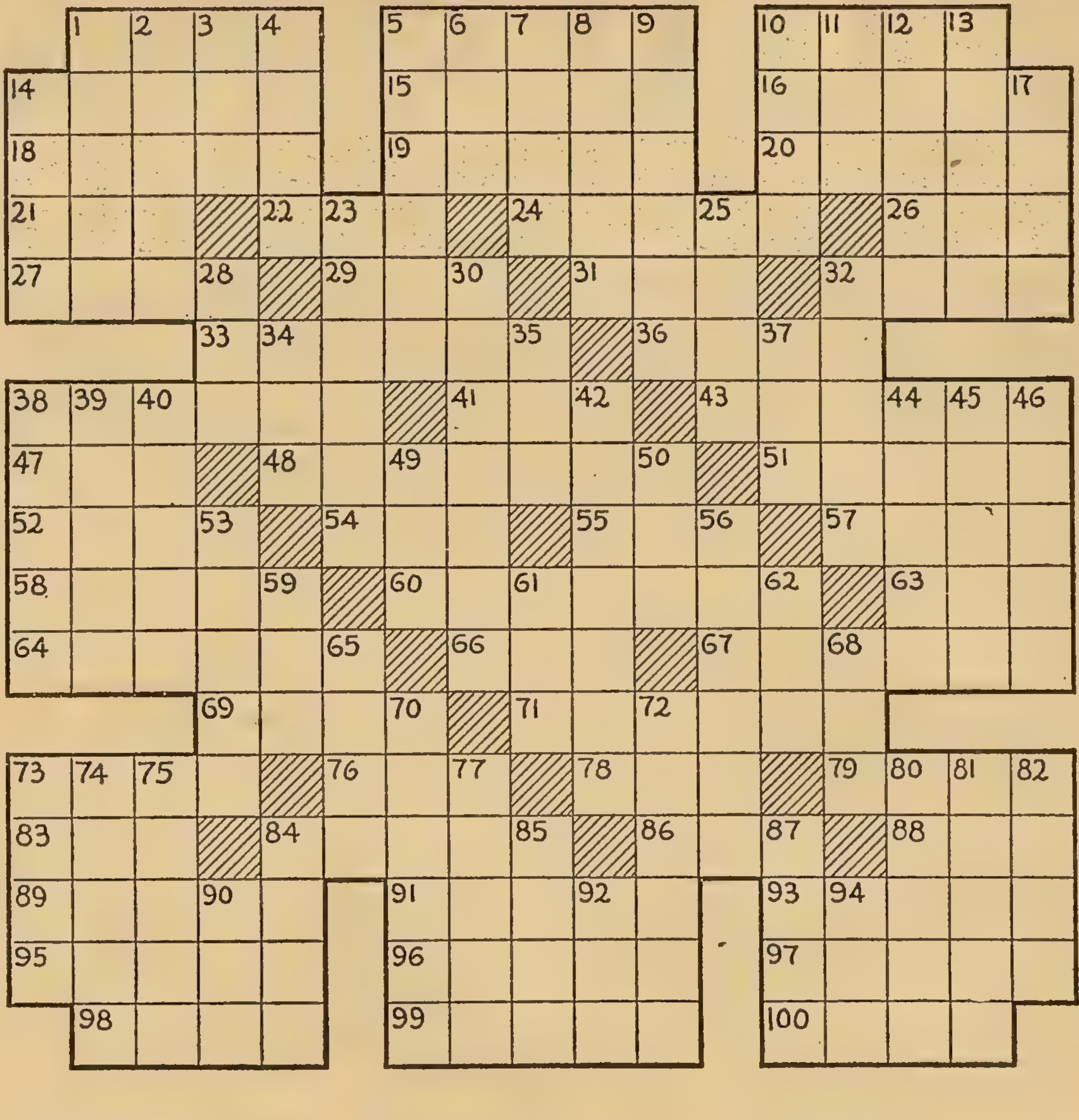
Two New Puzzles

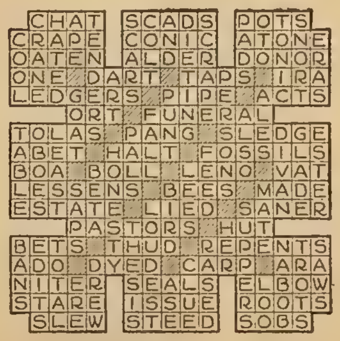


HORIZONTAL

1 A species of rail
5 Asterisks
10 Gypsy gentlemen
14 Wading bird
15 Pertaining to a segment
16 Expiate
18 Tardier
19 Positive pole
20 Of a pole
21 Devoured
22 Mesh fabric
24 Goes; passes
26 A constellation
27 Departed
29 Entreat
31 Narrow inlet
32 Greek god of war
33 Aquatic animals
36 Steep, rugged rock
38 City in Ohio
41 Jewish title of respect
43 Parts of a harness
47 A lixivium
48 Wandered, as from a direct course
51 Purloined
52 Verbal
54 An eternity
55 Digit
57 Ireland
58 Familiar spirit or tutelary
60 Margins
63 Commotion
64 One of a Jewish monastic order
66 Total
67 Winder
69 Tidings
71 Metric measures
73 Egyptian deity
76 And so forth
78 Drunkard
79 Puts in place
83 A beetle
84 Minister to
86 Greek letter
88 An exclamation
89 Declaim
91 Make glad
93 Companions
95 An ancient language
96 Small pincers
97 States to be true
98 Dispatched
99 Auctions
100 A sheet of standing water

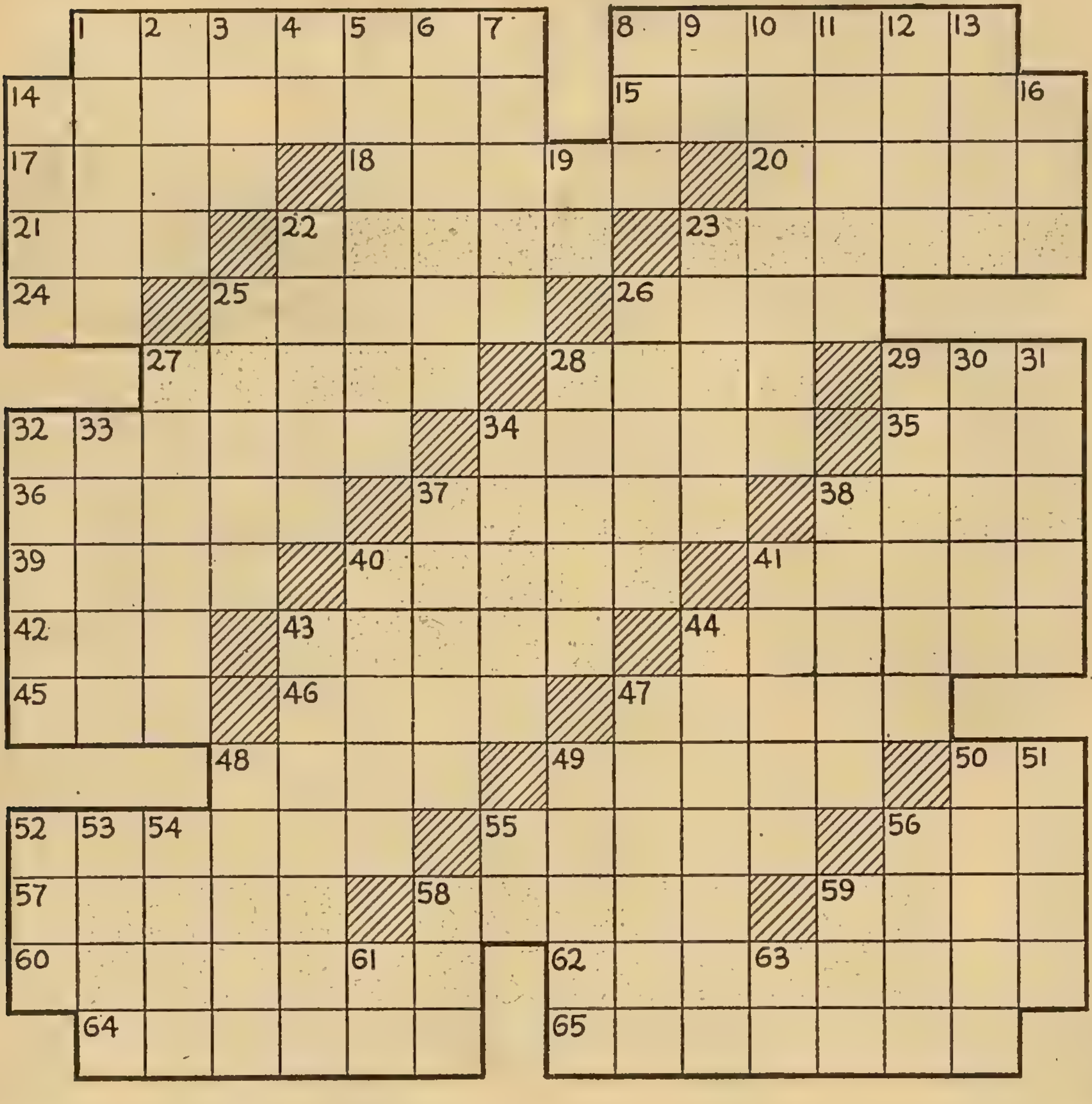
VERTICAL

1 Shipping case
2 Made of oats
3 Cardinal number
4 A kind of gull
5 An image
6 Measure of weight
7 In a row
8 Passenger
9 Affording attractive scenery
10 Strikes smartly
11 An American Indian
12 A tooth
13 A trap
14 Talon
17 Periods
23 Mental, physical, or material condition
25 Short lance
28 Rocky pinnacle
30 Commissions
32 Size of type
34 It is
35 Speak
37 Measures of area
38 Funeral oration
39 Stringed instrument (plural)
40 Bears young
42 In good time
44 Shade of red
45 Strike out
46 Spanish title of respect
49 A deer
50 Put on
53 Legal claims
56 Herons
59 Compass point
61 Tree exudation
62 Weight of India
65 Pitcher
68 A kind of worm
70 Saturates
72 Inebriates
73 Image of worship
74 North American rail birds
75 Angry
77 Kind of lily
80 Consumer
81 A preposition
82 Insolent language (colloquial)
84 Surgeon's probe
85 Appendage
87 Mohammedan priest
90 A metal
92 Mound
94 Hail!


CHAT SCADS POTS
CRAPE CONIC ATONE
OATEN ALDER DONOR
ONE DART TAPS IRA
LEDGERS PIPE ACTS
ORT FUNERAL
TOLAS PANG SLEDGE
ABET HALT FOSSILS
BOA BOLL LENO VAT
LESSENS BEES MADE
ESTATE LIED SANER
PASTORS HUT
BETS THUD REPENTS
ADO DYED CARP ARA
NITER SEALS ELBOW
STARE ISSUE ROOTS
SLEW STEED SOBS

Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds

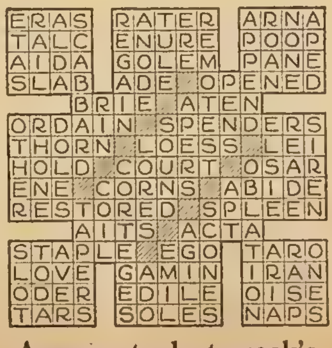


HORIZONTAL

1 To talk or speak profusely
8 Masculine personal name
14 Short negligée jacket for women
15 A shellfish of the genus Haliotis
17 On
18 Cripples
20 Grecian island of the Cyclades nome
21 A play on words
22 Derma, or deeper layer of the skin
23 Simplest
24 The symbol for an element
25 Heavenly body
26 Form on which shoes are made
27 Fashions
28 The woodbine
29 Lofty mountain peak
32 Habituates
34 Spoke of a wheel (plural)
35 Girl (colloquial)
36 Burrowing animals
37 To dent
38 Woman's name
39 Measure for sizes of wire (plural)
40 Sounds, as a bell; clangs
41 Animal of the civet kind
42 Compass point
43 Gross; crude
44 Fondle
45 Man's nickname
46 Cavity
47 Companions
48 Fastening devices
49 Pigeons
50 Parent
52 A shade of red
55 Son of Priam, King of Troy
56 Surrounded by
57 Expiate
58 Ethical
59 A province in British India
60 The kneecap
62 The component parts of anything
64 District in Mysore state, India
65 Entices to evil

VERTICAL

1 Territory of the island of New Guinea
2 One of the chief Egyptian deities
3 The linden
4 While
5 Books
6 Puffs up
7 Forgive
8 Holds possession of
9 A river in western Siberia
10 An Egyptian king
11 Vigilant; watchful
12 Plant of the genus Brassica
13 Son of Seth
14 Drinking vessels
16 Suffix used to form superlatives
19 Plural suffix
22 Collection of laws (plural)
23 Skin disease of animals
25 Hearts
26 A fish (plural)
27 Dulled or blunted
28 Bungholes
29 Contests in classical antiquity
30 Household gods
31 Plans or maps
32 Ant
33 Din or uproar
34 Wash
37 Face of a clock (plural)
38 Roman goddess of growing vegetation
40 A bee
41 Portals
43 Carpenter's tools
44 Raised frivolous objections
47 Mental state
48 Trees
49 Defies
50 Liquid measures
51 Augments
52 Headpiece
53 District in India
54 Ecclesiastical court
55 River in Italy
56 Possessive pronoun
58 Humanity
59 Dry; said of wines
61 Note of the diatonic scale
63 Greek letter



ERAS RATER ARNA
TALC ENURE POOP
AIDA GOLEM PANE
SLAB ADE OPENED
BRIE ATEN
ORDAIN SPENDERS
THORN LOESS LEI
HOLD COURT OSAR
ENE CORNS ABIDE
RESTORED SPLEEN
AITS ACTA
STAPLE EGO TARO
LOVE GAMIN IRAN
ODER EDILE OISE
TARS SOLES NAPS

Answer to last week's puzzle

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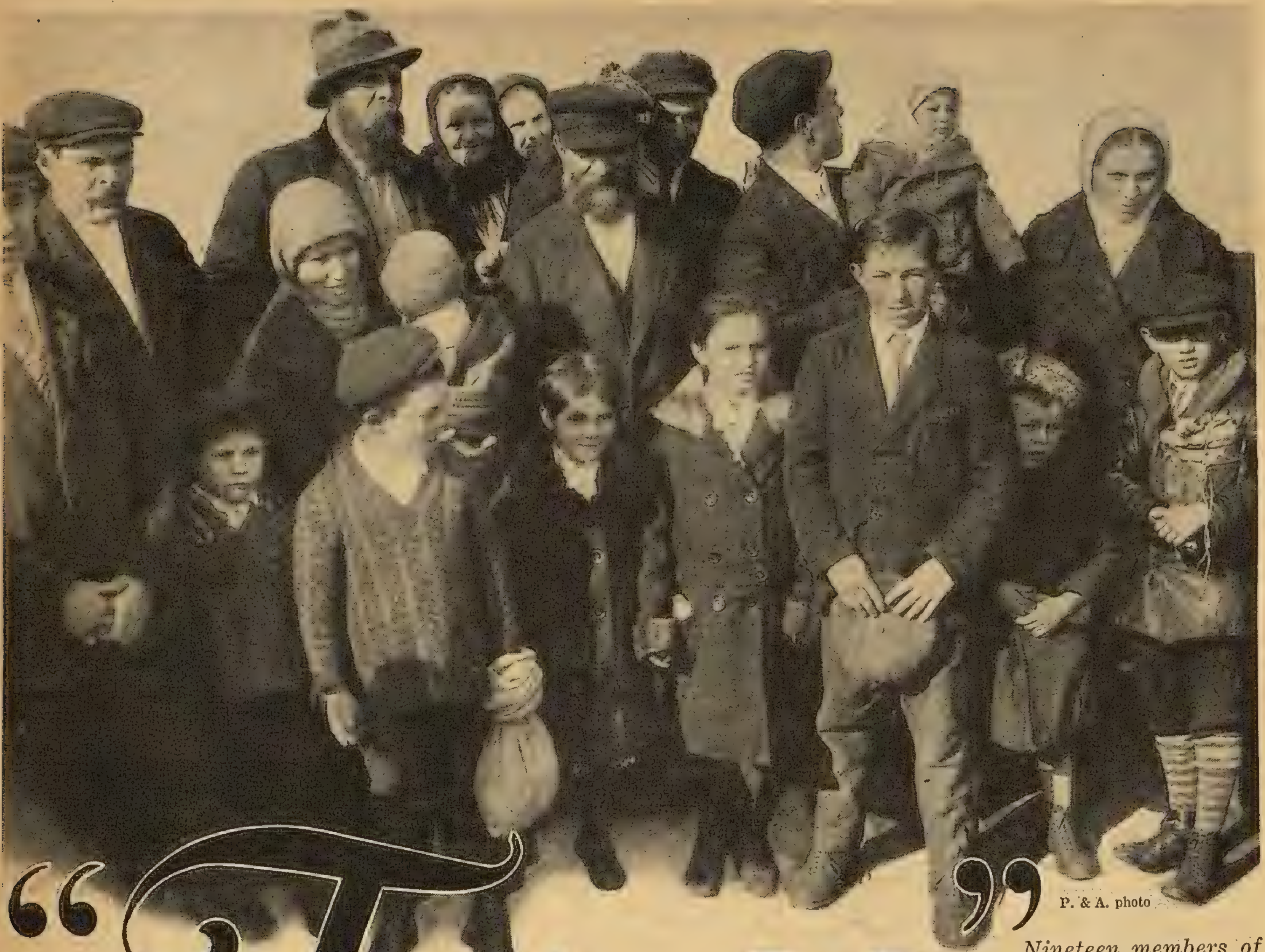

P. & A. photo

Nineteen members of the Pappin family who abandoned all they owned in Russia and came to America to start anew. Grandfather Yermolai Pappin is the bearded man with the visored cap. The other man with the beard is his brother Ivan.

“TAK”

or, What Russia Is Doing to Its “Rich” Farmers

AS TOLD BY MEMBERS OF THE PAPPIN FAMILY

To

LORIMER HAMMOND

a Connecticut Yankee whose qualifications for getting this word-picture include (1) several adventurous years as a newspaper man in various European countries and (2) the help of his wife, the Russian Princess Alexandra Kropotkin.

“TAK.” Grandfather Pappin hailed America with this Russian peasant word. *Tak*—that's how it is.

“That,” he said, “is how the communists have thrown our land and our homes away to a pack of good-for-nothing village loafers who used to be known by such names as Pete the Beggar and Ivan the Drunk.

“They won't work. They won't let others work. Their new state farms are worthless. Their new collective farms are just as bad. They talk about tractors and socialized agriculture and five-year plans. They pass big-worded resolutions. Meanwhile, no work is done and everything is wasted.”

Bearded to the eyes under his visored cap of dark blue cloth, wearing typical Russian boots and coarse white linen blouse, like a character from a Tolstoy novel, Grandfather Pappin stood on the sea wall in Battery Park, facing the man-built peaks and ranges of New York City; behind him the harbor, Ellis Island, 3,000 miles of ocean, Europe, Russia.

Russia!

“No one who does not cheat and lie and waste can hope to get on with the communists. They have made all profitable work a crime. They have spoiled the schools. They punish holy worship. They are driving the peasants to desperation. *Tak*”—that's how it is.

So declared Grandfather Yermolai Pappin, sturdy wheat farmer from the southern district, Rostov-on-Don. Aged fifty-four, father, grandfather, and patriarchal leader of his clan, he had just arrived in this country with his wife, four sons, two daughters, three daughters-in-law, five grandsons, and three granddaughters—nineteen in all.

With them in Battery Park stood Grandfather Pappin's tall, red-bearded brother Ivan, who came to the United States six years ago. Also Ivan, Jr., already thoroughly Americanized. After one day of rest the entire

Pappin pilgrimage—two motortruck loads of them—were scheduled to start a long overland journey to Vacaville, California, where they would settle as fruit farmers on land secured by the two Ivans.

In New York they were celebrities of the day—November 16 last. Newsreel cameramen herded them into picturesque groups. Reporters trailed them. A crowd of inquisitive bystanders ringed them around.

Why? Excepting their numerical feature—nineteen all in one family—they appeared not very different from many other immigrant groups. Instead of hats the girls and women wore large colored handkerchiefs as usual. Shy, silent, the children clung, as usual, to their elders. As usual, the men looked well inured to outdoor work. They bore themselves with greater dignity than some Europeans new-come via Ellis Island, but they certainly did not seem fantastic in any way. So why all the excitement? Why the movie men? Why the crowd?

The real attraction was Russia — peasant Russia — overwhelming continent of snow and blood and wheat—always obscure, never more than half known or half understood by the rest of the world—now double-locked against foreign knowledge by communist censorship and propaganda. Something, we realize, is going on these days in peasant Russia—something colossal. What? There, by means of science, revolution, and machinery, Red Moscow claims to be achieving the mightiest uplift in the history of human progress—the elevation of 125,000,000 peasant farmers from class content to class warfare. That's Moscow's name for it. Those who disagree with Moscow call it something else.

Press Cliché, Moscow, photo

The Soviet system of grain collection in Russian Turkestan. These peasants are delivering their grain, as required, at Tashkent.

There, they say, in agricultural Russia, masked behind false banners of modern thought and theory, communism is actually perpetrating the mightiest crime in the history of human oppression—forcing 125,000,000 peasant farmers back from hopes of independence to medieval serfdom and degradation.

"WHICH argument is right?" I asked the Pappins. Eight weeks ago they were there, old and young, in that country of dreadful doubt. They knew. They could answer as eyewitnesses. They did.

But not before they had prayed. The Pappins are Molokane—members of a dissentient religious sect something like Quakers. All Molokane are pious, hard-working, disciplined. Reaching the inexpensive West Sixteenth Street hotel where they were to spend the night, the nineteen Pappins withdrew at once for family prayer. They prayed long and devoutly—a heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving for deliverance from evil.

Then they talked.

Gregory, aged thirteen, was the first to relax. For two years past young Gregory had been entered on the books of the local soviet at Prelestnaya (the Pappins' village) as a full-fledged agricultural worker and householder. That was to increase the family land allotment, since land cannot be acquired otherwise according to communist law. Gregory, nevertheless, has retained a real boy's spontaneity. Hearing the question I put through my interpreter, "How many other farmers of your village would leave Soviet Russia if they could?" he sprang to his feet, made a face, and shouted, "*Vse!*"—All!

Vassili, an older brother, confirmed his judgment.

"Would they leave Russia? Every one! Listen. I'll tell you what they did the day we came away. They got down on their knees beside the railroad track. As our train pulled out they called us by name. They were begging us to help them escape from Russia, too. That was the last sight we had of our friends and neighbors. Do you think we can ever forget it?"

Not without sacrifice did the Pappins, themselves, depart. Fearing the spread of unfavorable inside information abroad—where foreign capital comes from—the Soviet government employs strong measures to discourage such peasant getaways. Timothy, Grandfather Pappin's firstborn son, described their leave-taking.

"As soon as the local commissars knew we were going they confiscated everything. Land, if you do not till it, reverts to the government. But our homes, our cattle, everything we owned, these they took. Luckily we had

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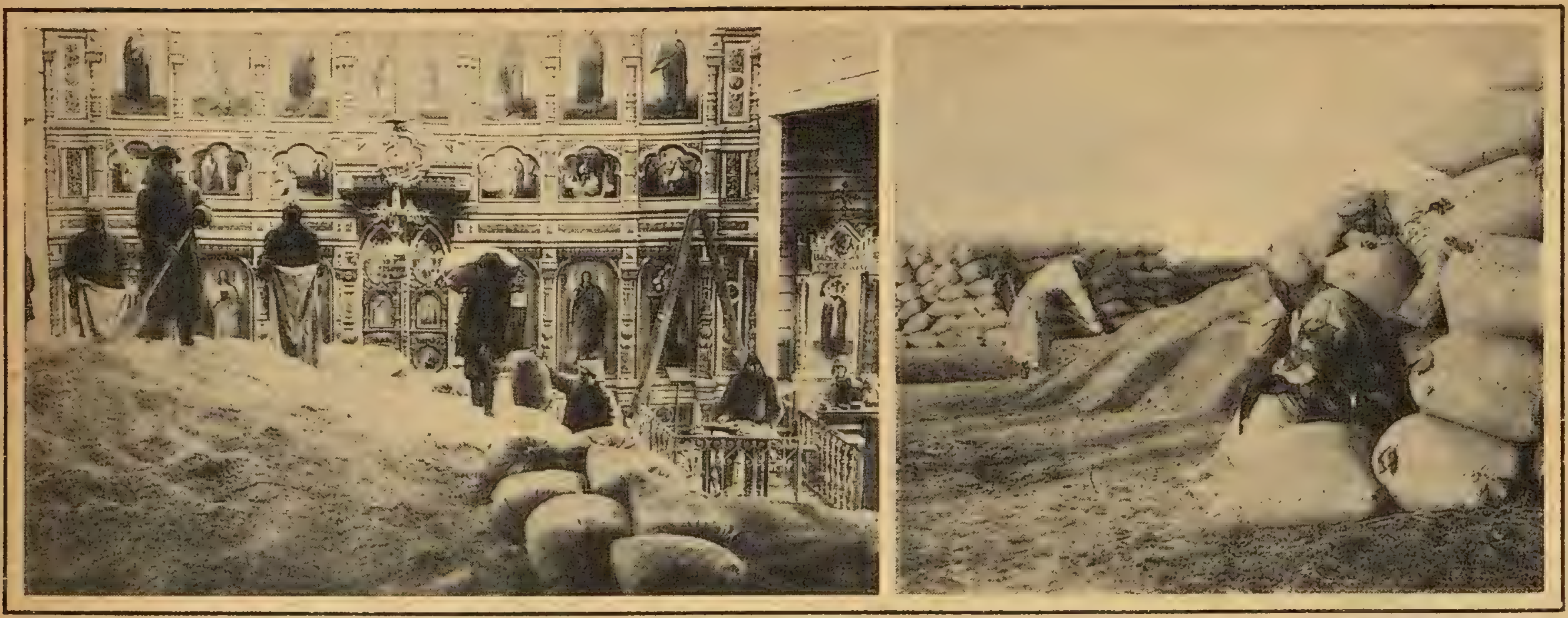


International photo Press Cliché, Moscow, photo

At some points in Russia, churches serve as Soviet granaries; at others, the collected sacks of wheat are piled on the ground. Soviet authorities explain that a bumper crop has made this necessary.

"TAK"
Continued from page fifty-three

our tickets, for they took our money, too. By communist law they confiscated not only Russian rubles, but also the three hundred American dollars Uncle Ivan had sent us from California. At the frontier they made us give them our baggage and all our extra clothing."

The Pappin men surrendered somewhat to indignation as they recalled this treatment of their wives and children by Soviet frontier officials. Voices grew louder.

"Only the clothes on our backs and one change of underwear—that was all they permitted us to keep."

"Nothing more—not even for the babies."

"Like beggars—that's how they made us go."

"They did it to punish us."

"For believing in God."

"For not being good bolsheviki."

Grandfather Pappin interrupted. Voluntary reports were becoming a little too miscellaneous. He raised a paternal hand. Immediately the others were silenced. Grandfather Pappin said gravely: "I am the father of them all. I managed to bring them up. Now I've brought them here to America. I know what our troubles have been. I will tell you how it was with us there. Then you will know why we had to come away."

Brown Bros. photo

A Russian peasant farmer and his sledge.

AND this is what he told me:

"After the war," he said, "we went to southern Russia. We settled in the Kuban district, on the shores of the Azov Sea. The soil was rich there. The wheat grew tall.

"Crops were good. We worked hard. At the end of the fourth harvest we owned three horses and three pairs of oxen. Then our troubles began.

"Because we were able to keep three horses and three pairs of oxen the village communists denounced us as a family of capitalists—enemies of the people. They called us *kulaks*."

A *kulak*, in old Russia, was a wealthy farmer of the land-snatching, money-grubbing, mortgage-foreclosing type. Literally translated, the word kulak means "fist." But in Moscow's new "language of the proletariat" this much despised word applies to any peasant who dares work for his own interests.

"There are many independent farmers like ourselves in the Kuban," Pappin continued, "families who wanted to work hard and save so that their children might not suffer the poverty they had suffered. It was not long before this spirit of independence began to frighten the communists. They began to imprison and confiscate and kill.

"They shot many. The name kulak was signal enough for a Red Army firing squad. Hundreds of small farmers were sent to the mines in Siberia—just as they are sending the German Mennonites today. Hundreds deserted their farms. Others killed off their live stock as fast as they could, because more than one cow or horse brought the accusation—'antisocial, kulak, counter-revolution.' We left the district.

"WE abandoned our fields, gave up our homes. We moved farther east. Near Rostov-on-Don we settled to start life anew. The village we went to was called Prelestnaya. (Prelestnaya means 'charming.') We did not find it so.

"There we divided our family. To prevent the Rostov communists from calling us kulaks because of our three horses and three pairs of oxen, we split our home into three parts.

"Before, we had always lived and worked and saved together. But in Russia under Stalin it is dangerous for families to be together. We had to separate. With my wife and our unmarried children, I began to work a small farm, using one of our horses and one pair of oxen.

"On a place near by our eldest son set up housekeeping with his wife and babies. Our second horse and second team of oxen went with them.

"Our other two married sons established themselves on a farm eight miles distant. They took the third horse and ox team.

"We were then three separate families, each as poor as any of our neighbors. No longer could they call us kulaks. We thought we had escaped forever from that deadly name.

"Our escape did not last long. A year later the communists fixed matters so that to own a horse or a pair of oxen became a 'crime against the proletariat.' Only kulaks owned cattle, and kulaks are enemies of the state. So there we were kulaks again. And as kulaks we were deprived of our vote in the local soviet assembly.

"That was fatal for us. The last straw. It broke our backs, compelling us to emigrate. For depriving us of our vote also deprived us of our right to trade at the local coöperative (state trust) stores. After that we were obliged to pay twenty rubles or more in the private market for commodities which sold at the government stores for five rubles. We knew that if we stayed in Russia the communists would reduce us, by this method, to the same condition of poverty and dependence as that of the *bossiaki.*"

In plain American, *bossiaki* means village bums. In old Russia a bossiak was a barefooted hobo—a tramp without shoes.

Since this slang word now stands for one of the most important features of the Soviet government's new agricultural system, it had best be clarified.

Before the Revolution no Russian land worker or farm hand could be considered quite respectable by his neighbors unless he was decently shod. He might not possess anything more in the world, but if he did not own one good pair of boots he was just a bum—a bossiak.

From this usage the plural, bossiaki, came to be employed as a general term of opprobrium denoting ex-convicts, yeggs, incurable vodka soaks, pickpockets, panhandlers, horse thieves, beggars, and other vagrant riffraff of the worst description.

NOW the Soviet state has placed Russia's agricultural population entirely under the thumb of these bossiaks. None but the bossiaki are accepted as workers on the new state farms or as members of the new collective farm groups. Independent farmers, such as the Pappins, with experience and initiative but branded as kulaks, are not permitted to join.

In reality, this is Moscow's political measure designed to prevent 125,000,000 peasant farmers from developing any capable leadership of their own.

According to Pappin, every peasant's entire crop must be given up to the state with the exception of twelve poods (432 pounds) of grain. With the twelve poods retained the farmer and his family must feed themselves until the next harvest. From it they must transact all their private trading as well. The price to be paid by the state for the rest of the crop is not fixed until after the grain has been collected. The farmer never knows how much he is getting. Russian families are usually large. They can seldom live through the winter on twelve poods of grain. As a result, they are forced to trade exclusively at state trust stores on murderous terms of credit.

Grandfather Pappin characterized this system as a shrewd communist scheme for keeping the vast peasant population of Russia harnessed to the government in a condition of perpetual debt slavery.

He also outlined the life and habits of the bossiaki—the official bums—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

10 minutes *for breakfast!*

"mustn't be late again this morning"

"WHAT would we do without G. Washington's Coffee? No more percolators and scouring for us! Just hot water and a teaspoon, and we have a cup of good coffee. It surely is 'the coffee that makes itself'."

G. Washington's is pure coffee, made from the finest coffee beans, with the grounds and water removed before the coffee is packed for home use. Here is the coffee that really makes itself. It is the new way to make good coffee.

G. Washington's is economical as well as convenient; the small can, because it is only the coffee part of the coffee bean, makes as many cups as the larger can of ordinary ground coffee. You can make a single good cup as easily as six, without waste.

Write for a generous free sample tin. G. Washington Coffee Refining Company, 200 Hanover Ave., Morris Plains, New Jersey.

G Washington's COFFEE

the coffee *part of the coffee bean*

GROUND COFFEE
GROUNDS MOISTURE ASH
THE COFFEE PART OF THE COFFEE BEAN

MOVIE MYTHS . . . by Director Fred Niblo

. . . if Greta Garbo was a truly classic beauty she might not be a great star . . . few fans really know whether Doug Fairbanks is handsome or not . . . you have a better chance in Hollywood as a plain American citizen than as a titled foreigner . . . perfect profiles usually land face down on the cutting-room floor. So says this straightforward illusion-shattering article by the man who made "Ben-Hur" . . . in Liberty NEXT WEEK!

"TAK"
Continued from page fifty-five

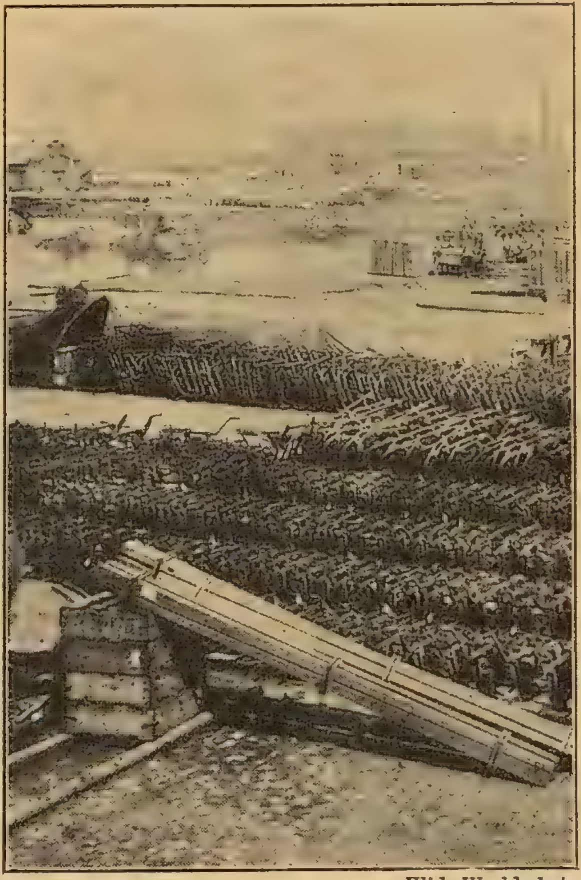
the village "proletariat," the pets of the Kremlin. "In our villages," he informed me, "they ran everything. They were the town constables, the postmasters, railroad superintendents, school committeemen, health inspectors, tax and grain collectors, insurance agents, newspaper editors, highway commissioners, police chiefs, and so on. All the government jobs belonged to them. You can imagine how they run things!"

Revealing the mad régime of the bossiaki as it prevails today throughout the farming regions of Russia's Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, Grandfather Pappin proceeded to offer me a picture of gangster rule developed and glorified to heights of audacity such as our American racketeers never have dreamed of attaining. The scene he depicted would have been melodramatic with graft, intrigue, and crime, were it not for its truly Russian atmosphere of futility.

"They waste everything."

Pappin gave the verb a bitter emphasis. Frugal, like all born farmers, to the marrow of his bones, it was plain that he shunned the very thought of waste with instinctive loathing.

"Their talk," he said, "sounds wonderful. They talk about farm machinery, about crop quotas, about tractor columns. Their so-called Giant State Farm was there, near us at Rostov, but we never set eyes on any of their scientific methods or tractor columns. That's all talk and laziness. Everything they touch falls to ruin. What good are words when people go hungry and have no shoes? In the meantime they do no work and they permit no work. So everything is wasted."



Wide World photo

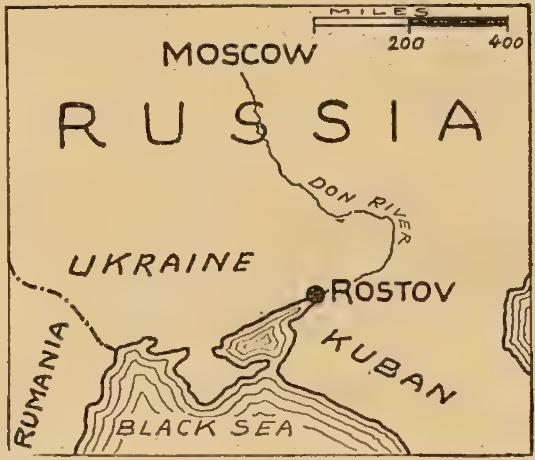
A big Russian importation of farm implements at Leningrad.

He recited facts and cases:

"Nothing is done on time at the government wheat centers. The workers get up at nine in the morning, harvest or no harvest. If one does not turn out to work, the others won't work either. The truck drivers and freight handlers do the same. For the sake of remaining popular, their bossiak foremen encourage them to loaf as much as they please.

"Then, too, the centers are never ready to handle the grain, collected from people like ourselves. When they receive it they dump it down on the bare earth under the open sky. For weeks they leave it there, unprotected, in all kinds of weather. Sometimes they jerk a few strips of ragged canvas over it. Often they do not cover it at all. The rain comes. The wheat spoils.

"AT Rostov they let four thousand sacks from our district stand a month uncovered. It was all ruined. The government steamship companies which carry grain up and down the Volga neglect their sheds. The boats do not run on schedule. The wheat sacks are left scattered around outdoors on the banks of the river. That's how they lose about one-sixth of the Volga crop every harvest. At Kazan, just before we left that place, they found two thousand sacks lying wet and rotten in a freight yard. No one seemed to have any idea how long it had been there or who was supposed to take care of it.



The region about Rostov-on-Don in southern Russia from whence the Pappins came.

"The storehouses needed for the grain are filled with beer, wine, and furniture. And when they do put wheat in them they stuff them so full that the walls of the buildings threaten to collapse. One of the big grain depots between Moscow and Leningrad has been destroyed like that.

"Around Leningrad they use the old potato storehouses for grain. Such buildings are not properly waterproofed. In them the wheat would be sure to rot. But to make a thoroughly bad job of it they throw the sacks in, one on top of another, without providing any kind of ventilation. Wheat ferments. Any dumb farm hand ought to know that. But the commissars haven't passed a resolution about it yet. So they don't know what to do.

"It is said that this year's wheat supply for the Leningrad district will perish in the storehouses. The sacks are not being sorted or tested for moisture and temperature. The inspection was supposed to have been finished by October. It had not started then.

"THE railroads could save a great deal of the grain if they would send enough freight cars to take it to the mills without delay. They never do. At a center not far from our village three hundred and fifty cars were requested. The railroad sent fifty cars. So three hundred carloads were left until the wheat rotted.

"At the same time thousands of cars stand idle on the sidings. A soldier cousin of ours who was garrisoned near Kiev last year told us he saw at least fifteen hundred cars filled with tools and raw materials for the Southern Steel Company (Yugostal) stranded more than three months on a siding there.

"The government flour mills are no better than the railroads. They waste as much as, if not more than, they produce. When they get the wheat they don't sort out the sacks which have been soaked by the rain and send them to the drying houses. Wet grain and dry, they grind it all together. Consequently half the flour in Russia is green and rancid before it leaves the mills.

"By the grace of God we have had three good harvests there, but by the laziness and stupidity of the bossiaki bosses we got rancid flour. And that is bad for the stomach. And the soul suffers, too, seeing things so."

Grandfather Pappin was still for a moment, listening to a strange new sound—the steady roar and rhythm of New York City at work. He sighed.

"We tried to keep going," he said. "It was no use. They won't let anyone work.

"Last year some of the wheat centers tried to speed up the harvest by paying premiums to those of us who delivered our wheat promptly. When they did so the bossiaki called protest meetings, denounced us as kulaks, and forced the government to boycott our farms and cancel our premiums. One way or another the 'comrades' defeat every effort to make real work a paying proposition."

Again he ended his long recital with the peasant byword, *tak.*

"That's how it is. Now you know why we did not want to stay in Soviet Russia."

His sons backed up his summary. "*Tak,*" they chorused. "That's how it is."

As farmers, as Russians, and as men, their reasons for quitting the soil of their birth were clear to me. But another side of the picture remained to be presented—the feminine angle. What, I wanted to know, did the women of the Pappin family think about it?

Four matrons there are in the House of Pappin. First to be reckoned is Evdosia, wife of Grandfather Yermolai, aged fifty-one, six times a mother, eight times a grandmother.

Then come the wives of her three married sons. Agatha, wife of Timothy, is thirty-seven. They have four children. Maria, twenty-two, and her husband, Vassili, have a small boy and girl. Ivan’s wife, Tatiana, is twenty. They have two baby sons.

I asked the four Pappin mothers how it was they had been willing to leave their hearths and homes. Grandmother Evdosia undertook to explain. Matriarch of the clan, it was she who told me what maternal hopes and fears had steeled the breasts of these four village women, bidding them sever home ties without protest, making them welcome the uncertainties of fate in a far-off land.

“We lived in constant dread,” she began. “We never knew when we might see our menfolk imprisoned, sent to Siberia, or shot before our eyes for bringing in a few extra poods of wheat. The name kulak or counter-revolutionist is all the thanks a man gets for hard work nowadays—and everyone knows where those names bring a man.

This Russian priest has been to market.

“BUT, worst of all, we realized that our children would have no better chance.

“All our lives we have been trying to work and save to educate our children. To give them better opportunities than we had when we were young—that has always been our ambition.

“When the Revolution came we believed the land would be ours to cultivate for ourselves. We thought that by working hard together we could afford, at last, to send our children to school—perhaps to college.

“Then the communists came. They spoiled everything. We own the land during our lifetime, they tell us, but what good is that when the harvests are theirs, not ours? In their schools, under their communist teachers, what can our children learn? They can learn about revolutions. How to make new ones. What have we to do with new revolutions? And, as for college, there only picked young communists can go. We Molokane have our own religion. Why teach our children to worship Lenin? It is not decent to have his picture where icons should be. If he was a good man he would not wish it himself.”

THE brisk old lady shook her head vigorously, then resumed.

“We could not let our children go to their communist schools. Everything they teach is bad. We want our children to learn what may help them get on in the world. Their education should lead them to wisdom and prosperity—not to hatred and foolishness and good-for-nothing ways.

“In our village there were many like ourselves who felt as we felt about the communist schools. We offered to build a schoolhouse with our own money, to hire our own teachers. The commissars refused to allow this. They defeated us through our children. We had to come away.”

Trouble and tragedy have etched deep lines around Grandmother Pappin’s eyes. Yet her back is still straight, her vision keen, the iron determination of her mouth still formidable. She permitted her lips to smile a grim acknowledgment of satisfaction as she added: “Here in America our boys and girls will be educated. They will learn useful things—not sacrilegious thought and wild political rubbish.”

The three Pappin mothers nodded quick agreement. Grandmother Pappin surveyed their sturdy brood of youngsters with speculative pride.

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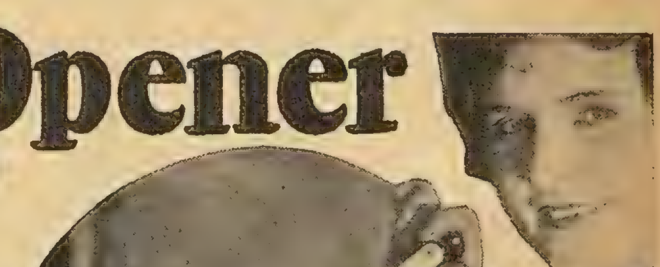
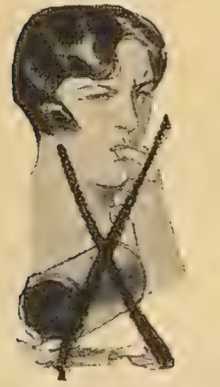
New Kind of Can Opener “Works Like Magic”

Just a Twist of the Wrist Banishes Old Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap!





WOMEN universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet in practically every home cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine then, how thankfully they welcome this new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful job. With the wonderful little Speedo can opener you just put the can in the machine, turn the handle, and almost instantly the job is done.

A “Million Dollar” Can Opening Machine

The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It’s so easy even a 10-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! And no wonder Speedo salesmen often sell to every house in the block and make up to $10 an hour either spare or full time.

Generous Free Test Offer

Frankly, I realize that the facts about this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible to you. I’ll grant you that the profit possibilities are so tremendous that it’s impossible to give more than a mere hint of them here. So I’ve worked out a plan by which you can examine the invention and test its profit possibilities without risking one penny of your own money!

Mail the Coupon Today

All I ask you to do is to fill out and mail the coupon below. You do not obligate yourself in any way whatever. I’ll rush you the details. Get my FREE TEST OFFER while the territory you want is still open—I’ll hold it for you while you make the test. I’ll send you all the facts about $75 to $150 in a week with Speedo. I’ll also tell you about another fast selling item in the Central States line that brings you two profits on every sale. All your risk is a 2c stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now.

No More Danger

One slip with the old-style can opener! Zipp! You’ve cut a ragged gash in your finger! Infection! Anything from big doctor bills to amputation or even death may follow. Speedo ends all this danger positively like magic.

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Here is a startling new opportunity for amazing profits. O. C. Gregg, Wyo., made $20 in 3 hours spare time. Mrs. R. Spain, Mass., made $9 the very first afternoon she received her sample outfit. Dickinson, Id., cleaned up $950 in just 27 days full time. We furnish everything. Train you. And also give you another amazing “Twin-invention” that offers you double profits in every home. Send your name and address quick for FREE SELLING OUTFIT OFFER.

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Yes, rush me the facts and details of your FREE OFFER And tell me how I can make $75 to $150 in a week.

Name..

Address..

City.................................State..................
( ) Check here if interested only in one for your home.

"TAK"
Continued from page fifty-seven

"They are strong," she declared. "Already they know what work is. Who can tell what they may make of themselves—now that they have their chance?"

I wondered if these vigilant matrons really were justified in giving such a reason for their long pilgrimage. Could it be possible that Russia's communist schools are as obnoxious as all that?

An American welfare worker at Ellis Island informed me later that similar protests against the Soviet government's educational system are being voiced by nearly every family of Russian immigrants arriving here.

A girl of sixteen came recently from Russia to join relatives in this country. Before the Revolution hers had been a family of small merchants, moderately well-to-do. Having grown up under the Red flag, the girl herself had received the only education available—a public high-school course along standard communist lines.

Her relations now living here had been educated at Russian schools prior to the Revolution. When they greeted her at Ellis Island she astonished them by refusing to utter a word.

Questioned at length, she broke down and confessed. She was ashamed to speak.

"You talk so nice," she sobbed, "and I don't know how."

It was then revealed that her communist teachers had encouraged no conversational refinements. She had been taught by them to believe that the "language of the proletariat" was good enough for all. Every vulgarity of the street and factory had been repeated without rebuke in her classrooms. Uncouth manners had gone unnoticed. Slang, profanity, and obscenity had been considered forms of expression natural to future workers for world revolt. No attempt had been made to correct faulty grammar, diction, or pronunciation.

Exactitude had been required, said this girl, only in so far as it applied to the many new words coined by the communist yen for trick abbreviations. The Red schoolmasters had insisted severely upon their charges memorizing all the bobbed terms such as *Ogpu, Komsod,* and *Narkomfin,* none of which which graced the Russian language before Lenin's advent.

AN American interpreter who helped the Pappins during their brief stay on the Island told me that none of the four little girls ever had seen a doll.

Toys of any kind, I was told, are practically unknown to immigrant children from Russia. Usually they sit mute and bewildered in the nursery at Ellis Island until they are taught to play. Often they cry when the time comes for them to leave for their new American homes across the harbor. More than once it has been all their mothers could do to tear these toy-starved children away from the few playthings Uncle Sam provides there.

One more incident Grandfather Pappin related. A common enough occurrence, he said it was, yet to me it dramatized everything he had told me previously.

"There was a certain priest in our village. He was a poor man. Priests of the Russian Church are not celibate, you know. They get married and have families. This priest in our village had a wife and ten children.

"The communists had not taken his church because it was the poorest in town. They had turned all the other churches into cafés and clubhouses for the bossiaki. But the roof on this priest's church leaked very badly and the windows were gone. So they let him keep it. But they broke the cross off the steeple and tore that down.

"He still conducted services there on Sundays. None of the peasants who came dared give him money. The communists make trouble for those who try to help the priests. So this priest had to support himself and his family by working in the fields on weekdays, like any other farmer. His wife worked beside him. Four of their ten children were small. They worked in the fields just the same. They all worked in the fields.

"Together they managed to harvest three hundred poods of wheat last summer. It was a good crop. They thanked God for it. Most of it would be taken from them, they knew, by the government grain tax. But they were sure that at least there would be enough left to feed them through the winter if they were careful.

"THEY even hoped there might be a little surplus to trade for a few pairs of children's shoes, a few yards of calico, or for some of the many tools and household goods they needed so badly. Again and again they tried to calculate what they might be able to afford. They priced everything a great many times. They needed so many things it was hard to decide what to get and what to go without.

"Finally a Soviet commissar came to collect the wheat tax. At once the priest was ordered to appear before this official.

"'You are a priest,' the commissar said. 'You talk religious nonsense to the workers.'

"'I teach the Gospel,' the priest admitted.

"'You are also a rich man. You have three hundred poods of wheat.'

"'I have a wife and ten children. Three hundred poods will give us only a bare living. I am not rich.'

"'Yes,' said the commissar, 'in the eyes of the Proletariat State you are a capitalist and a God-slinger. The tax on your crop will be three hundred and forty poods.'

"The priest recoiled as though shot. They were wiping out his tiny surplus so that no trade would be possible. They were stripping him of everything, leaving not one ounce of food to live on. Moreover, they were placing him in debt forty poods to the state. For him and for his family the tax would mean utter ruin, starvation. He explained this to the commissar.

"The commissar grew impatient. The priest and his family would pay the three hundred and forty poods. They would pay it or take the consequences. And—the commissar hoped they understood what happened to sanctimonious kulak priests who tried to evade the grain tax.

"'But how can we live?' the priest exclaimed in terror. 'What will we eat?'

"The commissar smiled. 'Eat?' he replied. 'You can eat your Holy Ghost.'"

That was the end of Grandfather Pappin's story. When he had finished I felt as though I had witnessed some revolting practical joke.

Through all the narratives of his experience, Russian communism seemed to stand unmasked as a shrewd and cruel mockery of government—government by deliberate fraud, by organized hatred, by religious intolerance, by fear, persecution, malice—by malice of the heart and of the hand.

No wonder the nineteen Pappin pilgrims appeared so glad to be here in the United States.

THE END

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Pay Station

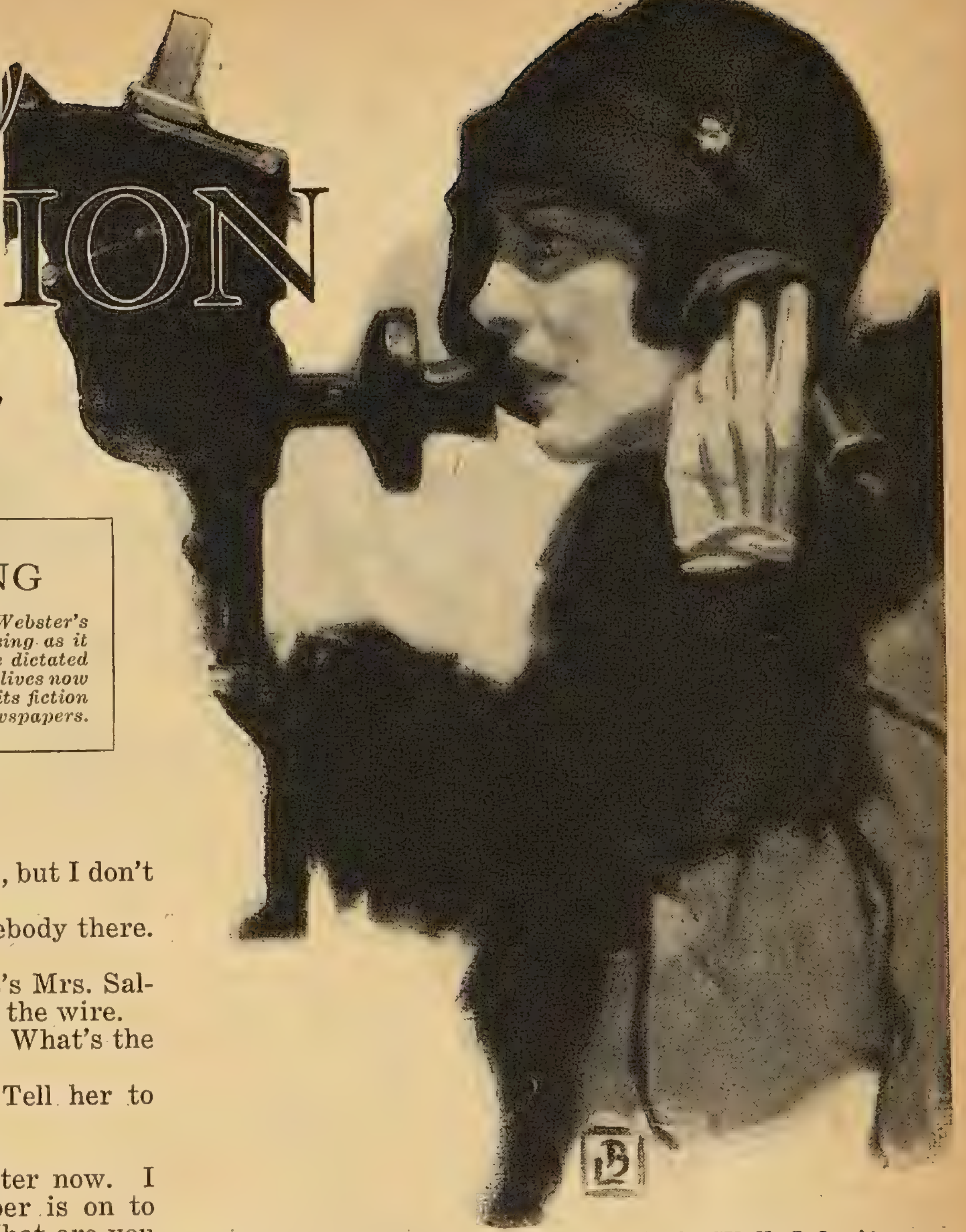
A Short Short Story

By

LORETTA KING

who used to write Henry Kitchell Webster's novels for him. This isn't as surprising as it sounds; she was his secretary, and he dictated them. Miss King is from Chicago and lives now in New York, where she reads and edits fiction syndicated to a group of American newspapers.

Picture by LOWE BIEDENMEISTER



"He's on his way home, did you say? Well, I don't care. I'm not coming home till this picture is over, see?"

"GIVE me Melrose 13485.

"Listen, I asked for Melrose 13485, but I don't get any answer.

"Sure, try 'em again. I know there's somebody there. That's my own apartment.

"Hello. Hello. That you, Hannah? This's Mrs. Salmonson. Say, listen, Hannah, put Shirley on the wire.

"I said call Shirley to the phone, Hannah. What's the matter, you don't seem to hear good tonight.

"All right. I'll hold the line for her. Tell her to hurry. . . .

"Hello, darling. This is mamma speaking.

"Yes, Shirley, I'm downtown at the theater now. I just came out while the grand opera number is on to speak with you before the picture starts. What are you doing, Shirley? . . .

"That's mamma's good girl. Be sure you finish all your homework and that Milton does his arithmetic, too. Did Milton take his milk of magnesia yet?

"Now, you see he takes it before he goes to bed.

"Did papa call up? He did? What did he say?

"He talked to Grandma? I want to speak with Grandma. Yes, darling, I'll be home soon. You know mamma hasn't been away from you one evening since last June, when papa took mamma to see Whoopee on our anniversary. Now don't cry, darling. Be a good girl for mamma and she will bring you something nice when she comes home.

"Yes, Milton too, if he's a good boy and takes his magnesia nice and goes early to bed. Did he eat a good supper? That's fine.

"Yes, mamma'll be home soon. Mind Grandma, now, you and Milton, and go to bed when she tells you.

"Yes, darling, I had my supper. I met a friend of papa's, as I told you when I called up before, and he took me to a swell place for supper and now we are going to see Disraeli.

"Yes, dear, I'll tell you all about the picture tomorrow. Now let Grandma talk, Shirley. Finish your lessons and go to bed and in the morning mamma has a surprise for her little girl. Good night, darling. Let Grandma talk. . . .

"Hello, ma. Shirley says Sam called up. What did he say?

"Did he ask for me?

"What did you tell him? Did you say I was having dinner with a friend, and that I was going to a show with him afterwards?

"Yes? Yes?

"He was mad? Good! That big loafer, I'll make him madder yet.

"He's on his way home, did you say?

"Well, I don't care, ma. I'm not coming home till this picture is over, see? . . .

"Oh, sure, I'm alone. What did you think?

"I'm all right, ma. Don't worry about me, but I don't want that big stiff to think he can put anything over on me, see? He's been staying out lately and sayin' he's so rushed at the store. Yes, and I just rode over there and saw the place all dark. If he's so rushed at the store, why isn't more money comin' in?

"Yes, I know—he was caught in the crash. That's his story. That's the alibi for a lot of guys who are double-crossing their wives, and I suppose they tell their girl friends the same story when they're through.

"Well, let him worry. I don't care! Besides, it'll do him good to worry about me for once. I've done enough worrying about him for the past six months. . . .

"What? I can't hear you, ma.

"You say he's coming in?

"Say, ma, don't say anything to let him know I'm talking. I'll ring off, but I'll be right home. I won't stay to see the picture. . . .

"Sure, ma. Don't worry. I'll be there as fast as a Bronx express'll take me. Say listen, ma. Is there something nice left from supper? Ask Hannah to warm it up good. Maybe Sam's hungry.

"Yes, I know he said he was having dinner downtown, but he's been eating in restaurants so much lately, he must be sick of that junk. Just ask Hannah to heat up something for him, will you? And, ma, you make some fresh coffee for him. You make it better than Hannah. I'll be right home, but don't tell Sam you were talking to me. See you soon, ma. Good-by."

THE END

WINTER FRUITS

By ETHEL SOMERS

Oranges and bananas are palatable and healthful salad materials that are always available.

HOUSEWIVES who are alert to the family health put fruit, either raw or cooked, on at least two menus each day. Winter fruits lend themselves to a variety of pleasing and healthful dishes.

Orange-Apple Ice

2½ cups sweetened apple sauce
⅓ cup lemon juice
1 cup orange juice
1 cup sugar
1 egg white, beaten

COMBINE the sauce, juices, and sugar. Freeze, with occasional stirring, until of a mushy consistency. Fold in the beaten egg white and return to the freezing chamber to complete the freezing.

Ham with Orange

6 servings fried ham
2 tablespoons ham fat
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups orange juice
2 large oranges, sliced

AFTER removing the fat, cut the ham into rounds of the same size as the orange slices. Mince the fat and brown the ham rounds on both sides. Remove to a hot platter to keep warm. Discard all but two tablespoons of the ham fat in the fry pan. Stir in the flour and cook, stirring, until lightly browned. Then stir in the orange juice. Boil and stir for at least five minutes. Turn the flame low and continue to cook at least five minutes longer. Top each round of fried ham with an orange slice one-fourth inch thick. Garnish with parsley and pour the hot orange gravy around the ham on the platter.

Fruity Frappé

½ cup sugar
⅔ cup water
1⅓ cups sweet cider
¾ cup orange juice
3 tablespoons lemon juice

BOIL the sugar and water together for five minutes, or to 217° F. Add the cider and fruit juices. Cool, strain, and freeze, with occasional stirring. This may be used as a dessert or as an ideal accompaniment for a roast.

Grapefruit Cream Pie

1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
1¼ cups boiling water
3 egg yolks
½ tablespoon butter
¼ to ½ cup grapefruit juice
¼ cup lemon juice
Grated rind one lemon (yellow part only)

MIX the sugar, flour, cornstarch, and salt until thoroughly blended. Slowly stir in the hot water. Mix well to prevent lumps. Boil and stir until the mixture is very stiff and will pile when dropped from a spoon. Then cook over water from fifteen to twenty minutes, which will insure a thorough cooking of the starch ingredients. Remove from the fire. Beat in the egg yolks, butter, fruit juices, and rind. Cool the mixture before putting into a baked pie shell. Cover with meringue, whipped cream, or coconut.

Cranberry Frappé

1 pound cranberries
4 cups water
2½ cups sugar
Juice of 1 lemon
1/16 teaspoon salt

PREPARE the cranberries by cooking in the water until soft, covering to prevent their popping out of the pan as they burst. Press through a sieve. Add the sugar, lemon juice, and salt. Pack in an ice-and-salt mixture, using one part salt to six parts ice. Freeze and repack for ripening. If a more delicate, fluffy frappé is desired, two stiffly beaten egg whites or one cup of cream whipped stiff may be folded into the cranberries before it is packed for ripening.

ADDITIONAL delightful fruit and fruit-juice recipes await those who consult the complete list of fruit suggestions in Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Orange-apple ice, cranberry frappé, and prune cream pie are just a few of the many fruit delicacies that can be easily prepared by following Miss Somers' booklet directions. The pamphlets cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Your order will receive immediate attention. Please use the coupon.

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Fruit-Nut Filling

(For layer cake or dessert)

1 cup chopped fruit (prunes, dates, figs, raisins, candied cherries, or coconut in any desired combination)
⅓ cup boiling water
⅓ cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice, or
2 tablespoons orange juice
⅓ to ⅔ cup chopped nuts

USING a double boiler, cook all the ingredients except the nuts over water for at least fifteen minutes, or until soft and well blended. Add nuts, cool, and use as desired.

Prune Pie

2 cups cooked pitted prunes
⅓ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 cup water
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup sugar
2 to 4 tablespoons butter

HEAT the prunes, lemon juice, and grated rind in the water. Mix the flour with the sugar until blended. When the prune mixture is hot, stir it into the blended sugar and flour. Cook and stir until slightly thickened. Add the butter and mix well. Bake in a two-crust pie in a hot oven (475° F.) from twelve to fifteen minutes, or until the crust is done brown. If an open pie is desired, continue to cook the prune mixture over hot water for fifteen or thirty minutes. When cool pour into a baked pie shell and just before serving add whipped cream or ice cream.

Prune Cream Pie

FILL a baked pie shell with alternate layers of cooked pitted prunes and cooked orange or lemon cream filling. Cover with meringue and bake.

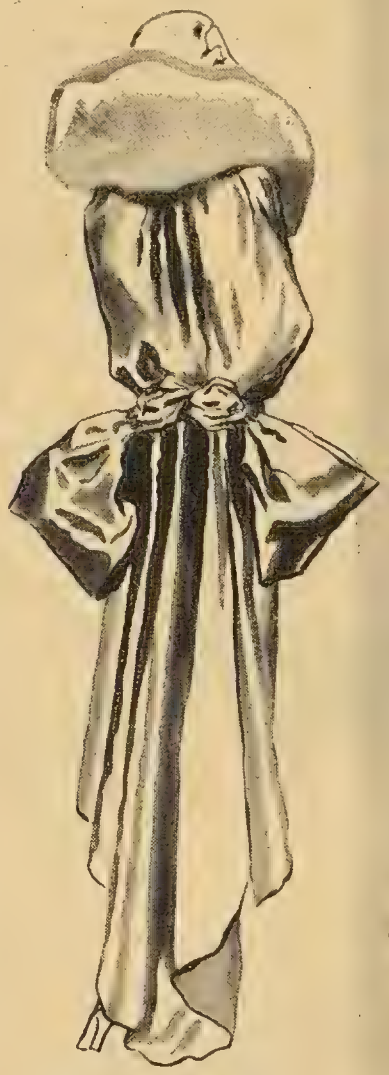
Baked Apple

1 tart baking apple per person
2 tablespoons sugar, brown or white, per apple
½ teaspoon butter per apple
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg or cinnamon per apple

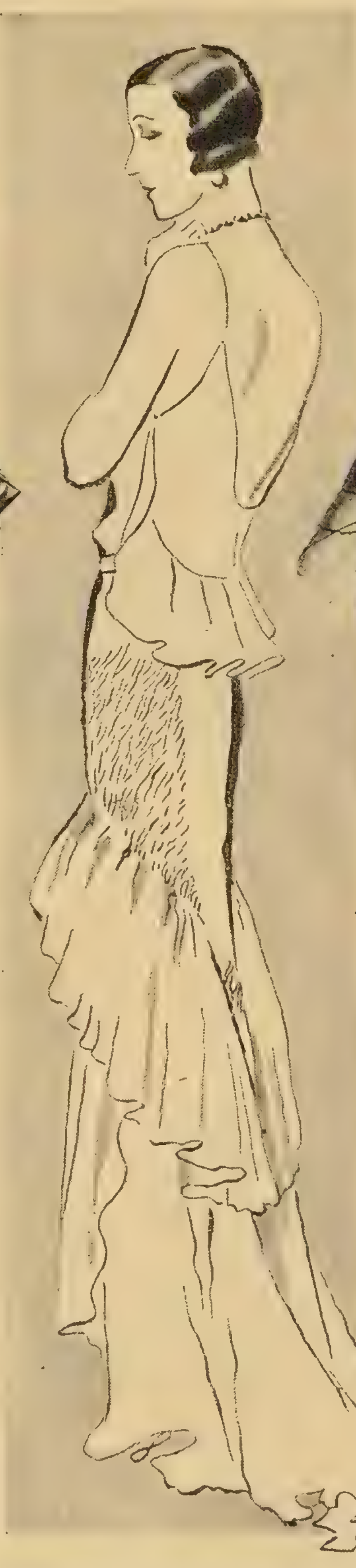
REMOVE the core and peel the apple halfway, filling the center with the sugar, butter, and spice. If desired, one teaspoon of lemon per apple may be added or the center hole may be filled with chopped figs, nuts, and raisins. Place in a moderate oven (375° F.) from thirty to forty minutes. When tender, sprinkle the top generously with granulated sugar and place under the broiler flame for a few minutes, or until the sugar is melted and the top browned. Cool and serve with cream or sauce.

Fashion Pays Her Debts

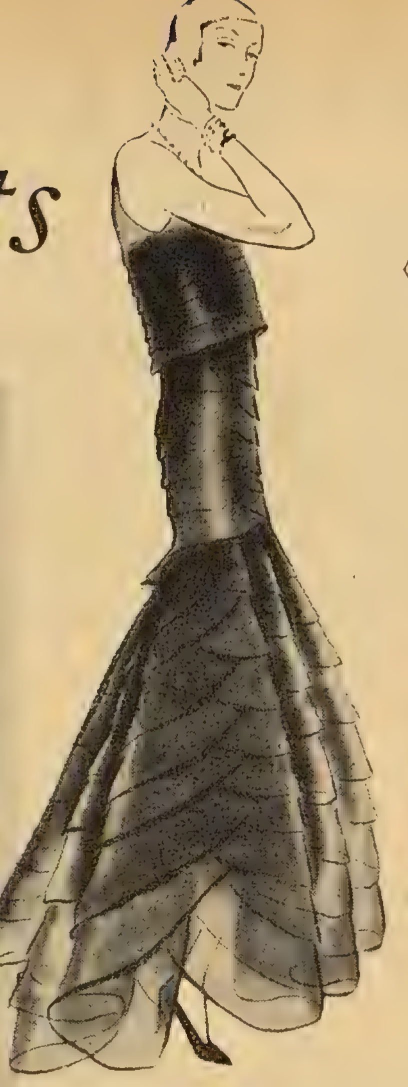
By BETTINA BEDWELL



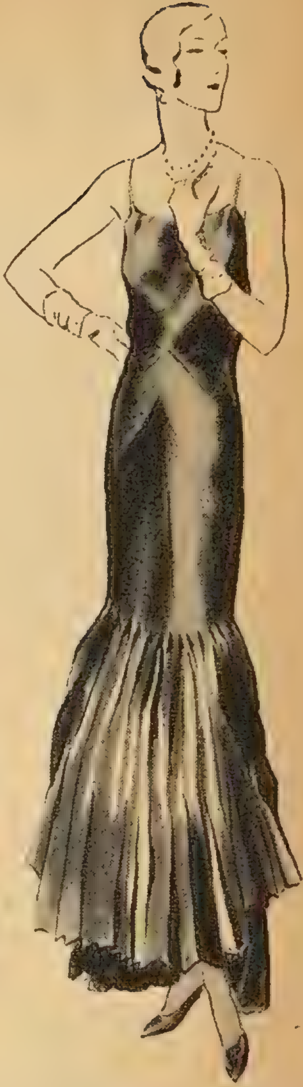
Silver-gray satin and gray fox make a high-waisted wrap.



Lelong created this evening gown of creamy marquisette. The décolletage may be raised and the skirt shortened.



The newest dance frock is made of widths of horsehair braid.



A princesse gown in sapphire-blue stiff satin. For ideal figures only.

Paris.

THE world may not owe us a living, though there seems to be a deep-seated feeling in most bosoms that something is due on account. However, fashion does owe us plenty. If we cannot borrow beauty from our clothes, then styles are insolvent from the start. Lack of beauty resources is what has been the matter with the new 1930 period of dress up to now.

Paris launched these fashions on the assumption that woman herself had beauty unlimited, and they were the most gorgeous trappings for said hypothetical pulchritude that have been executed in the history of costume, but they did *not* have any beauty-endowment fund. How many perfect thirty-sixes exist today? I do not need to answer this question. We all know that they are so few as to be negligible. For this reason anything like mass adaptation of fitted, long-skirted, high-waisted lines as originally presented is impossible.

I HAVE asked Lucien Lelong what is going to be done about this. He thinks that Paris owes a big beauty debt to women in general, and he believes that it isn't necessary to scrap the new fashions in order to pay it. There isn't, he says, anything particularly difficult about long skirts. Any woman can wear them, if she finds the "good measure"; that is, the exact length that her height and weight can stand, and the comfortable length for what she is doing in the clothes she wears. As to the normal waistline, it is nature's own, and if we leave off pinching it in and tightly girding it, nobody will have trouble wearing it. Where the figure lines are genuinely bad, camouflage is going to be provided by Paris, making the line seem normal when it ain't.

It is evening clothes that have made the most depressing run on beauty's bank, and it is evening clothes that simply have to follow the longest and most fitted lines in order to be chic. Therefore it is in evening fashions for the Southern resort (the first spring modes) that Lelong and other Paris dressmakers try hardest to pay Fashion's debt to the ladies.

First of all, the very uneven hem has been abandoned, so that limbs are not outlined against a back drop, making perfection of contour a necessity. Second, princesse upper lines are softened by boleros and capelets and panels, so that the fit does not reveal what we have need to conceal in the cause of beauty. Third, there are more modest décolletages than there are backless frocks. Fourth, there are flattering materials for the needy.

OUR first design shows a silver-gray evening wrap in satin, with the waistline emphasized by twisted loops across the back. This wrap trails slightly, and is cut away in front. Lelong gives it a shawl collar of gray fox.

Lelong's universal beauty-endowment evening silhouette for the South is shown in our second sketch. It is made of a yellowy-cream marquisette. The high waistline is bloused in front, and dipped by a bolero with a circular ruffle in back. The skirt is shirred from hips to knees, and ruffled below, while below that are long circular panels that trail slightly in back.

Our third sketch shows the newest dancing frock, made of a new dress material—lacy horsehair braid. Narrow bands of braid make the short bolero, wider bands the fitted column that extends to the hips, and flaring crossed bands the long, bouffant skirt.

A frock frankly intended for the ideal figure is illustrated in the upper right-hand corner. It is made of dark sapphire-blue stiff satin, with a princesse upper, and sunburst tucks in front and back, left unstitched to flare from the knees.

Tommy Hitchcock The Polo Player

The Story of an Ace in Peace and War

By PETER VISCHER

THE greatest polo player in the world today is Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., captain of the American international team. He is a quiet and modest sportsman, typical of polo, who deprecates praise to the extent that it becomes somewhat difficult to relate, adequately, his exploits. His is a serene outlook on life and sport, a thoroughly American attitude which believes in taking the world as it comes, and, with honest enthusiasm, making it fascinating.

Hitchcock stands alone as the greatest of modern polo players. He has played in international matches at Hurlingham and Meadow Brook, and won the open-eyed admiration of London and New York. He played in the Olympics at St. Cloud, and earned the plaudits of Paris. He has played on the King's field at Madrid, where half a regiment of caparisoned Spanish soldiery held his ponies, carried his sticks, opened the doors of a royal Rolls-Royce. He has played at Deauville and Biarritz, in California and Carolina, in Hawaii, in many places. He is known as one ready to play polo anywhere, any time, whenever he can and as often as he can. He likes polo.

Edwin Levick photo

Tommy Hitchcock taking the ball away from Nelson of the Argentines in a "Championship of the Americas" polo match in 1928. Nelson is in full view, with Hitchcock behind him.

Hitchcock dominates modern polo—and there is no harder, faster, more demanding game in all the world—as much as Tilden ever did tennis, or Bobby Jones does golf. Today, at the age of twenty-nine, he isn't even challenged. He is the greatest all-around player of them all, and he can beat each of his closest rivals at their own games.

HITCHCOCK can be as deft as Lewis Lacey, the brilliant Argentine; as dashing as Captain Pat Roark, the fascinating Irishman; as wise as Johnny Traill, today the finest defensive player in London. He can outwit the wily Watson Webb, block Malcolm Stevenson, outslug the powerful Winston Guest. He is the only player today who can play any of its four positions and be equally good at all.

These are facts, not the liquid superlatives of a one-time sports writer for the newspapers. And, sticking to facts, it would not be right to go recklessly on and say that Hitchcock is the greatest figure polo has ever seen. That is something still to be determined in the years to come. At present, he is the leader of the day, one worthy to make a third among America's polo stalwarts. Hitchcock has won a place beside Harry Payne Whitney and Devereux Milburn.

Followers of sport, particularly in America, have short memories. They are apt to forget. The British well remember Captain Leslie St. C. Cheape, their greatest polo player, who went so gallantly and so needlessly to his death fighting Turks on Easter Sunday of 1916. Perhaps they remember him too well, for they have never found his successor.

Modern followers of polo, in their admiration of present-day heroes, seem to have forgotten the rôles played by Harry Whitney and Devereux Milburn, and the debt owed to them.

WHITNEY organized the international expedition of 1909 and was the first to beat Great Britain. He instituted the tradition of American victory and was, on his own account, an unexcelled No. 3 and an uncompromising leader. Whitney was to polo what Maurice McLaughlin was to tennis; single-handed, he made the game over from a pretty exhibition of mounted croquet into the thundering sport it is today. He scoured the world for ponies and demonstrated the value of the thoroughbred. He brought about the abolition of the old-fashioned off-side rule and opened up the game, to make it more pleasurable for players and spectators. America was never beaten while Harry Whitney captained its side.

His day at the helm of America's competitive polo is past, but he is still a figure to inspire confidence. Even today, he shuns the crowds of international polo as he always did; at international matches he stands with the ponies at the picket line, alone with a few cronies. There, you may be sure, he is not forgotten.

Devereux Milburn was not merely a truly great polo player; he too left his mark on the game. He was the first who refused to regard his position at back as merely defensive. He picked up the last rampart of the defense where he was set on guard and dashed off with it into the very mouth of the enemy goal. He played on seven international teams, a powerful, stony, almost savage huntsman.

It was his misfortune to be laid low two years ago, when he was thrown in a drag at Aiken and broke his shoulder; otherwise I don't doubt that he would still have his boots on, going hell-for-leather.

Whitney and Milburn are not merely names dug out of the dusty past of polo. These two made the game that Hitchcock plays and brought it to its present-day perfection. In a way, they made possible Hitchcock's genius and they deserve to share in the credit for it.

Despite Hitchcock's extraordinary prowess at polo, it cannot be said that he is lopsided on the subject; he doesn't believe in doing anything to the point of absorp-

Edwin Levick photo

Hitchcock and Malcolm Stevenson in action in a polo match at Meadow Brook, Long Island.

P. & A. photo

Tommy Hitchcock, world ace of aces at polo, and noted "war bird."

tion. He was a harassing hockey player at school and took part in football. He is not bad as a golfer. He is a fast and shifty boxer with a wallop, and goes a few rounds almost every day of his life. During the war, as a combat flyer, he gave unassailable evidence of his ability to meet any situation that might arise.

He is a consummate horseman, whose outstanding characteristics are perfection in balance and precision in touch. This is not to be wondered at, for his father and mother are considered to be among the finest riders in the world. His father was a member of America's first international polo team in 1886, a steeplechase rider, a master of foxhounds, a leader in racing and hunting. His mother is a master of foxhounds in her own right, an unexcelled horsewoman today though she is well over sixty, a teacher of young polo players. Further, a sister, Helen, now Mrs. J. Averell Clark, could occasionally beat her mother over the jumps, and a brother, Frank, started out as though he too intended to become a figure in the world of horses and polo.

P. & A. photo

He comes honestly by his great horsemanship: witness this photograph of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Sr., clearing a jump at Aiken, South Carolina.

YOUNG Tommy was first put on a horse at the age of three. At fourteen he started polo, under the tutelage of his parents. Two years he was a member of teams that won the junior and senior championships of the United States. In the senior event, curiously, he played on a team that all but went into action later in international polo; himself at No. 1, Watson Webb at No. 2, Malcolm Stevenson at No. 3, and Louis E. Stoddard at back. Each of these men has represented the United States in polo since that day in 1916.

When America entered the war, Hitchcock was a youth of seventeen at St. Paul's School in the hills of New Hampshire. He came down from prep school to enlist in the aviation section of the army, but was rejected because he was too young. At almost the same moment his father, though too old, was accepted.

Tommy Hitchcock then decided to get into the Lafayette Escadrille, most spectacular of the war's outfits, and with the help of Theodore Roosevelt he did it. One misty June morning in 1917 he steamed out of New York harbor bound for France, with nine other anxious young men.

Spoiling for the fight, they paid their own steamship fares, bought their own uniforms, promised to provide for their own training.

Upon his arrival in France, Hitchcock was taken to a camp outside Bourges, in Cher, a department of central France. There he was to get his preliminary training, for his flying experience in America had been limited to a few trips as a passenger. His learning to fly was done by the "trial and error" system; you went up alone from the beginning, and if you survived you were a flyer.

After a short preliminary training, he went to Pau for instruction in acrobatics. By the end of September he could handle a Nieuport well enough and was considered a pilot, though still a buck private. He was sent with a number of others to a depot behind the front, and sat there waiting for flyers at the front to get killed, when there would be calls for replacements.

On December 11, 1917, Hitchcock reached the front. It was a cold, bleak day, but not too bad at first. He was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TOMMY HITCHCOCK, THE POLO PLAYER
Continued from page sixty-three

at a lovely spot called Luneville, where Stanislas lived as the Duke of Lorraine after he gave up the throne of Poland for the second time. Hitchcock lived in a charming château with ten other pilots, one of them an American, William Wellman — since become a director of motion pictures; the man who made Wings.

Theirs was a little sector south of Nancy. Some of the bloodiest fighting of the war had taken place there; de Castelnau had lost 140 officers and more than 5,000 men from a single division there in two weeks of fighting back in 1914. But now both the French and the Germans seemed content to let matters rest. Nobody wanted to stir up trouble—except the two Americans. They were fresh. They had come to fight. And they did.

Photo from James Norman Hall

On their way to France to enlist. From left to right, Tommy Hitchcock, Walter York, Winter, Guest, Rogers, and down in front, Schrieber. The first two joined the Lafayette Flying Corps.

International photo

Lieutenant Hitchcock in wartime.

On January 6, about ten o'clock on the morning of a bitter winter's day, Hitchcock went up for the first time with two other Nieuports to guard a French observation plane sent up to get pictures. The observation ship was slow and was difficult to see, being camouflaged. Before long Hitchcock was lost and was flying alone.

OFF in the distance he saw a German plane being shelled, about 6,000 feet up, over the Vosges Mountains. It was only a speck in the sky, but any one could tell it was a German because the puffs of smoke around it were white, which meant that French guns were popping at it; the German anti-aircraft puffs were black.

Abandoning the search for the observation plane, Hitchcock decided to go after the German. It took fifteen minutes to reach him, minutes that seemed like hours, and over the German lines they met. To Hitchcock's utter amazement, he suddenly discovered that the German pilot had a machine-gunner with him, calmly squinting at him along the sights. The American ducked, to get under the German's tail and keep away from the bullets rat-a-tat-tatting from the German gun.

Suddenly the German made a sharp turn to disclose his enemy to the gunner, and this gave Hitchcock his chance. He let his machine gun go, through his own propeller, straight at the enemy craft. The gun hadn't gone off six times when the German started a spinning nose dive. Down he went, and though it was an old German trick to fake disaster and return to the attack, this poor German kept right on going till he piled into the side of a hill, a goner.

Hitchcock started for home with very little gas left in his tank. He couldn't make his landing field and had to try a forced landing. He settled down in a road and went over in a ditch. There stood his ship, straight up on her nose, with her pilot hanging from his belt. He went home, dejected, by train.

This was sport such as his wildest imagination had never dreamed of—all the tense excitement of hunting and shooting, with the most terrifying danger added. It was one life or the other, and Hitchcock makes no bones about the fact that he was glad to get out alive.

For this first battle in the air he was awarded the Croix de Guerre with palm and promoted to the exalted rank of corporal.

His second duel followed hard on the first. Early in February Wellman and he went up and spotted a German. From nowhere an unseen Frenchman made for the Boche—a youngster named Minot, brave and reckless but hardly a match for the German flyer. In plain view of the Americans the struts of the Frenchman's plane were cut and the boy went fluttering down.

THE Americans then started to circle this German, a biplane with pilot and gunner, trying to get a shot at him. First Wellman would dive at him, then Hitchcock. Nobody could land a hit, but the German was all this time managing to draw closer and closer to his base at Amay. Finally he made it, with the two Americans so close on top of him that they barely escaped — to be rewarded with French war crosses with two palms, money prizes, and, best of all, a ten days' leave in Paris. Hitchcock took the opportunity to apply for a commission in the American army.

In another month he was in his third battle, and this time he was even luckier to escape with his life, for he was shot down by the Germans and badly wounded. On March 6, 1918, German single-seaters came over Nancy, swift, nimble little machines that looked very businesslike. Hitchcock went up after them with two Frenchmen, spotted one and was trying to get it, when he heard a sickening rat-tat-tat-tat on his left.

Immediately he felt a terrific kick in his left side; he was shot in the hip. He put his left hand down to ease the pain, and tried to steer the ship with his right.

There was nothing he could do. One of the German's bullets had severed the rudder control and the plane went down and down in crazy circles. He landed in a heap and tried to crawl out. Dimly he remembers people running toward him.

International photo

Captain Hitchcock of America's international polo team.

The next thing he knew, he was on a German dressing table. He was a prisoner.

Hitchcock was captured at Château-Salins and taken to hospitals at Sankt Avold and Saarbrücken. So far as America knew, he was "missing," having been seen to fall out of control in territory held by the Germans. Later the Prussian War Ministry reported to the Spanish, with some show of pride, that the American flyer Hitchcock had been taken prisoner and interned.

Escape was the first thought in his mind, but his recovery was slow. Food was scarce, doctors scarcer; there was only one doctor for 150 patients. The wound became infected and he was shifted from one hospital to another—from Darmstadt to Giessen, to Landshut, to Lechfeld. At Lechfeld he joined a secret society, its only membership requirement being an intense and earnest passion for escape. There were 1,200 prisoners in the camp and twenty belonged to the society. Hitchcock planned to go out with the garbage, not a pretty way to say adieu, but apparently the surest. He received a compass and was introduced to the Frenchman who knew the best routes to France. He was all set to go with two other Americans, Sergeant Herschel McKee and a chap named Herman Whitmore, from Haverhill, Massachusetts.

The morning they were to have made the attempt he was transferred again, this time to Rastatt, somewhere on the Rhine, where American prisoners were being concentrated. He hid his compass in a loaf of bread and set out with two other prisoners, in charge of an old German of the *Landwehr*. They kept peering out of the windows, determined to make a break for it at the first stop.

ALONG about ten o'clock the old German began to doze. His guidebook slipped into his lap, and there, from one corner of it, a loose-leaf road map protruded. Hitchcock snitched the map and noted that by following the railroad he could pick up his original route of escape. But then the German woke up, noticed his map was missing, and began to get excited. The train was just pulling into a station fifteen miles east of Ulm, so, calling to the others, Hitchcock made a break for it.

Everybody was shouting and there was terrific excitement. But the old German couldn't follow; he could only gesticulate, for he had two other prisoners to watch. Hitchcock ran as fast as he could toward some woods he had noted as the train steamed along. He made them and kept on going. For eight nights he kept on, hiding in the daytime, as he was still in the light blue uniform of the French.

One morning he found himself in Switzerland. He was safe. He had walked a hundred miles through hostile territory into the half-asleep town of Schaffhausen, after nearly half a year as a prisoner of war; he was wounded, hungry, ill. He went to Basle, then to Paris, intending to go back to the front, but was brought down by influenza and had to be sent home on leave. Before he could return the Armistice was signed.

After the war, polo honors came thick and fast. He went to Harvard,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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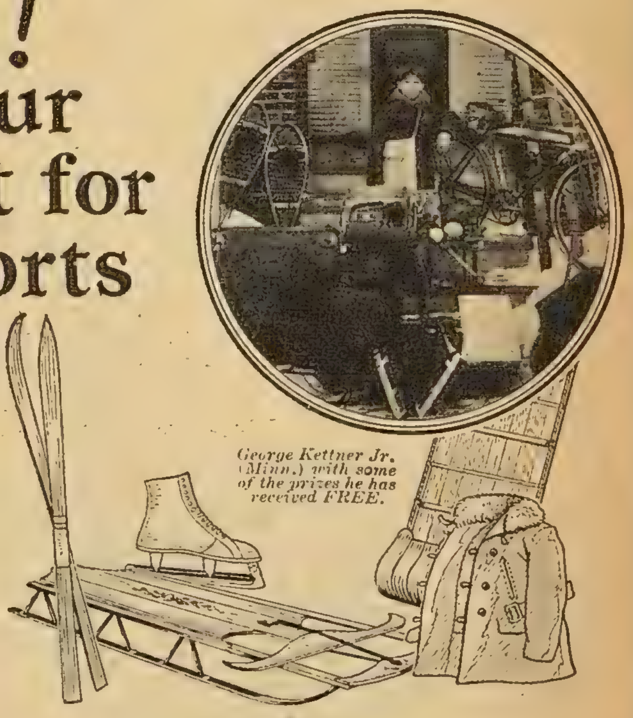

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TOMMY HITCHCOCK, THE POLO PLAYER
Continued from page sixty-five

then to Oxford, where he awaited with some anticipation the arrival of a group of American players challenging once more for the Westchester Cup, won in 1914 by Captain Hardress Lloyd and the lamented Captain Cheape.

On the American squad were Devereux Milburn, Louis E. Stoddard, Watson Webb, the late Charles Cary Rumsey, and the elder Earle Hopping. Hitchcock, then close to his twenty-first birthday, was by far the youngest of the group, but he made the American team at the No. 2 position, the traditional post of attack and aggression. Stoddard made his bow at No. 1, Webb at No. 3, and Milburn, of course, played back. The Americans won two one-sided victories, 11 to 4 and 10 to 6.

Now a player of the first rank, Hitchcock's handicap rating (all polo players are rated arbitrarily from zero to ten) was raised from seven goals to nine, within one of the pinnacle of polo, and rival players began to be engrossed by the nice problem of stopping him. He played more and more, and became Milburn's unwitting competitor for the ephemeral honor of "world's greatest polo player." In 1922 he became a ten-goal player.

Hitchcock captained an American team in the Olympic games of 1924, rather against the wishes of American polo powers, who were then planning a defense against Britain's new challenge. Upon his return to America he was selected for the No. 2 position against the British. Three years later he once more played the same post, with the same teammates: Webb at No. 1, Hitchcock at No. 2, Stevenson at No. 3, and Milburn at back.

THERE are those who argue that the so-called "Big Four"—Whitney, Milburn, and the brothers Waterbury, Larry and Monty—was and always will be America's greatest polo team. But I doubt if any team will ever approach the passionate fervor of the team captained by Milburn and inspired by Hitchcock which blazed the British aside in 1924 and 1927. For sheer power, and courage in the face of adversity, this team could hardly be rivaled.

It was a true unit, as all great polo teams must be, but Hitchcock was its star; and it was not surprising that when Milburn stepped down and a new American captain had to be selected, Hitchcock was the man. When the dashing Argentines came here in 1928 to play for the first time for the "Championship of the Americas," Hitchcock was the captain of his side.

In polo it is not always easy to select the four best available men without attendant buzzing and excitement. Hitchcock handled the difficult problem of selecting his team in such a way as to bring about its success—no simple matter, for the Argentines made a formidable combination and were actually favorites to win.

HITCHCOCK'S play in no way suffered from the heavy responsibilities newly devolved upon him. He was the outstanding factor in the close victory that opened the series, 7 to 6. Defeat in the second match was in no way his fault, for the Argentines were at the top of their spectacular game. In the third and deciding match, he made a daring change in the United States line-up, bringing in the hard-hitting young Earle Hopping and shifting himself to the No. 3 post, where he had never played an important match in his life.

His game was, as ever, fascinating to watch. His play was ripened with experience. Once determined to have every ball within his reach at all costs and against any opposition, he now plays with rare sagacity, watching until the moment comes to strike. And when he does strike, his blow is inevitably perfectly timed, whether it be a deft pass to a teammate or a shot for the goal. There is only one Hitchcock.

Obviously, his play isn't always serious. He delights in recalling a match in which Will Rogers, the cowboy humorist, was his No. 1, opposed to the great Milburn. Rogers had the strictest instructions to "ride his back," to keep crowding Milburn without a moment's let-up.

"Will kept riding him fine," Hitchcock will tell you. "We'd compliment him between chukkers and tell him to keep right at it—never to stop for a moment. Finally Milburn got away and Rogers started right after him, head on. His pony hadn't the slightest idea where to go, so she jumped. Landed right on the back of Milburn's pony. Dev was sore as hell!"

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Why He Was Reticent

The Sunday-school teacher was questioning the pupils about their progress in school. One youngster was reticent about stating his grade. Finally a boy on the end of the seat explained, "He won't tell you. He's not in any grade. He flunked the primer three times."—M. M. Hart, Jr., Crowell, Texas.

She Knew His Language

Anne's visiting young aunt was asking her about the eligible bachelors in town. When she mentioned a man known to be extremely religious, Anne explained, "He doesn't keep company with any one. He sets his affections on things above."—Mrs. Ed. Robertson, 311 11th Ave., East, Calgary, Canada.

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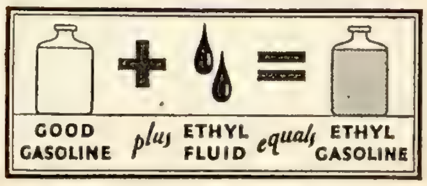

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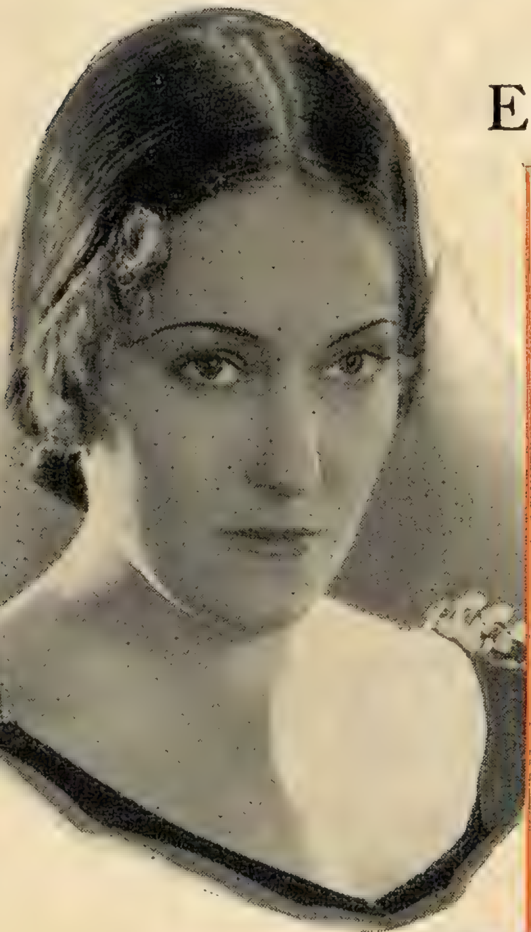
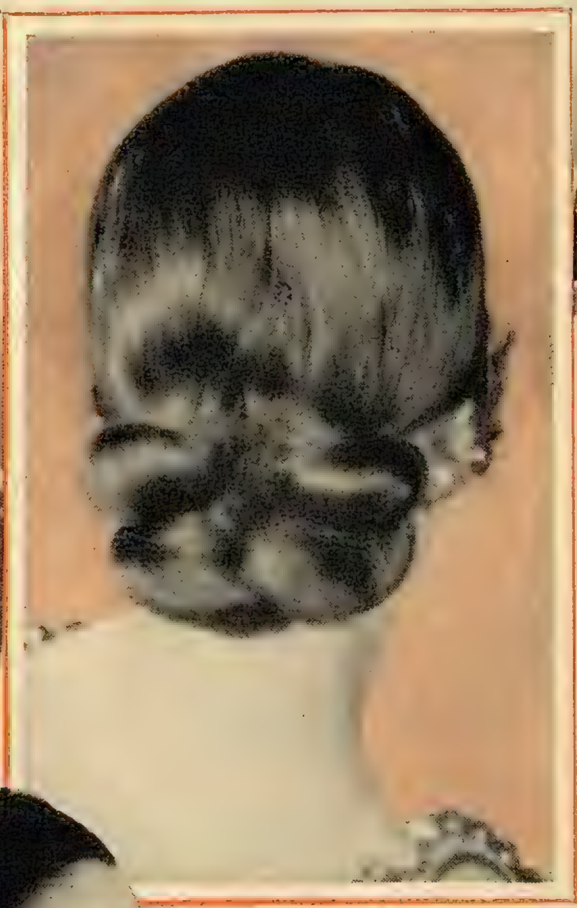
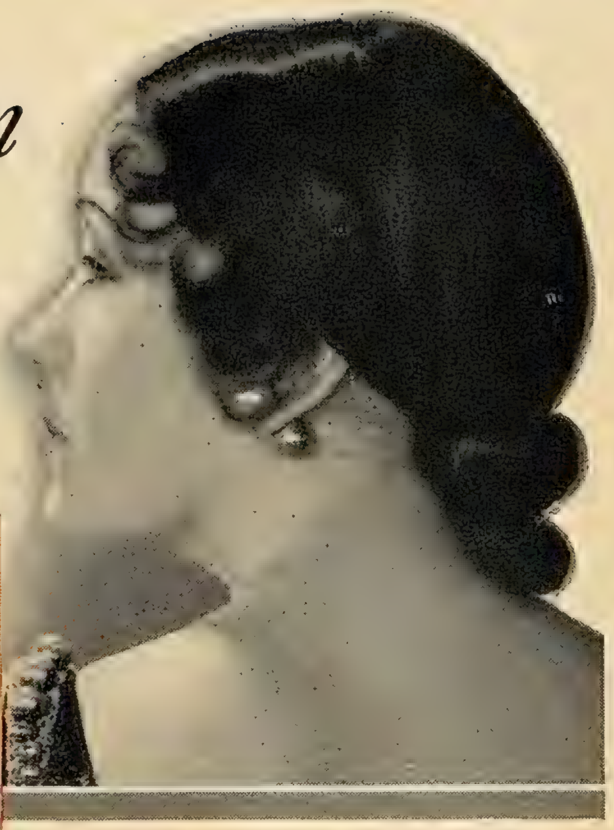
Hair Modes from HOLLYWOOD

By
EILEEN BOURNE







The three upper pictures show a formal evening coiffure original with Gloria Swanson. The hair, parted in the middle, is drawn over the ears, ending in four knots low on the neck. The temples are relieved by wispy curls that grow heavier as they reach the ears. There is a clever earring arrangement—one pearl on each side of the ear lobe.

ON one feature, at least, Hollywood's claim to supremacy in matters of fashion dictatorship should be conceded unanimously. There just isn't any argument about the source that supplies the majority of women with inspiration for their coiffures.

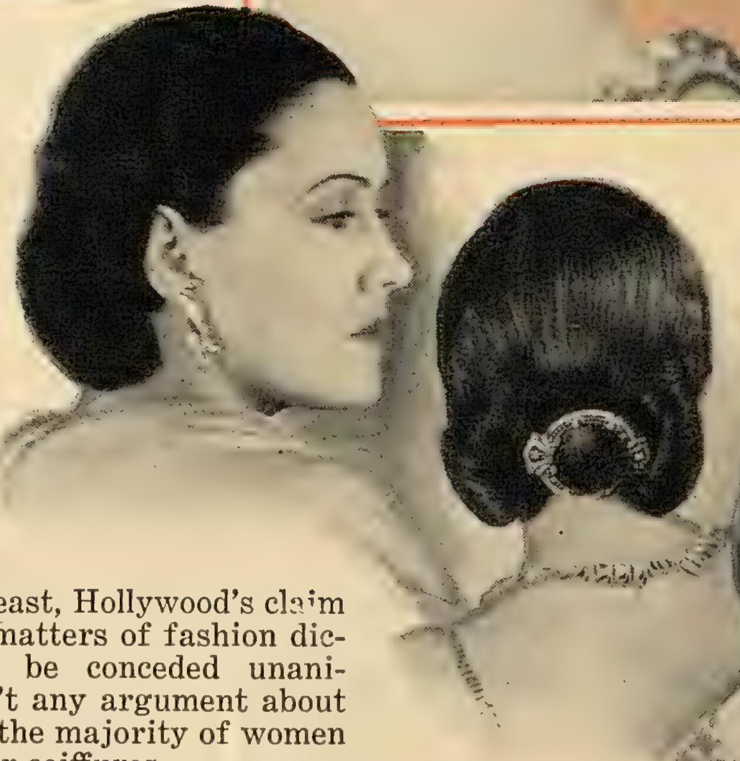
There are several outstanding screen personalities over whose ravishing coiffures could well be muttered: "Heavy, heavy hangs over thy head responsibility for hair styles, current, past, and future." There's no reckoning in numbers the heads that have been turned this way and that in attempts at screen coiffure imitation.

By reason of her superlative chic in matters hirsute, her versatility with locks short, long, or middlin', her clever adaptability of coiffure to the moment and to the costume, to say nothing of her overwhelming following throughout the kingdom of women, Gloria Swanson is herewith tendered the compliment of Adviser Extraordinaire.

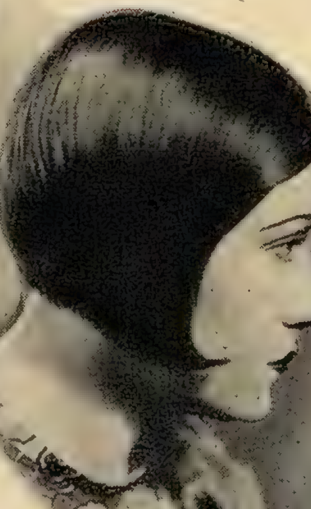
Whether or not she accepts this assignment, she still cannot prevent women indulging their favorite occupation—training their locks in the direction Miss Swanson's own are going.

"Coiffures," says this dark-brown-haired arbiter of hair styles, "are a part of one's costume, as shoes or hats. An extravagantly modish costume calls for a very modish dressing of the hair; a simple costume for simple hair arrangement, and in-between dressing for a coiffure that is neither extravagant nor too simple."

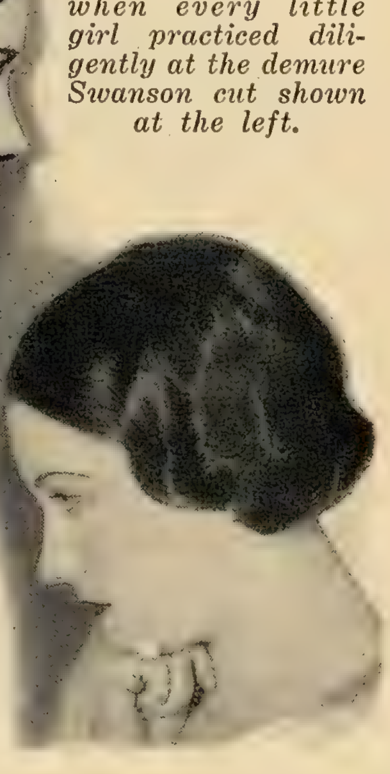
And herewith we present more than one answer from Miss Swanson's latest coiffure portfolio to the 1930 maiden's prayer as to "What now—with my new silhouette and my locks grown in again?"



Above and at the left the hair is combed back from a center part, showing the ears. An ornament divides the puffs.



From way back, when every little girl practiced diligently at the demure Swanson cut shown at the left.



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Heavy Going

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"YOU can't drag me out in this storm," Lil laughed to her mother over the telephone. "Church fair or no church fair. If I get wet feet and the flu, carnations from the altar won't help me much, dearie. Buy five dollars' worth of preserves for us." She watched the gray sleet strike her window with the bold lunges of a hundred fairy spears.

This week's cover picture.

"Preserves?" Ma Morse squawked. Her voice rose in strident, high-pitched syllables. "Did you say preserves? I have the kitchenware booth and it's all decorated with paper sweet peas."

"Kitchenware?" Lil giggled. "Pot cleaners and such attractive things?"

"Yes, and sieves. Don't forget the sieves! The Cummiskey Wire Works donated fifty of them. I've tied on ribbons and they're dangling from a beam. The minister's wife got hit on the—"

"I'll take one," Lil told her mother. "Sandy's birthday's coming. I could say Many Happy Returns with a sieve. He'd be so happy, he'd feel dizzy."

"All right, dear, and don't forget: Aunt Hazel's selling doughnuts."

"Aunt Hazel's a different kind of nut," Lil called, "but order a dozen if they're not greasy."

The blissful mid-afternoon lull when her house was as peaceful as an orchestra pit after the midnight show!

"Sure, in me last ploice," the waitress was confiding to the cook, "the laundress had the worry about me ruffles." She banged down the iron on an apron string.

"Sip some tea between plaits," the cook said. "It'll smooth out yer spirits." She was staring at the tea grounds in her cup as though they owed her something.

"Believe those tea leaves an' they'll tell you a swell recipe for bologney," the waitress mumbled. And her iron took fancy skating slides.

Lil? She wasn't worrying about aprons or fortunes as she sank into the depths of the great over-stuffed chair in the sitting room. She dropped off her house pumps and toasted her toes on the bright fender of the open fireplace.

"Home's the best port in a storm," she sighed, confident that she was quoting famous poetry. Was it from Hamlet? "I must look it up in the index," she told the cat, curled up as tightly as a black-and-white snail. Then she said, "Whew-whew!" Kitty was too near the fire and smelled like a newly singed fowl.

Before Lil found the index to The Home's Book World, she saw volumes, *volumes*, and VOLUMES of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire!

"It's winter and I must improve my mind," she decided, sinking again into her deep chair.

"A. D. 98. Nerva. Hadrian. Rhætia. Rhine. C. Pescennius Niger Justus. Noricum. The dens of the amphitheatre disgorged at once a hundred lions; a hundred darts from the unerring hand of Commodus laid them dead as they ran raging round the Arena. The dens of the kitchenware booths disgorged paper sweet peas, lions, and sieves, and Commodus should have ordered another hundred darts at the church fair . . . the Arena ran raging . . . raging . . . zzzzzzzzzzzzzzz . . ."

Ye shades of Rome, this was heavy going!

(Next week's cover adventure: The Goat)

COMING SOON
For the Love o' Lil—at your favorite movie theater

SCIENCE
sat at her feet
(and You Can't Blame Science)

and learned

that sparkling white teeth usually come to people who live largely on fresh fruit. "How," said Science to himself, "can I put this same fruit-whitener into a tooth paste?" By long experimenting Science learned that for this "whitener" to do its work, it must be kept fresh, separate, so it is full strength at the moment of use. "Eureka," said Science. "I'll put it in a separate inner tube!" So was born the only "fresh whitener" tooth paste. You'll see the stain-removing whitener come out on your brush, a cheery red inner cream—and the white accompanying creams are what keep your gums healthy, protect against decay, and keep your mouth fresh, cool and fragrant. Give New Mix one trial. You never saw anything like it. You'll never use anything else. **The coupon will prove it to you.**

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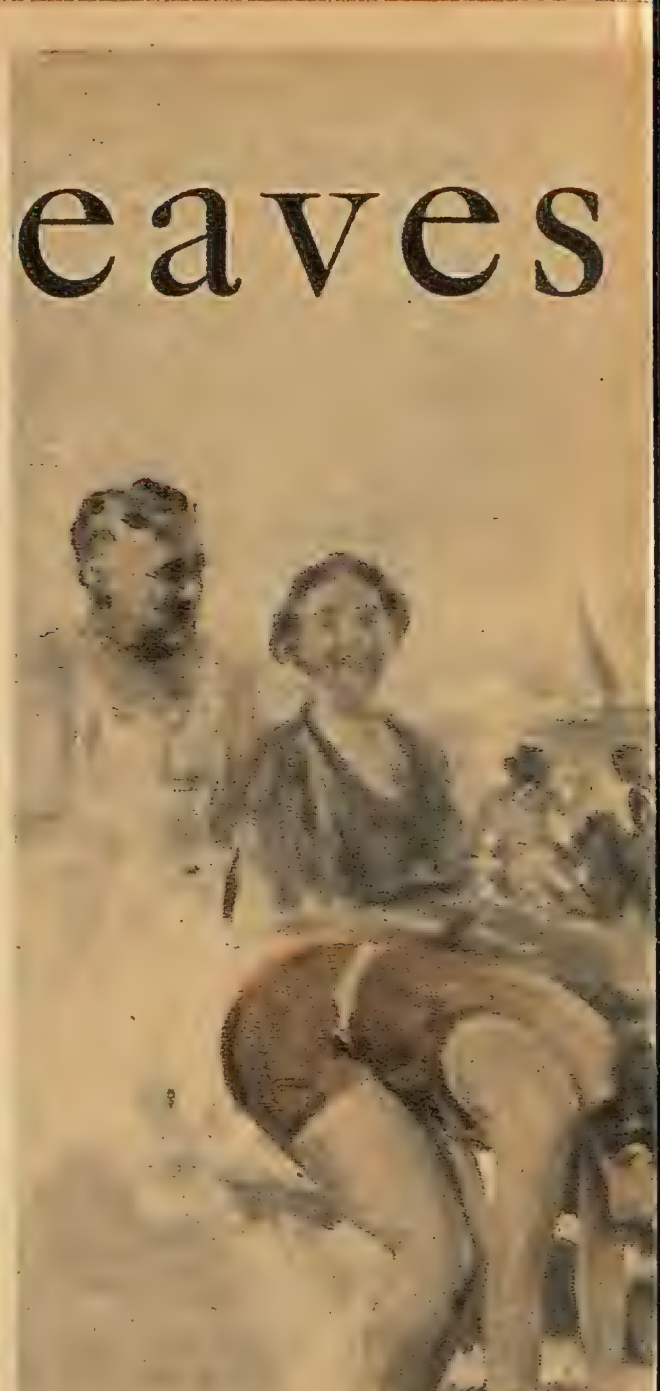
Rose-Leaves

The Story of a Girl's Courage

By

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Pictures by WILL FOSTER



"YOU — you look like a mermaid," he said. "You look like a—a princess in a fairy tale."

THERE is an old tale about a young man who was determined to marry only a true princess, and could not find one, for all his efforts. Then one evening there arrived at his home a lovely, delicate creature who perfectly looked the part, footsore and weary from one of those strange journeys princesses were so often obliged to make; up and down glass mountains, very likely, and through enchanted forests. The young man was not going to judge by appearances, however, and his mother prepared a test. Under the mattresses and feather beds upon which this guest was to sleep she put a rose-leaf.

And the next morning the guest came downstairs, pale and fatigued. When questioned, she admitted that she had not been able to sleep because of something so painfully hard under the mattress. After this there could be no further doubt. No one but a true princess could suffer so from a rose-leaf.

But times have changed. There are probably not many young men left who would care to marry a true princess; she would be very expensive and possibly not very amusing as a companion, day in and day out. What is more, very few people would now recognize a true princess if they met one, and if she complained about rose-leaves she would not get much sympathy.

Veronica Ashe was as near as her parents could make her to the true princess type. She was brought up exquisitely, and at eighteen she was a work of art—beautiful, gracious, accomplished, a cherished only child.

At twenty she was something quite different; she was a pretty girl in a well cut dark suit, answering Hale & Crawford's advertisement for a typist. She had just finished a course in a business school and had had no experience, but she made a favorable impression upon Patrick Crawford, the junior partner, and she got the job.

The past two years had been for her the equivalent of those strange journeys the true princesses used to make. Her father had ruined himself—and others—and died, and, her mother having died some time ago, Veronica found herself alone and with no money. Various relatives had offered her a home, and she had gone to an aunt while she looked around.

Her princessly upbringing was a sorry preparation for her new life. She had studied the harp, but she was not a serious musician, and she did not seem to come across many harps, anyhow. She could speak French in a fluent and not very grammatic way, and a little Italian, but in the spelling of the English language she was decidedly weak. The very first letter she typed Mr. Crawford had to take back to her.

"I'm afraid you'll have to do that over," he said.

"Oh, dear!" said she. "I'm frightfully sorry!"

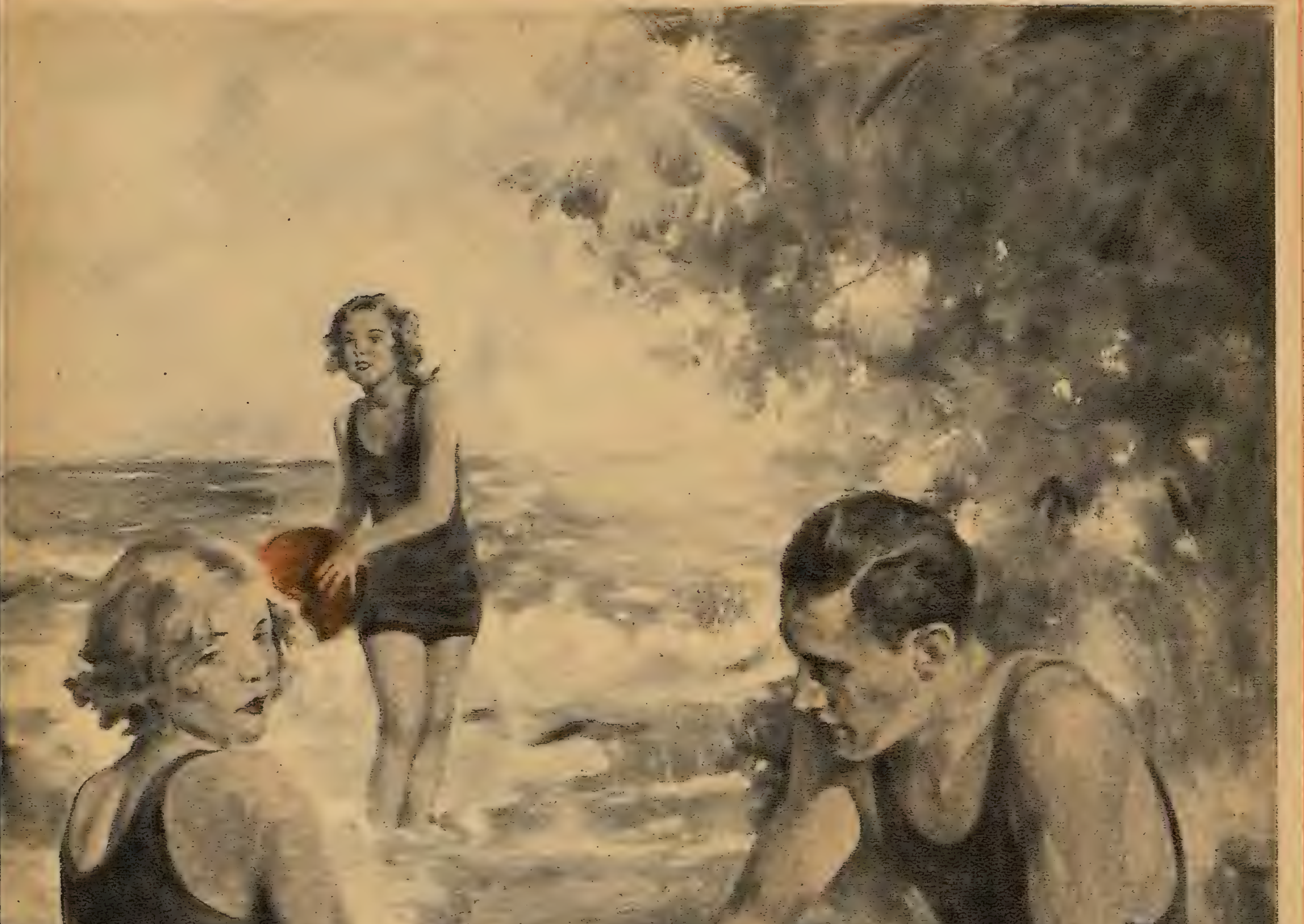
He did not like people to talk that way in the office; as if it were an afternoon tea. But he did like her voice, and her profile, and her gray eyes, and her fair hair that was being allowed to grow and curled behind her ears.

But her spelling did not improve very rapidly. She wasted a lot of time jumping up to consult the dictionary about words she was not sure of, and there were other words she did feel sure of—and she was wrong to be sure. And the amount of paper she wasted! He caught sight of her making four carbon copies of something, and three times he saw her pull all those sheets out of the machine and crumple them up and throw them into the waste-paper basket. The firm of Hale & Crawford was new and not yet spectacularly successful; it was his duty to protest, and if he didn't, Hale might. So he went over to Miss Ashe.

"Can't you manage to use an eraser when you make a mistake?" he asked, smiling.

"It seems to make things look so—woozy," she explained.

He did not consider woozy a good word to use in a business office, but he let it pass and only said, very nicely



indeed, that the cost of that bond paper had to be considered.

"Oh, I'm frightfully sorry," she cried. "I'll try!"

She was beginning to get rather in Mr. Crawford's way now. Somehow she was always in his line of vision. Whenever he looked out through the doorway of his tiny private office he had to see her, the soft line of her cheek, and that hair curling behind her ears. He was always hearing her polite, apologetic voice. She was apologetic because she was beginning to find out that she was a nuisance. She had been a severe nuisance to the aunt who had offered her a home, because of her ungrateful persistence in being prettier than her two cousins. She was a nuisance in the house where she had taken a furnished room. There were two other women on her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROSE-LEAVES
Continued from page seventy-three

floor and they complained about her. They said she kept the bathroom too long and used all the hot water.

That was really not fair; she was quick, and very careful about the hot water—if any. What they really objected to was the sight of her going along the hall, carrying the load of things she imagined people had to have for baths—sponges and brushes and talcum powder and special soap and big towels and little ones—that, and the silly way her hair curled behind her ears, and the way she smiled and said, " Frightfully sorry if I've kept you waiting."

She annoyed the landlady because of the silver and ivory things she had set out on the atrocious old bureau, and the photographs she put all over the room.

And she was now beginning to annoy Mr. Crawford seriously. She did not manage her salary well. She bought things which she imagined every one had to have, and made up for it by not buying the things she really needed. Food, for instance. The worst thing in her life was loneliness, and the next worst was the sort of food she could afford in cheap restaurants. So she ate too little, and she showed it, and he noticed it.

" It's this hot weather," he thought, and he told Miss Ashe she had better take a two weeks' vacation at the end of the month.

" Oh, thanks! " she said.

" Have you decided on any special place to go? " he asked her a few days later.

" Well, no. I haven't," she said, because she knew she couldn't possibly afford to go anywhere.

" I can tell you a nice place," said he. " Up in the Berkshires. I often run up there for week-ends. Good food, wonderful air. I think you'd like it."

" I'm sure I should," said she.

He gave her the address of this place, and she wrote it down and thanked him again. But she said it in what he privately called her " afternoon tea " voice, and he felt sure she had no intention of going there. Still, on the first Saturday of her vacation he drove up there, just to see. . . .

He had been right. She was not there.

" She must have known I meant to drive up here," he thought. " But if she doesn't want to see me, there's no law to make her, is there? "

He saw now that he was in great danger of being a fool, and he made up his mind to stop immediately. He decided that it would not exactly be being a fool if on Sunday, after an early lunch, he should simply take a look at the place where she lived. Just to see. . . .

It was not the sort of neighborhood he had expected her to live in; it was a dingy, squalid street which did not suit her at all. He tried to imagine her walking along this street—and suddenly, there she was, coming down the steps of one of the most lugubrious of the houses. She saw him, too, and her face grew scarlet.

NOT before had he seen the least trace of embarrassment in the polite, self-possessed young woman. He wondered if it was because she did not want to see him, or because she did not want him to see her. And he thought the best thing to do would be to take off his hat to her and drive on. But somehow he stopped the car and said:

" Oh! You didn't go away, then? "

Probably in the old days, when one of those princesses arrived at some castle after the weariest and most dangerous journey over glass mountains and through enchanted forests, and some one asked: " What sort of trip did you have? " she answered, " Oh, awfully nice, thanks! " That was the way they were trained. Miss Ashe, too, had been trained to keep headaches and worries and impatience to herself and not to annoy other people with them. So she said:

" Oh, I like the city in the summer! "

" That's because there's some fellow here," thought Mr. Crawford. And he said aloud, in the most nonchalant way:

" I don't suppose you'd care to come down to my sister's place for dinner? "

" I'd love it! " said Miss Ashe promptly.

Incredible as it may seem, Mr. Crawford found even in this prompt acceptance a cause for gloom and dissatisfaction.

" Doesn't mean anything to her, that's all," he thought. " She's at a loose end for the moment and she doesn't care where she goes or whom she goes with. What time can you be ready? " he asked aloud.

" I'm ready now," said she.

This was fresh proof of her complete indifference. She didn't even want to do anything to her hair if she was only going with him. Though he admitted that she looked—well, all right, if not even better than that. His masculine eye could not discern that all her clothes were at least two years old, and that her hat, though it was a Paris hat, was shabby. Whenever he had to halt for the traffic he glanced at her, and more and more did he realize that not only was she lovely, but that she was lovely in some special and strange way; that he had never seen any one like her and never would again.

FOR some reason this depressed him terribly and he forgot to talk.

" I don't see why he invited me," thought Miss Ashe, " if he won't even speak to me. Well, I suppose he felt sorry for me."

This was not a pleasing thought. But she had been trained to conceal displeasing thought under a polite smile.

" Oh! " she said presently when they reached the bridge. " We're going to Long Island, aren't we? I love it! We used to go often to the Marcy Caldwells' place on the North Shore. Do you know it? "

Nothing could have been worse. Compared with the Marcy Caldwells' place, his sister's place was a—a hovel. He was sorry he had asked her to come.

And she was sorry she had come.

Later on, she was still more sorry. Crawford's sister—whose name was Mrs. Mason—had rented an old boathouse for the summer, and had fitted it up charmingly and kept it filled with friends. She was herself a cheerful, kind, pretty young woman, but she was not glad to see Miss Ashe.

She had invited two young men and three girls down, and one of these girls was destined for her brother. And now that he had brought this Miss Ashe, there would be an Extra Girl.

Miss Ashe, too, saw that at once. She had often been very kind and tactful to Extra Girls, but she had never been one herself, and the prospect did not delight her. She saw also that she was altogether wrong. The other girls were dressed in jerseys and old skirts and sport shoes, and were sunburned and jolly and easy. And she was wearing her best—and her only—dark blue suit and patent-leather shoes with high heels.

What is more, she had had no lunch, and a very sketchy breakfast, and her head was beginning to ache, and she knew that she looked pale and limp.

They were all very nice to her. Of course, they did not imagine that she had had no lunch. And if she were pale and a little limp, they did not know it was due to a headache, but thought it her natural disposition.

Two of the young men were in love with two of the girls, and Mr. Mason had to be whispered to sternly by his wife, to make him pay attention to the Extra Girl. Mr. Crawford, of course, *had* to be nice to Miss Ashe, when he had brought her, but he was not the casual and cheerful young man he was in the office. He looked serious and gloomy.

" He's sorry he asked me," she thought. " I wish I hadn't come."

He knew she was thinking that.

They were all going to an island for a picnic supper, and every one went into the kitchen to help Mrs. Mason. The other girls could do everything, and Miss Ashe could do nothing. She could not cut thin bread for sandwiches; she did not know how long to cook hard-boiled eggs.

She felt utterly useless and stupid and despicable and miserable among these deft, sensible people who all knew one another well and had jokes among themselves. Mrs. Mason tried to include her in things, but she, too, wished Miss Ashe had not come.

"I never saw such a helpless person!" she said to her brother when they were alone for a moment. "I really can't imagine her being much good in an office."

She wasn't, either, but he was not going to admit that.

"She's — different," he said coldly. "Very —remarkable girl."

"Of course, she's very pretty," said Mrs. Mason, "and sweet manners, and all that. She'd be a perfect wife"—her brother glanced at her quickly —"for a millionaire," said Mrs. Mason.

The young firm of Hale & Crawford was very far from making millionaires of the partners yet. If the junior partner were to marry, he could give his wife a home and a car and a cook—if she could catch and keep one.

"That wrist watch of hers," said Mrs. Mason, "cost three hundred dollars if it cost a cent."

"All right!" said her brother and moved away.

He had a chance for only a few words with Miss Ashe. He was carrying things down to the boat, and she came along with a box she thought contained part of the supper, but which was later found to contain old electric-light bulbs.

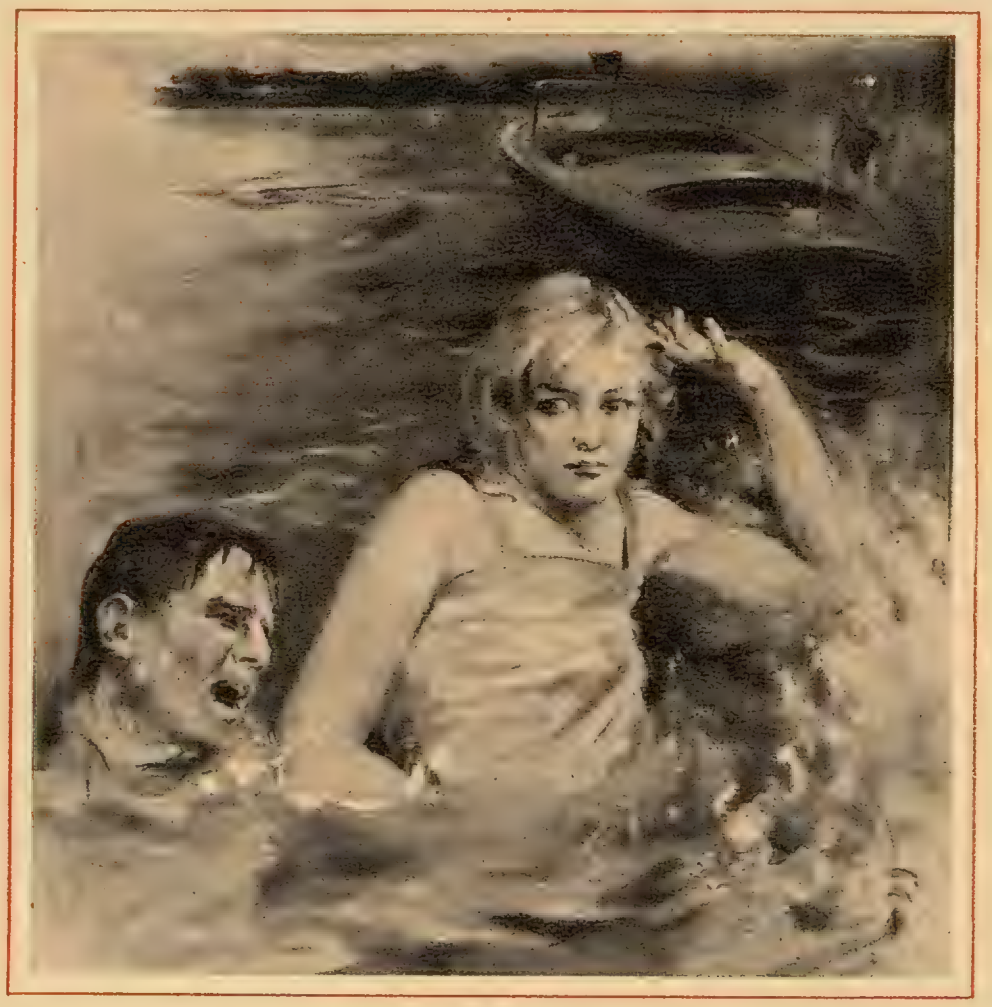
"I know this isn't the sort of thing you like," he said.

"You *don't* know," said Miss Ashe, more sharply than she had ever spoken in her life.

Because, after her dismal furnished room, this boathouse with the shimmering blue water outside, and the trees and the fresh breeze, seemed to her the most beautiful place in the world; and after her ghastly loneliness these jolly people seemed like angels, and she was shut out of all this paradise and would have to go back to that room tonight and never be asked here again; and her head ached; and her heart.

OTHER people came up then and their private conversation was ended. But all afternoon he was much too nice to her. He treated her like a special sort of person; he made her change her seat twice in the boat, first because she wasn't getting enough breeze, and then because the breeze was blowing spray on her. He put his sweater over her shoulders so that the back of her neck would not get sunburned. She was not the Extra Girl, but the one who did have to be it was not pleased, and Mrs. Mason was not pleased, and Miss Ashe, with a headache which grew fiercer and fiercer from the glare of the sun on the water, knew she was not being liked, and felt certain that Mr. Crawford was only sorry for her, and was miserable.

When they reached the island Mrs. Mason lent her a bathing suit which was too big for her and she knew that she looked awful and ridiculous. And the cold water made her head worse; she came out before any one else, and sat on the sand with her hair wet and limp and her face paler than ever. And she knew there had never been a girl more hideously unattractive.



She reached him in half a dozen strokes. "My—head . . ." he murmured.

Only Crawford, coming out of the water, did not think like that. He saw her sitting there all alone, with the light of the setting sun on her fair hair that was drying in wild curls, and her pale, grave face. . . .

"You—you look like a mermaid," he said. "You—you look like a—a princess in a fairy tale. . . ."

She glanced up, meaning to give him a polite smile in return for his gallant compliment, but somehow the sight of him, the thought of his niceness, made it impossible to smile, and to her horror she felt her eyes fill with tears.

"You're not happy!" he cried.

Before she could answer, Mr. Mason stepped on her wrist watch and crunched it. She had given it to Mrs. Mason to keep while she went in the sea, and somehow it had slipped off Mrs. Mason's lap, and Mr. Mason had crunched it.

IT was the last birthday present her father had given her, and she had kept it for that reason, but the loss of it did not really grieve her.

She could remember her father without that. When she said it didn't matter, she was entirely sincere, but no one could credit that.

Mrs. Mason was wretched.

"We'll have to get her another one, of course," she thought. "Three hundred dollars at least. . . ."

And though she tried to keep on being a cheerful hostess, she was lost in secret calculations, and her inward gloom overshadowed every one else. Her husband was utterly crushed. He called himself a clumsy fool. But every one else thought it was really Miss Ashe's fault for coming to a picnic with a watch like that.

Then they had supper sitting about a fire, and after hot coffee from a thermos bottle and sandwiches and salad and fruit and cake, Miss Ashe's headache vanished, and she thought if she could only make herself invisible and just stay here, and never go back to that furnished room. . . .

But she had said she must take an early train and had been firm in refusing to let Mr. Crawford drive her back to the city, so after supper she said good-by and walked down to the other shore of the island with him. He was going to take her back to the boathouse and telephone there for a taxi to take her to the station; then he would return in the boat to take the others home.

It was dusk now; a great calm spread over the water.

"Where's the lantern?" asked Miss Ashe.

"Never bother with one," said he. "You don't need one if you're used to being on the water."

Miss Ashe's father had had a steam yacht and a sailboat and a launch, and canoes, and rowboats, so that perhaps she knew something, after all, about being on the water, but she said nothing. They got in, and he started the engine.

He had looked forward to this hour all afternoon; this would be his chance to talk to her. But the engine was imperious and whimsical; he had to sit hunched up over it all the time.

It stopped.

"If you'd hand me that electric torch," said Miss Ashe

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROSE-LEAVES
Continued from page seventy-five

in the voice he had liked so much from the very beginning, "I'll hold it up. There's one of those power boats coming along."

"He can see us," said Crawford, crouched over the engine.

"Look out!" she cried.

He sprang up; he saw the high bow almost over him; he shouted, and so did she. The other boat swerved aside, but a little late, for it grazed their bow, and Crawford, losing his balance, fell backward into the water.

Miss Ashe pulled off her shoes and her jacket and stood up, searching the water.

The launch was drifting in the swell made by the vanished power boat. When she saw Crawford come up, he was some distance astern, and he was swimming very feebly.

She went over in a neat dive and reached him in half a dozen strokes.

"My—head . . . ." he murmured.

"Put your hand on my shoulder and take it easy," said she.

She saw that the launch was drifting away on the current, farther every moment. But she saw, too, that he could not hurry. When she spoke he did not answer; his strokes were growing slower, his weight on her shoulder heavier.

There was one thing this girl had never learned, and that was to make excuses for herself.

She thought that when you had to do a thing, you did do it.

When she had had to earn a living, she had done it; when she had to manage on a very small salary, she did. She thought now that she had to get Crawford to the boat, and she felt sure that she would.

In that strange twilight that lies upon the water she could see very well. Looking over her shoulder she saw the distant shore of the island they had left; ahead was the opposite shore with lights twinkling, and the launch drifting steadily ahead of them.

She was practically towing Crawford now; he was barely keeping afloat.

They were, she thought, moving more slowly than the boat, so that the chance of overtaking it was not good. But she had to. Then it stopped, grounded on a sand bar.

That gave her fresh strength.

She swam more strongly until at last she reached it, grasped the side with a sob of relief.

BUT getting him into the boat was not an easy matter. She tried to stand on the sand bar, but her feet began to sink and that frightened her. She floated again. At that moment his hand slipped from her shoulder; she had just time to catch him by the collar of his shirt. He was unconscious now.

She held him up with one hand and with the other clung to the boat while she drew breath. Overhead was the pallid sky; all about her the blank, quiet waters of the bay; an empty and indifferent world.

Taking the unconscious man under the arms she lifted him, pushed him, shoved him until she got his head and shoulders over the side. Then she climbed in herself, and hauled him in, and lay down in the bottom of the boat, panting and trembling with fatigue.

When she could, she got up, and by the light of the electric torch examined the engine. She had had her own car, and had often been taken on her father's launch; she knew plenty about engines.

She worked over this one patiently until she got it going.

Then, taking her bearings from the island, she started in what she thought she remembered to be the right direction.

It was.

She ran the boat into the boathouse, and then it was not so hard to drag Crawford up the ramp, not so hard to get him into his car which was standing near there. And she could drive anything in the nature of a car.

She made for the boulevard and the policeman there, and asked for the nearest doctor.

He told her, and she drove there, jumped out, and rang the bell.

The doctor opened the door himself, and she helped him to carry Crawford in.

She forgot that she was dripping wet; she sat on a chair in the doctor's brilliantly lit little office, where Crawford lay on the operating table, and she clenched her hands tight.

"Ha!" said the doctor.

She sprang up. What did that mean?

"He's coming round. Got a nasty knock on the head, but he'll be all right."

SHE went over to the table and looked down at him lying there with his dark hair plastered over his forehead and his eyes closed. She bent down and kissed him, and he opened his eyes.

She did not blush then; she only looked and looked at him, and he at her. And because of the look she saw on his face, she bent and kissed him again on the forehead.

"I'll be back soon," she said to him; then, turning to the doctor, "May he just rest here until I come back for him?"

"Best thing he could do," said the doctor. "But—where are *you* going? You need—"

"I'm all right, thanks!" said she.

And so she was. Her slender body was strong and well muscled, and her nerves were steady and her spirit undefeatable. She drove back to the boathouse and got into that accursed launch again and coaxed the engine to start. Because, in her uncomplicated way, she thought she had to fetch the others back from the island.

She knew that some of them had trains to catch, and that all of them would be worried. It seemed to her the most obvious thing in the world. If the engine behaved, it would take no more than forty minutes, there and back.

She could not understand the impression she made on the others.

"To remember *us*—after all that!" cried Mrs. Mason. "To come back here—after all that!"

When they got to the boathouse, Crawford was there, shaky, a little dazed, but on his feet.

"I must have come up underneath the launch," he said. "Anyhow, I'm all right now."

No one would believe that Veronica was all right; no one would hear of her going back to the city.

"You'll stay right here!" said Mrs. Mason. "For a week, at least. I thought you looked very pale this afternoon."

"Well, I had a headache," Veronica confessed, "but it's entirely gone now. I feel—grand!"

She was a very different girl when she thought that people liked her.

"I wish you'd let me help you!" she entreated Mrs Mason, following her into the kitchen where she was about to prepare a nameless meal for her guests.

"I think if you'd show me, I could learn to do things."

"A girl like you," said Mason, "could learn to do *any* darn thing."

Certainly those long-vanished princesses had been able, as they say, to turn a hand to anything. When necessary they had herded geese, or been scullery maids, and apparently did the jobs like professionals. Perhaps it was because they, too, had had that idea; that if you had to do a thing, you just did do it.

But Veronica was not aware that she was anything like a princess. She looked about the kitchen with a sigh.

"But I do feel so—helpless!" she said in her apologetic way.

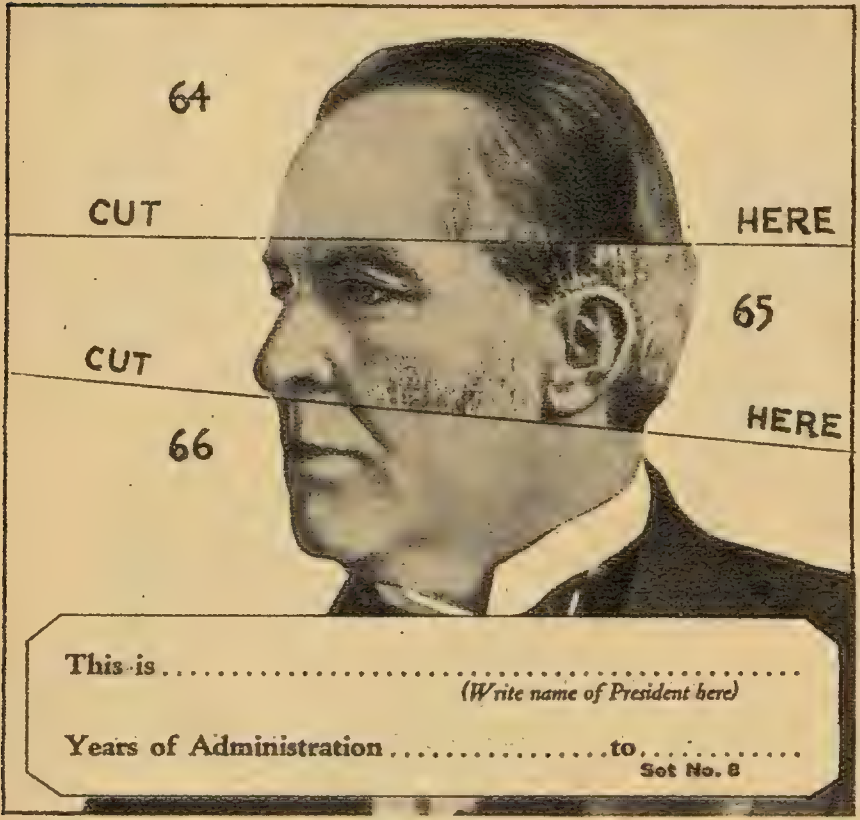
"Helpless!" cried both the Masons together. "After what you've just done!"

She caught sight of Crawford then, standing in the doorway with a bandage round his head. And she suddenly felt sure that she could learn practically anything now.

THE END

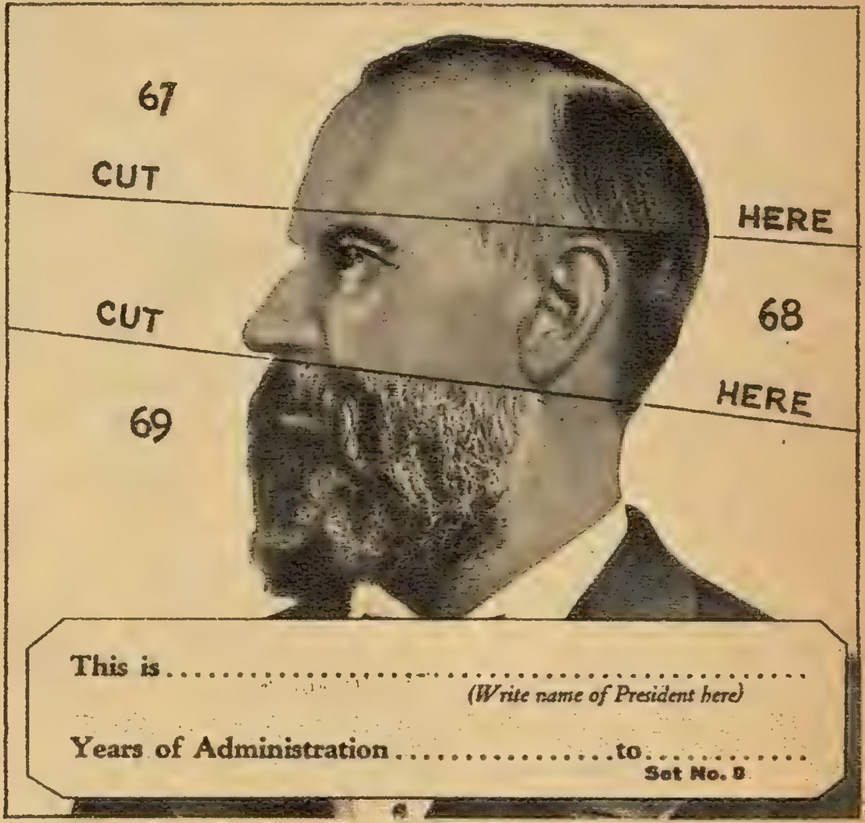
Who Are These Presidents?

Can you rearrange these composite pictures and name them?



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
Years of Administration ....to............
Set No. 8

THE forehead is of one sworn in by a relative; the eyes and nose are of a Williams graduate; the mouth and chin are of one who served several terms in Congress.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
Years of Administration ....to............
Set No. 8

THE forehead is of a captain and brevet major in the Union Army; the eyes and nose are of an Amherst man; the mouth and chin are of one who served in the Senate of his state.

$25,000 in Prizes

First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next fifty prizes ($25 each)	1,250
Next 680 prizes ($10 each)	6,800
One Hundred Prizes to Teachers ($100 each)	10,000
TOTAL (835 prizes)	$25,000

THE three composite pictures on this page when cut apart and put together correctly form the pictures of three Presidents of the United States. Can you name them? The Patriotic Game of Presidents is entertaining and educational—and Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes for the best answers, as explained in the rules.

RULES

1—Every week for ten weeks a set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States will be printed in Liberty.

2—Each set of pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

3—This contest is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4—The Composite Pictures may be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture write the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Calvin Coolidge, 1923 to 1929.)

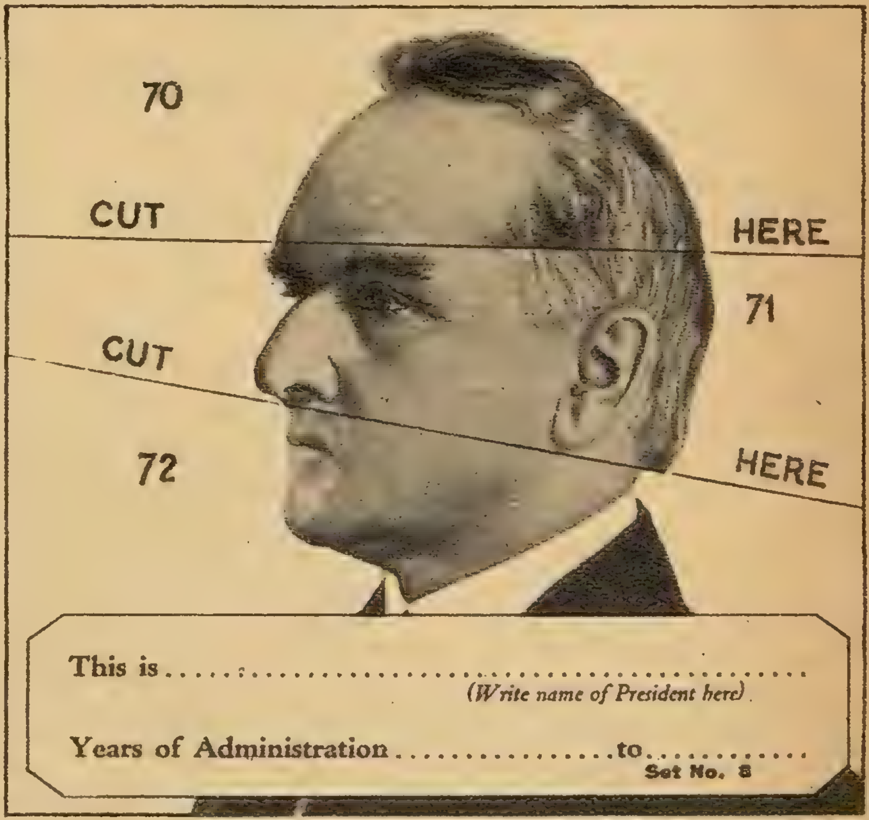
5—In all, thirty pictures will be printed—one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of thirty. Then send them to Presidents, Liberty, Post-office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All pictures must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7—Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8—You need not purchase Liberty or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The Judges will be a committee appointed by Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.



This is ....
(*Write name of President here*)
Years of Administration ....to............
Set No. 8

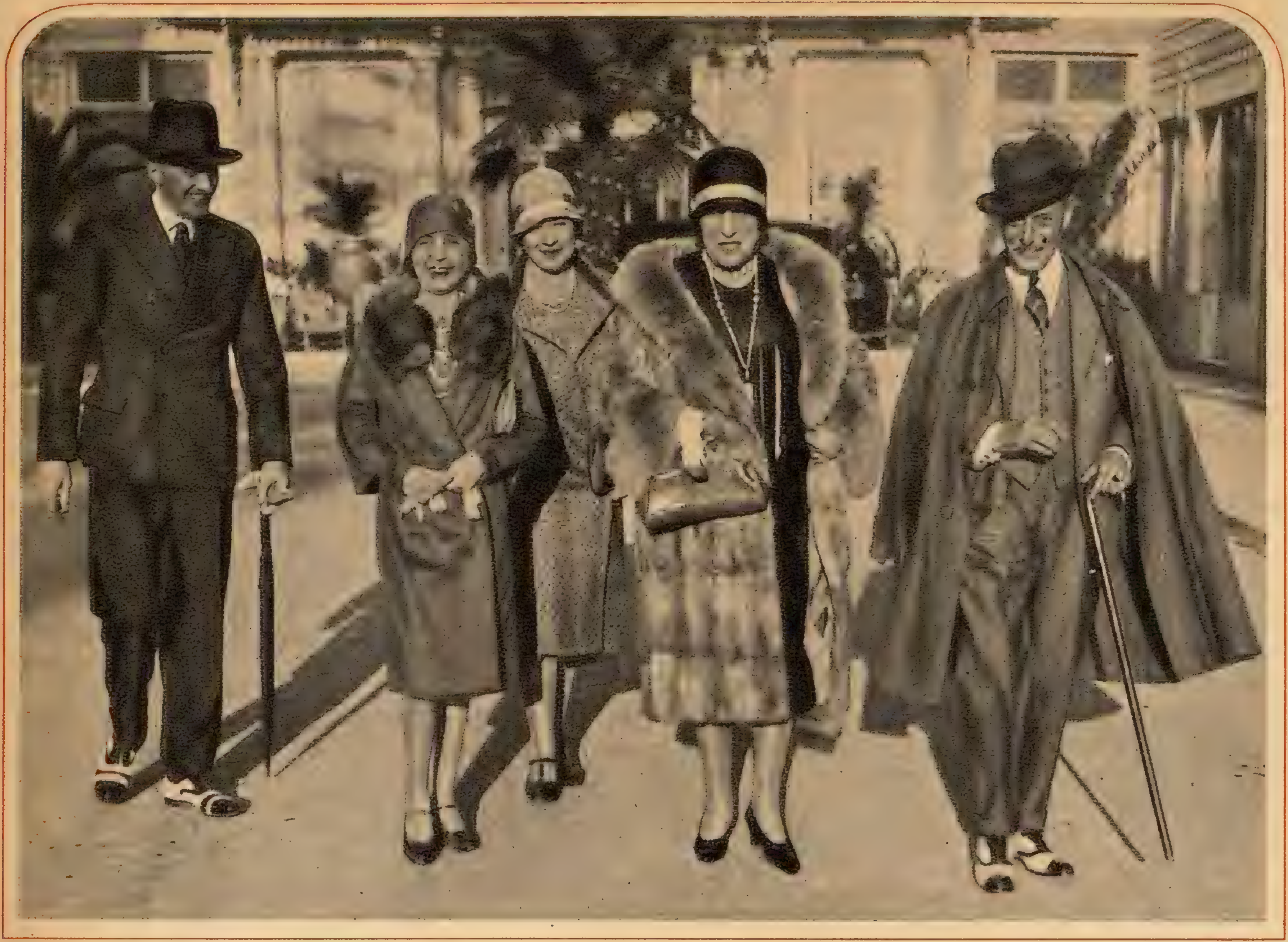
THE forehead is of one who was a Representative for nine terms and a United States Senator for one; the eyes and nose are of a post-office clerk; the mouth and chin are of a City Solicitor.

$10,000 to Teachers

ONE hundred prizes of $100 each will be paid to school-teachers whose pupils make the best records in the Patriotic Game of Presidents. When a child enters the contest he is advised to state the name of the school he attends, the name of his teacher, and the grade.

School-teachers: Get as many of your pupils as possible to participate in this instructive game.

This is the eighth set of the series. The ninth will appear next week.



P. & A. photo

Lady de Bathe (Lillie Langtry) at Monte Carlo shortly before her death. She is fourth from the left. Her companions are Captain D'Albai, Lady de Freece, Mrs. Peat, and Sir Walter de Freece.

The Jersey Lily

The Life Story of the Lovely Langtry

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

ONE day during the Great War Lillie stood in the center of the vast stage of the Drury Lane Theater in London.

A morning rehearsal for a charity performance was in progress, and a merciless bright light from overhead fell on the performers, throwing hard and hideous shadows on their features.

Mrs. Gerald Lawrence, wife of the famous actor, watched the rehearsal. She eyed Lillie with amazement.

"I knew her quite well, and had always marveled at her youth and grace," Mrs. Lawrence told me, "but to see her there in that ghastly revealing light, without a trace of make-up, and still looking not a day over thirty-five—it really was almost unbelievable.

"I told her how young she looked. She was pleased, of course. But a little later she came back and asked me if I really, honestly meant what I said, or if politeness had prompted me. It was indeed the absolute truth that I had spoken."

Yet it was soon after this that Lillie began to realize her age. In 1918—she was sixty-four then—she felt, for the first time, a desire to withdraw from the active stream of life.

Without fuss, farewells, or festivities, she left the stage. Left it before anyone could say: "Why, she must be getting on for eighty! I can't see anything in her myself, though they say she was lovely fifty years ago."

Even the pitfall of a spectacular exit was evaded, for, with her usual foresight, Lillie reckoned the cost of such a farewell. A triumph for which she would pay the price of confessing her advanced (though not visible) age to all the world. Not good enough, she decided.

Since the famous "command performance" at the Imperial Theater, her time, with the exception of a six months' tour in South Africa, had been divided almost equally between England and America.

The sale of the Imperial Theater left Lillie considerably out of pocket. So much so that she fell for a tempting American vaudeville offer, despite the fact that appearance in vaudeville was then strongly against the traditions of "serious" stage folk. In America she played twenty-one weeks—twice a day, seven days a week

—for what was then the enormous weekly salary of $2,500.

But legitimate plays, not vaudeville, coined the real cash for her. The $300,000 she made in a period of six years was brought in chiefly by her play, Peril.

Undeterred, as always, by the judgment of others, Lillie went a step further than vaudeville. She accepted a part in a popular presentation of one of the most spectacular melodramas ever staged—The Sins of Society, produced at the Drury Lane Theater in London.

This thriller contained everything that goes to the making of a good old blood-and-thunder melodrama: an incredibly innocent heroine, the blackest of villains, the worldliest of society dames (Lillie herself), and a happy ending after five acts and twenty scenes. The great climax was a race with real horses.

I remember Lillie as Lady Marion Beaumont chiefly for her miraculous gowns and for the great reception she got. The gallery never once missed a chance to applaud her—much to her amusement.

Her last appearance came in 1918, just before the end of the war. She was playing at the Coliseum in London—playing vaudeville in a short sketch, Blame the Cinema.

The Zeppelin raids were in full swing. Lillie stood on the stage at the moment when an air bomb demolished the office of the weekly paper, John Bull. This was the worst of all the wreckage achieved by the Zeppelins. The bomb hit a building in the heart of the crowded theatrical district, quite close to the Coliseum. A terrific explosion shook the theater and Lillie's audience hung for a few seconds on the verge of panic.

But Lillie, without a moment's pause, went on steadily with her lines. Her fellow actors followed her lead. Soon the nerves of all in the vast auditorium were quieted by this show of nonchalance.

TAKING into consideration the fact that a glass roof covered the stage, making it the most dangerous spot in the theater, the complete sangfroid of Lillie and her company was something of an achievement.

At the end of the performance the entire audience rose to its feet and gave her one of the greatest ovations she ever had.

On the last night of this engagement Lillie made her curtain bow to the audience exactly as on any other occasion during the thirty-seven years of her stage career. No one realized that this was her last appearance on the stage.

The war affected Lillie deeply by the colossal changes it wrought in the routine of English life, and by the weeding out of many of her old friends. She herself was no longer young enough to be active in strenuous war work. Apart from assisting in various charities, she concentrated her energies, during the last year of the war, on cultivating vegetables in her garden at Regal Lodge—an unspectacular but useful job.

Of her mood at the close of the war she wrote this:

"After a world-shaking cataclysm such as we had just been through, ideas and plans which before had seemed of such paramount importance now seemed small and trivial by comparison, and for the time being I found my interest in both acting and racing lapse."

Even Regal Lodge, her racing box, wearied her. She sold it without regret.

But no sooner did Lillie reach Monaco, her favorite spot in the south of France, than she yearned again for a home of her own. A home and a garden. Land of some kind. It was the Jersey woman in her—always needing and demanding a definite, tangible foothold on the earth. More French than English, that trait.

Underwood & Underwood photo

The fading Lily in her beloved garden at Monte Carlo, in 1922.

NO wonder that Louis Verande—former director of the famous French Opera at New Orleans, who knew Lillie intimately during a number of years—summed her up to me as "*exterieur Anglais, tempérament Français.*" English outside, but French at the core. He too it was who told me of the only nervous trick that Lillie ever had—she used to hum a tune to herself when she stood in the wings awaiting the cue for her entrance.

So, having rid herself of Regal Lodge, Lillie suddenly bought, from a croupier of the Monte Carlo Casino, a curious little house hanging like a bird's nest on the steep side of a ravine above the harbor of Monaco.

The house was remodeled and Lillie acquired from the Monegasque government an additional scrap of land, a hundred feet or so of the perpendicular wall of the ravine. Here she made a garden.

The Villa le Lys, as she named her new home, became a most charming abode, its garden a miracle of beauty. This garden Lillie literally created with her own hands, planting masses of the most varied flowers. At every turn one discovers some unexpected plant, tended and coaxed into loveliness. Her roses, lemon trees, and mimosa flourish on. There is English lavender. There is the wild lavender of the hills. There are rosemary and heather, azaleas and cinerarias. Humble honey-scented wallflowers jostle the prim cyclamens. It is an exceptional garden—one which reflects her who created it with such affection and interest. A prize-winning garden, too, for Lillie, to her great pride and satisfaction, won the first prize offered by the Horticultural Society of Nice for the best garden on the Riviera tended by its owner.

As I clambered up and down the garden steps and drank

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page seventy-nine

in the beauties she had made to prevail there, almost against my will there came back to my mind a cynical observation by the French writer Peladan: “A woman who devotes herself to any occupation whatsoever, without real necessity to force her, is unloved.”

In London were Lillie's daughter and Lillie's grandchildren. Near by, at Nice, her husband dwelt. But here, at the Villa le Lys, Lillie lived alone save for her companion, a French girl who had come to her only five years before.

But if Lillie herself ever felt this anomaly, she never spoke of it. Self-pity was not her way. Perhaps her own temperament—too cold to love with passion, too independent and self-contained to love from pity—saved her from the gnawing need of affection, exactions and devotions which love expended and love requited brings. As for the spurious devotion of some young admirer, Lillie had too fine a sense of gain and loss, and of position, to permit herself this usual whim of an aging beauty.

In the curious quicksands of Riviera society, almost any permanent inhabitant with charm and social background can become an outstanding figure. People come here to have a good time, and good companions are welcome. There may be more gossip, but reputation actually counts for less there than anywhere else.

Since the death of her father-in-law, Lillie had become Lady de Bathe. A great assistance, this. Her amicable separation from her husband, Sir Hugo de Bathe, was an accepted fact—and a far better arrangement than a divorce. Lillie herself joked about her occasional meetings with Sir Hugo. “Whenever we meet,” she told a friend, “there is always so much to talk about that we never get around to discussing our divorce.”

“Nothing in print,” was Lillie's slogan. Gossip passed from ear to ear is one thing. A divorce and all the scandal printed in the newspapers is quite another.

Underwood & Underwood photo

The Lily as a farmer in war-time, at Newmarket, England.

AT no period in her life did Lillie desire and pursue social position and respectability so obviously as she did during this last decade. Most curious of all was her own attitude toward this matter of respectability. She who assuredly had “taken her fun where she found it” drew from her observations of the younger generation and the habits of the new day a conclusion which many of us derive, but which had, for her, a definite personal application—and salve.

“The fact is,” she wrote, contrasting this time and the Victorian-Edwardian period, “that what was considered *risqué* and compromising then would pass unnoticed in the present day.”

True enough, perhaps. But even if the escapades attributed to Lillie had been “grossly exaggerated,” as she told her closest friend, they were still sufficient to be noticeable in any age—even the present.

If she succeeded, despite her past, in maintaining contact with people usually less lenient to the erring—and her boudoir was crammed with autographed photographs of the most strait-laced royal personages—this success came through her own unshakable dignity and self-respect. Those of us least given to sidestepping may learn a fine point or two from what I would call Lillie's *wisdom of self-respect*. She never gossiped. She never said a catty thing about anyone. She never complained, never explained, never confided indiscreetly.

Her nearest approach to indiscreet speech was prompted by humor. A lady of her acquaintance—a descendant of the Stuart kings and a great collector of Stuart relics—suddenly noticed a malicious, schoolboy grin on Lillie's countenance while Lillie was being shown the Stuart mementos.

“My dear,” chuckled Lillie, “if I had lived in the days of the Stuarts I'd have been a duchess in my own right!”

Pursuing her determination to establish her social prestige definitely and complete her respectability, Lillie staged a tea to which she invited all her Riviera acquaintances. The promised presence of a certain aged royal duke—a winter resident there, whose smile gladdens worldly hearts more than any southern sun—made Lillie's invitations coveted and welcome.

The lounge of the hotel where Lillie is giving her tea is filled with a buzzing throng, all enveloped in the slightly constrained expectancy which precedes the advent of royalty. Lillie apologizes for the delay in serving refreshments.

“We'll have tea as soon as his Highness arrives,” she murmurs to her guests.

TIME passes. The orchestra pauses, then resumes its tunes with despairing gayety. Four-thirty. Five. Five-thirty. Five-forty-five. Still no royalty!

The guests begin to titter. Some slip away. Finally Lillie orders tea served to the few who remain. She realizes that the Duke has eluded her.

“I didn't like the woman at all,” said a delightfully frank old lady who was there, and who told me about this episode. “But of course I went to her tea to see what would happen. Everyone was curious, you know. When *he* didn't arrive Lillie looked positively stricken. She aged ten years in an hour. I felt quite sorry for her.”

A mistake carelessly made by a secretary was the real explanation of Lillie's fiasco. Eventually this became known, and malicious tongues were stilled by the presence of the ducal personage at a dinner party given by Lillie some time later.

That vision of Lillie with her stricken look haunts me. Like some grotesque Hogarth drawing entitled The Wages of Sin, it fascinates, and prompts reflection. An unslaked thirst for the envy of hostile strangers! What a goal to reach at seventy! All her God-given beauty spent and scattered for the final purchase, not of friendship or human passion, but of a momentary triumph over the passing throng!

In Russia there is a saying, “Here, take with God's blessing what I do not need.” That careless form of generosity and indifferent kindness Lillie practiced. She could even give some loyalty; but not one single record of real self-sacrifice on her part have I been able to unearth. Not an act of selfless devotion. A beautiful, intelligent, and even kindly woman—but one who “never has ached with a heart.”

When I stand amazed before the spectacle of Lillie in her old age, still so deeply concerned with the unreal values of snobbish success—she who had seen so much of life—I realize that the solution of the riddle lies in her very lack of heart. For only the heart can guide us to the true and lasting treasures of life.

It was in her Monaco eyrie that Lillie finally set about finishing her memoirs, which English and American editors had long been awaiting. Many of the notes had been made during her last visit to America in the early days of the war. Now she rewrote her material and put it into shape.

For six months she wrote steadily—all in longhand. Her memoirs then appeared serially in the London Sunday Express. The paper was completely sold out every Sunday, for it was expected that she would make great revelations. But the actual story, though interesting and readable, fell short of what had been anticipated. Lillie said, “The really interesting memories of one's life one keeps to oneself”—and she kept them.

Not a hint as to undercurrents in her friendship with the former Prince of Wales appeared in her memoirs, where “Mr. Abingdon” received as fleeting a mention as

Mr. Gebhard. A most discreet and diplomatic chronicle, those memoirs of Lillie's—urbane, full of polite anecdotes, with no self-praise and no self-revelations.

Lillie enjoyed writing and was no novice at it, having many years earlier achieved a novel, All at Sea—a book of no great merit which evolved from a story originally intended for a play. Her articles for various London dailies, written during the last years of her life, became a pleasant outlet for her still bubbling energy. To her credit is her defense of modern youth and its ways. Just before her last illness she agreed to supply a London paper with a regular column of Riviera gossip.

"I could make thousands of pounds," she said once, "if I dared to write all I know about the people here. There in that little white house across the ravine a woman is deliberately drinking herself to death. Next door lives an old man whose blackguardly son extracts money from him every night at the point of a revolver. Oh, yes, 'Monte' is interesting enough. I think it is the most dramatic place in the world."

Dramatic and terrifying.

The Sporting Club, to which Lillie belonged, and where the real gambling goes on, has been described endlessly. One knows by heart all that can be said of the halls and of the gamblers. Yet always there are new types which one has neither seen before nor met in print.

Here, absorbed in his play, sits the eminently respectable representative and press agent of one of America's most powerful corporations. Across the table sits the girl he has brought with him, insignificant and demure, wearing an expensive, hastily purchased gown, her eyes avidly intent upon the growing heap of notes beside him. Near by sits the "grand old man" of a great empire's intelligence service—for all his eighty years, still the highest authority on eastern affairs. He it was whom they chose to open negotiations for a separate peace with Russia during the war. He plays baccarat slowly, methodically, his face inscrutable as the mask of his beloved Orient.

A LARGE, inanimate blonde sits at a table like a wax bust in a window. She is swathed in sapphire-blue velvet such as jewelers use for displaying their wares. Her gown is chosen for the same purpose. A heavy diamond strap holds the velvet over one shoulder. A massive *rivière* of flashing stones hangs around the immobile neck. A pendant and a large brooch glitter upon the blue expanse. Diamond bracelets and rings, knuckle deep, adorn the almost rigid hands. Only the frame of electric lights is missing. Truly, had she lived, Lillie would have found enough to write about.

During these Monte Carlo years Lillie's life flowed smoothly enough, but uneventfully. There were rumors of her return to the turf—in partnership with her grandson, this time—but for various reasons this project came to nothing. Some desire to return to London Lillie certainly had. Apparently this longing was prompted by her wish to be near her grandchildren, though her old love of publicity had something to do with it, no doubt.

She played a little with the idea of returning to the stage, especially as several managers tried to tempt her. Finally she went so far as to sign, for her old friend J. T. Grein, an agreement to appear in a certain play. But almost at once she imposed upon Grein's devoted friendship by calling the whole thing off.

"Dear J. T.," she wrote, "be a sport and tear up the agreement."

True, she had suffered an illness which justified her retraction, perhaps, but spiteful tongues whispered that her refusal to reappear on the stage was prompted by the fact that no professional is admitted to membership in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. Lillie had obtained her card with some difficulty, and had no wish to lose it.

DURING the negotiations for her return to the stage she dined, one night, with Mr. and Mrs. Grein at their hotel in Mentone. When she entered the restaurant she found the guests of the hotel massed at the entrance awaiting her arrival. The ovation she received, the crowd anxious to be presented, moved her deeply.

"One likes not to be forgotten," she said after the impromptu reception was over, and added, a little sadly, "In London they have forgotten me."

She was mistaken. A year before her death she was recognized as she sat in a box in a London theater. The audience gave her a spontaneous and enthusiastic demonstration of affection and loyalty.

Once more, before her obituaries came to be written, her name was to conjure up the dead era of which she had been queen. Two years before her death the famous Peter Wright trial was in progress. Viscount Gladstone and his brother, H. N. Gladstone, were defending the memory of their father against allegations made by a certain Captain Wright in a book of reminiscences. Among Wright's statements in court was the recital of a conversation he had had, when a boy, with a man since dead. This man had told him, he asserted, that Lillie Langtry, among others, had been the mistress of Gladstone.

A furiously indignant telegram from Lillie followed the statement. Her old gratitude for Gladstone's friendship was kindled, and she expressed herself more vehemently than on any other occasion. It was the only time she ever deviated from her rule—based on Gladstone's advice—never to rush into print to justify herself.

"In the old days," she said to a reporter, "a thing like that would

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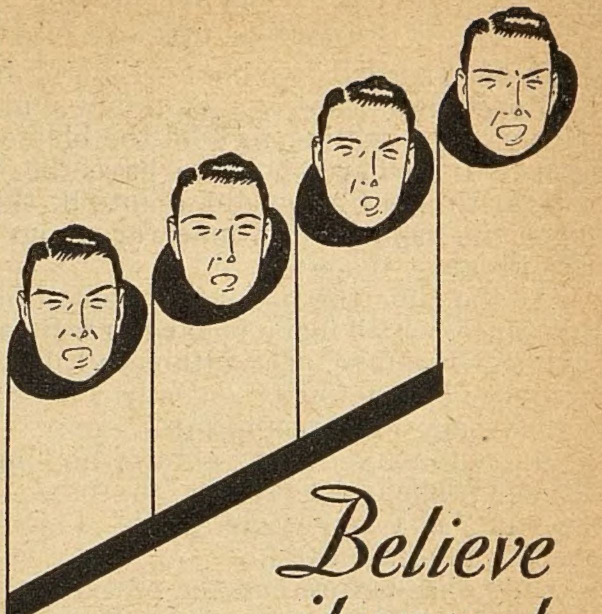

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HERE'S A ONE-MAN QUARTET

His name is Eddie Miller.

He acts and sings all four "parts" of a song at once!

You can see and hear him some day soon if you will make it a rule to patronize the theatre in your town that shows *Vitaphone Varieties.*

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THE JERSEY LILY
Continued from page eighty-one

have been settled by a horsewhipping in the Haymarket."

More significant was a later statement: "I have always been willing to take the blame for things I have done. It is hard, now, to have the blame fastened on me for things I never did, and to be the weapon of attack upon the memory of a man for whom I have always had the greatest respect."

At the time the press commented on her youthful appearance, which made it hard to believe that she had ever known Gladstone. But although Lillie was young enough to dance energetically—mostly with professionals at the hotels—age was creeping in.

Her auburn hair was auburn no longer. "I'll come to dinner," she said frankly to some friend, "if I may wear a hat. I'm having my hair dyed."

Only once before had she resorted to this form of beautification. Long, long ago, when dyed locks were the fashion, Lillie, during a visit to Vienna, was ministered to by the coiffeur of the Empress of Austria. The results were disastrous, for her hair emerged streaked with mauve and yellow. That visit, however, had its compensations. Prince Rudolph, the ill-fated Crown Prince of Austria, was not a little enamored of Lillie, and took charge of her entertainment, "commanding" performances at the theaters, giving dinners, and showing her over his palaces. His enthusiasm had its embarrassing moments. When Lillie laughed at some particularly hideous palace ornaments covered with glass domes, the Crown Prince immediately smashed them with his cane.

© Photochrom Co., London

The Church of St. Saviour's and the churchyard, at St. Helier, Jersey.

But if hair can be camouflaged, health cannot. A long bout of phlebitis ruled out dancing. Attacks of pleurisy and bronchitis made winters in England impossible. Of all the gay Le Breton family, only Lillie and her brother Clement remained. Vaguely, she knew fear. Her friend the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, wise and lovely woman, was the one who guessed this.

During the last illness of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, when he lay in the Monaco hospital, Lillie was constantly there. From her own villa she brought meals for the Duchess; she sat with her and consoled her as best she could. But after the end had come, when the widow thought Lillie would wish to say a prayer beside the dead, Lillie demurred.

With insight born of her own sorrow, the Duchess insisted that Lillie should look upon her old friend. Strangely enough, this was the first time Lillie saw death.

"I am glad you made me do that," she said later. "I did not know death was like that—so peaceful."

THE Inevitable. Never before had Lillie been face to face with it. For the first time she was confronted with an obstacle against which neither energy nor tact could prevail.

How deeply she was affected by all the circumstances of this episode is evident from her desire, expressed at the time, that in case of serious sickness she should be tended by the same nuns who had cared for the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. Though Lillie was not a Catholic, and there are plenty of English nurses to be had at Monaco, she said she would "feel happier" with the sisters near by. To her they were part of that peacefulness which she now associated with death.

Two years later Lillie fell ill in London. By a curious coincidence the hotel where she now lay sick had incorporated into its building, during an alteration, the Pont Street house where she had once lived. The very room which she now occupied was part of her former residence.

What memories must have kept her company as she lay there in the hazy twilight of those whom Death beckons! From this same room she had stepped forth to the Imperial Theater on the night of her "command" performance. To this room she had returned bringing the garland of glory and the memory of a queen's sad eyes.

She rallied from this illness almost miraculously, it seemed—for, as she said in an interview during her convalescence, "I was so bad I could almost hear the angels singing." But despite her flippancy, the sickness left its mark.

Her greatest desire now was to get back to her own home—back to her precious garden. "The most lasting and pure gladness comes to me from my gardens, whether large or small," she said once in her last years.

By Christmas she was back in Monte Carlo, the routine of her life resumed. A quiet morning, a flutter at the Sporting Club in the afternoon. In the evening a friend to dinner, or a quiet dinner with friends. A pleasant life with no thought of the morrow. At the end of January a slight chill sent her back to bed.

AS she lay there watching the sparkling blue sea—as blue and changeful as her own eyes—the sands were running low.

Patient and cheerful as always, she gave no sign to those about her. By day her terriers frisked and gamboled about her bed. In the evening lamplight played on the fawn-and-turquoise walls, glimmered on the gold-and-turquoise fittings of her dressing table. Fawn and turquoise, turquoise and gold—her racing colors. Around her were the lovely things she cherished. Fine old glass, exquisite embroideries, rare silver. Dying, as living, she dwelt amid beauty, and was beautiful.

On the night of last February 11 her sole companion, Mrs. Peat, found her half conscious.

"I am going, dear," Lillie whispered. "I am very sorry, but I am going. Good-by. . . ."

Before dawn her spirit had flown.

In her coffin she lay robed in satin, her feet in dancing slippers.

Old friends and old admirers viewed her there.

Then back from Monte Carlo to the old churchyard of St. Saviour's were carried the mortal remains of the Jersey Lily.

Back to her island birthplace.

Back to the church which had seen her baptized, and which had twice seen her leave its altar as a bride.

Every English newspaper blazed with headlines. The most beautiful woman of a century was dead. Her conquests, her escapades, her possessions, her fame and her notoriety—all passed in review.

The Victorian-Edwardian era. How remote it seems today, and how significant! When Lillie is remembered in years to come, what verdict, I wonder, will posterity pass upon her?

For her beauty she will long be celebrated. Some will recall her as a good companion.

I believe no epitaph will be found more fitting than some lines from Richard le Gallienne's fine poem, written for Lillie on her last departure from America. This poem Lillie herself reproduced at the end of her memoirs:

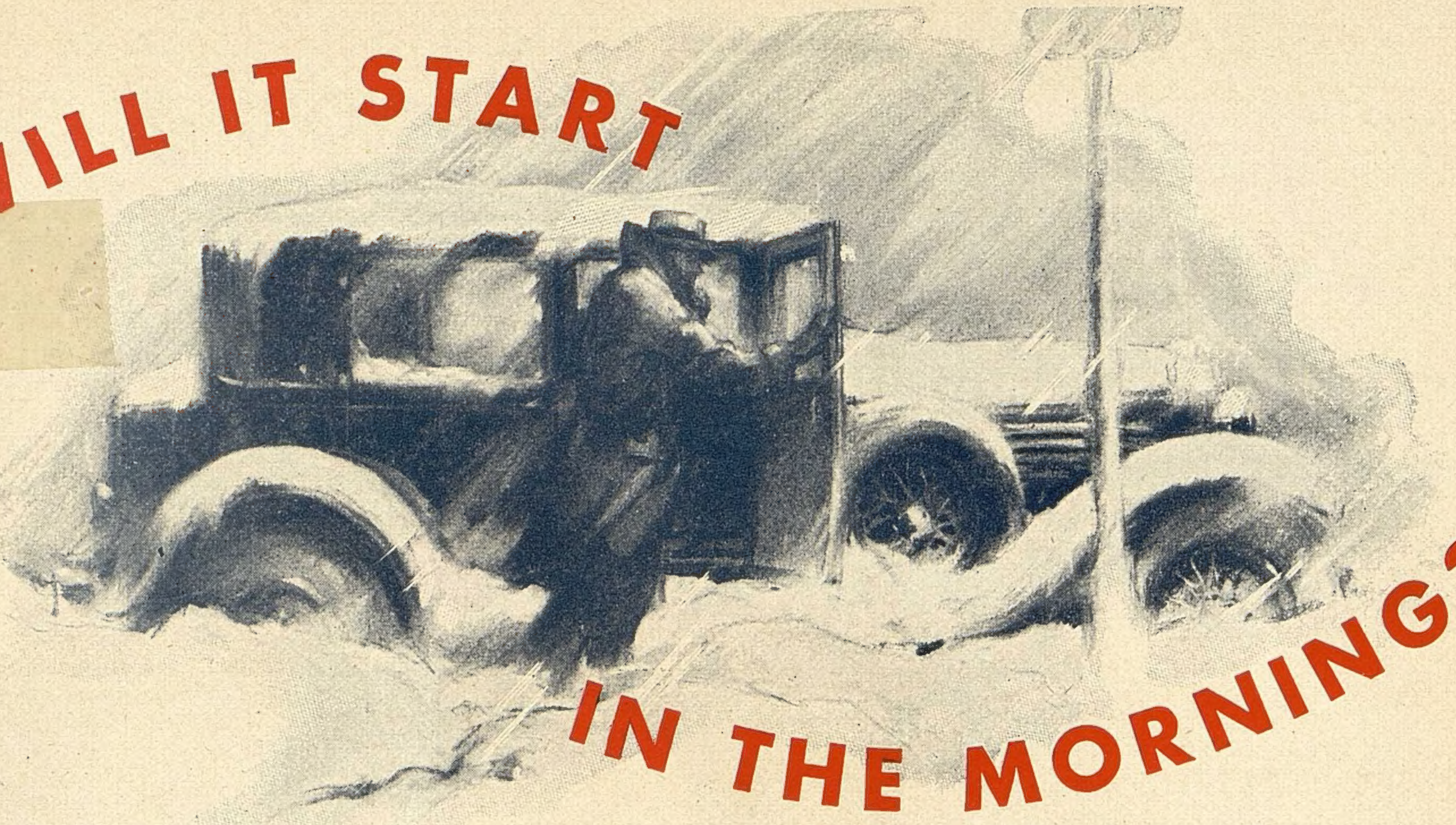
What can I do
Save bring you back yourself as offering!
Had I but pain
Then would I bring that too—

When she read that gallant tribute, did she sense its sad wisdom? Did she guess that some who read it would pity rather than condemn her for her limitations?

Adoration, inspired by her supreme beauty, came to her unasked. But, moving in the shadows cast by her own loveliness, Lillie never sought or saw the sun that shines on those who labor to harvest love.

THE END

WILL IT START IN THE MORNING?



If it won't it is your own fault

Usually it's the oil you are using—you haven't Waxfree Havoline in the crankcase. If your dealer hasn't it, insist that he get it.

With the New Waxfree Havoline you will never hear the protesting gr-r-r-r and groan that tells you your motor is "frozen" by congealed oil. On the bitterest zero days your engine will respond in pleasing fashion at the first touch of the starter—though your car has stood outdoors for hours—*because this great new oil contains no wax!*

Wax, you know, causes motor oil to congeal in cold weather, clogging your motor. If your car is hard to start, blame yourself for using a waxy oil.

This new Waxfree Havoline is a pure unblended paraffin base oil that is *free from wax!* It can be refined only by the revolutionary new *Govers Process*, controlled exclusively by the Indian Refining Company.

Because it contains no wax, it flows at 5° below zero!

It lubricates every bearing evenly and completely at temperatures many degrees below that at which ordinary oils harden in the crankcase.

It remains "oily" at high engine heats that cause ordinary oils to "break down," providing perfect protection throughout the entire range of motor temperatures.

There is no other oil in the world like it. It is the oil, as its specifications show, that satisfies every requirement of the perfect winter lubricant.

Change to this great waxfree oil today—and laugh at winter. The New Waxfree Havoline retails at 35c a quart—it is worth far more in engine protection and cold weather convenience.

HAVOLINE
COLD
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WAXFREE
HAVOLINE
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WAXFREE

Wax turns water-thin under heat. Wax turns candle-hard under cold. Now you can get a waxfree paraffin base oil for the best year-round lubrication.

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VISCOSITY at 130° F. *220
at 210° F. 58
COLD TEST, 5 below zero F.

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Impartial oil experts can tell you these specifications show that the New Waxfree Havoline surpasses all previous standards of quality in oil.

The Saline Method keeps men feeling fit and brings beauty to women

IF you could go to Vichy, to Carlsbad, to Wiesbaden you would find distinguished men and beautiful women regaining their health by the European Saline Method.

They drink the famous Spa Waters. Their systems are regulated. Their vitality is restored. And our own doctors, as well as the European, commend this healthful practice.

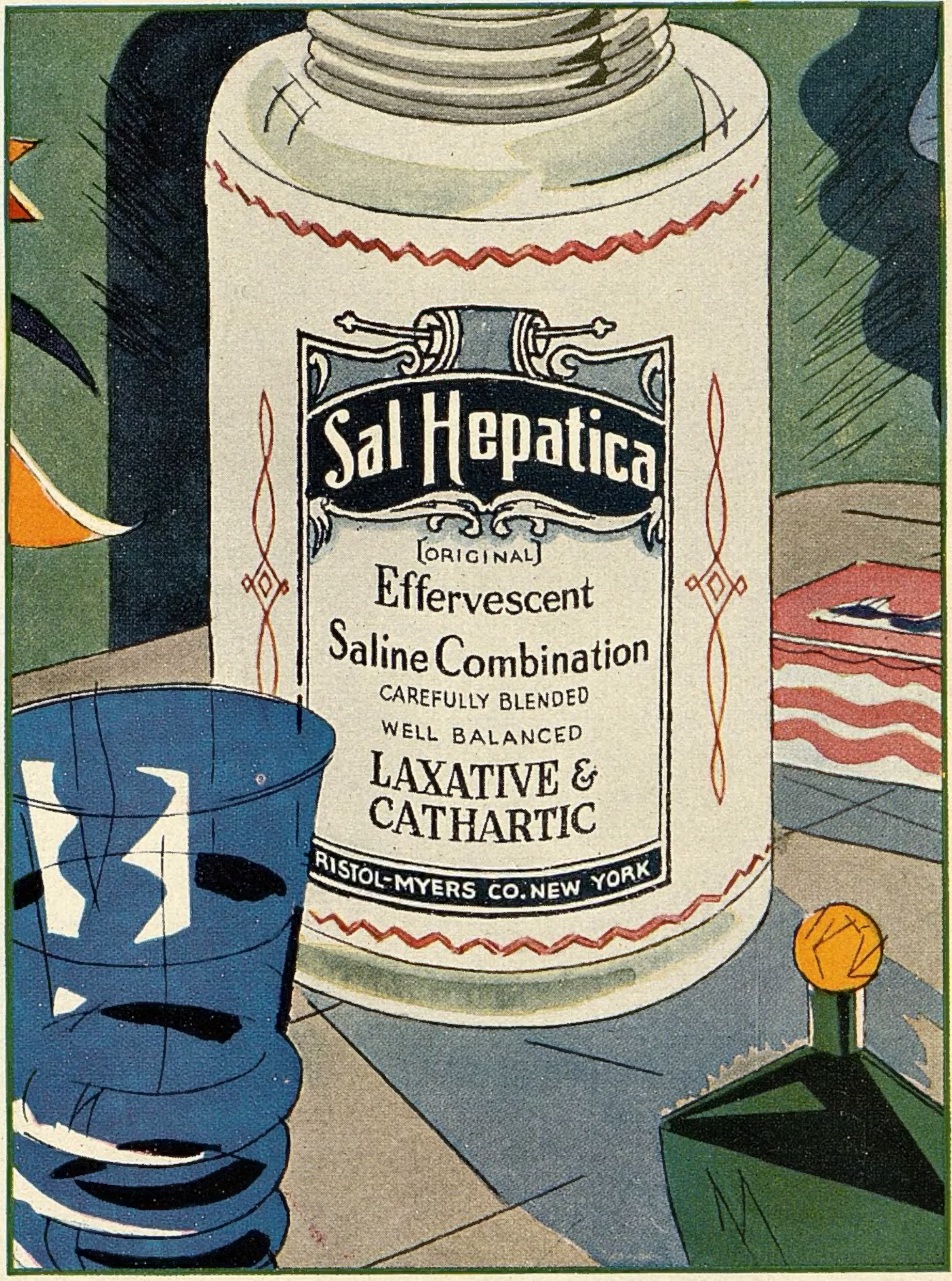
But these very doctors will tell you that the benefits of the Saline Method can be yours, right in your own home. For Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of "taking the cure" at some expensive Continental spa.

Sal Hepatica contains the same natural health-giving salines in delicately balanced combination. To women, Sal Hepatica brings the beauty of a flawless skin; to men, a clear eye and a body feeling fit. For Sal Hepatica keeps you internally clean.

More than any other kind of laxative, Sal Hepatica combats acidity. It purifies the blood. It sweeps the intestinal tract clear of toxic wastes. The blood clears and the skin freshens. Your body knows the vigor and well-being that can only come with a normally functioning system.

Constipation—headaches—colds—rheumatism—indigestion—all give way to Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica flushes away systemic poisons by stimulating the natural secretion of water in the intestines.

Sal Hepatica is refreshing to the palate—prompt in its action. Take it on arising or half an hour before any meal. Get a bottle at your druggist's today. Use it at the first sign of sluggish elimination. It will keep you physically fit—internally clean—free from the disease-producing poisons of waste. Millions of American homes would never be without this helper to health—this aid to beauty.



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